



*Wm. Ireland*



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Samuel Phillips (1814-1854)

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CALEB STUKELY.



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# CALEB STUKELY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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## CALEB STUKELY.

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### PART I.

#### HOME.

The voices of my home! I hear them still;  
They have been with me through the dreamy night —  
The blessed household voices, wont to fill  
My heart's clear depths with unalloy'd delight!  
I hear them still unchanged.

*Mrs Hemans.*

WHEN I inform the courteous reader, that if it shall please Providence to spare my unworthy existence until the 7th day of July next ensuing, I shall have reached the sixty-fourth year of my age; and that, of that number, as many as forty have been spent in the exercise of my duties at the attorney's office from which I now write—will he not be tempted to exclaim, “Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?” and decline at once the perusal of what is written solely for his edification and improvement in life? But herein would he do me injustice, and his own understanding dishonour. I have moved

amongst men long enough to know, that there is as little propriety in estimating the individual according to his *caste*, as there would be in forming an idea of a class from the observation of an individual. But that it might seem presumptuous, and savour, indeed, of vanity on my part, how easy were it for me to show that the loveliest flowers, the sweetest gems of earth, are often found in quiet and scarce-trodden lanes, and here and there adorning hard and uneven roads, too rugged for the delicate foot to travel ! What can be more noxious and forbidding than the clayey and damp bowels of the earth, to which we consign with a shudder all that we love best ? and yet dig deep enough, and behold the bright silver and still brighter gold ! In the muddied oyster lurks the shining pearl, and golden threads come from the creeping worm. Truly it is not in this situation of life, or in that, that every virtuous or superior spirit is collected ; but the good seed is strewn abroad, and it waxes and strengthens on every side—not less at times when cared for only by the sun, than when the cunning hand of art is busy in the rearing. Nature has not her choicest treasures in golden caskets, nor is the honest heart always beneath the softest skin. Far be it from me to arrogate to myself the conclusion that I would draw from such propositions—poorest of mortals that I am ! I trust I know myself. I am about to leave the world ; and of man I ask nothing but tenderness towards his fellow man, and a love of something larger than the

speck of which his self consists. There are more reasons than one why, at this moment, when the period appointed by the Psalmist for our sojourn here is for me fast expiring, and when, as I may say, I have but the last stage of existence to travel, that I deem it proper to place upon paper the following few occurrences and remembrances of my time. Until I am cold in the grave, they will not see the light; and then, I flatter myself, they will bring comfort to a few quiet and happy spirits—such as knew me in my early days, and judged it not becoming to desert me, because poor and humble, in middle life and in declining age. There is a holy seriousness in the thoughts which we bestow upon the tombs of those we love; and haply, when I am no more, the perusal of some familiar passage may strike a tender chord in the bosom of the venerable pilgrim, whose hand I shall have long before clasped for the last time. His aged eye may be filled with a faithful tear, and his heart yearn with humanity and love. The young, to whom I come as a stranger, will learn from my failings, no less than from my experience, the difficult and thorny path of life; the sanguine and overflowing temper be taught patience and self-denial, and the unobtrusive and desponding find animation and encouragement; and, above all, I trust every soul that reads will acknowledge, from what I have suffered and have seen, the wisdom of God's dispensations, his everlasting justice, truth, and mercy.

Whilst such are the principal motives that incline me to my task, there is still another which has a due proportion of influence with me. Let not the charitable reader reproach the old man's infirmity, when he avows a natural affection for this earth, a willingness to cling to it, when he himself shall be no longer a dweller thereon.

Although I have found friends, I have lived as it were alone amongst men. Mine has not been the consolation of the tender and beloved companion, to share the joys and alleviate the sorrows of my condition. No soft and delicate hand has ministered at my dreary couch of sickness; and, as a wayfarer, I have found no warm and feminine bosom to offer a refuge from the storms and killing frosts of the world. No partner will live to mourn me—no child to prosper under a father's blessing. I shall die a solitary one, and my name will be blotted out from the page of life. The longing that we have to leave behind us something of ourselves is human, and rather to be deemed worthy than condemned; and the common lot being denied me, I have a secret and abiding joy in reflecting that, after me, these few pages will still live for many a long year, and if even read but by a few, or scarcely read, and hastily put away, they will still live tranquilly on, assuming "a local habitation and a name," whilst I am passing into the original elements of my nature—vanishing—becoming nothing. This may be weakness—to an extent I feel it is; but such



as may assuredly be ranked amongst the privileges rather than the vices of old age.

As I have already notified, I was born on the 7th day of July, and in the year 1777. My father carried on a respectable business in the city of London, and was reputed, by all who knew him, a worthy tradesman and well to do in life. He had married young, and of seven children that had blessed their union, when he had reached the age of sixty, and my mother that of fifty-eight, I only remained to cheer and enliven the sunset of their days. My parents were both seriously disposed, and they lived in perfect simplicity and peace. There was an air of stillness and repose about them and their proceedings, and a calm atmosphere flowed throughout their habitation, forming, in truth, a strong and happy contrast to the scene of business, activity, and tumult, beyond it. The recollections of this house, situated as it was in the very heart of the great city, with its regular, precise, but by no means unsocial or cold-hearted inhabitants, are at this moment vivid and fresh. It seems scarcely a year; although, alas! too many have elapsed since the day that I quitted the happy roof beneath which I drew my first breath, and heard for the last time the accents of a fond mother bidding me adieu. They murmur still in my ear, like the melancholy and hollow gushings of the sea-shell, bringing to my view the shadows of times and feelings that are entombed in the irrevocable past. I left my home on this occasion to take up my abode in Cam-

bridge, at which university I had entered a few months previously. From my earliest boyhood, I had expressed a desire to be educated for the church; and my father, by every means in his power, encouraged, because he contemplated with delight, the growing inclination of his last remaining hope. I was between seventeen and eighteen years of age. Five years had passed under the eye of a clergyman, who, having himself gone out "high in honours," spent his time in preparing a select number of young gentlemen for the same distinction. I now "went up," as it is called, with a fair prospect of realizing, in a measure, the sanguine expectations that the indulgent parent so naturally, but as the result every day proves, too eagerly, entertains of his offspring, when he leaves his home, and enters for the first time upon the pursuits of men—whether it be in the academy or in the arena of busier life. Long is the list of fathers who have experienced the bitter pangs of disappointment and of shame; and how many a youth, fortified with the strongest resolutions, and protected by the warmest sensibilities, has been doomed to behold both, by a process and a transition almost imperceptible in their workings, dwindling away and utterly disappearing before the contaminating influence of evil example! On the evening prior to my departure, my father quit-  
ted his counting-house at an earlier hour than usual; and I, whilst still busy in arrangements for my removal, was summoned to his presence. My mother and

he were seated in their cool and quiet parlour; and the former, although she appeared, to the exclusion of every thing else, wholly engrossed in the duties of the tea-table, bore upon her mild and benignant countenance the marks of recent sorrow and of present trouble. We all three sat down, and in silence partook of that meal which is sanctified by an association with our best affections.

Ah! could the humble man but see and appreciate the many advantages of his situation, not amongst the least would he account the enjoyment so peculiarly his own, of that unstimulating repast over which the soft Vesper sheds her hallowed influence. Nor wealth nor power, can purchase the luxuries that are collected at the poor man's banquet of contentment. What an accumulation of sweet thoughts and grateful sensations hover round the lowly tea-board! Here did the man of business unbend his strong and active mind, and with his young ones become himself once more a child. Here sat for many a year the ever-watching and regardful mother, mistress of the happy feast; and here day by day met brother and sister, growing in love together, full of youthful life, melancholy only when sickness interfered, and one or the other was doomed to hear, without its little partner, the pleasant hissing of the familiar kettle. Who is there living, of the privileged class to which I refer, that looking back to the remote and innocent beginnings of his life, when his world was his home, his home a sanctuary,

can call to mind, without a thrilling emotion, the daily recurrence of this family meal, at which he and those he loved best were assembled, and there was no fear of separation or thought of sorrow, and every heart was united, and the spirit of *true* socialism reigned triumphant amongst them!

For the first time in my life, my meal was a troubled one—there was a weight about my heart, and I could not eat. Oh, how I loved my home that happy evening, and how the thought of leaving it oppressed and sickened me!

Contrary to my expectation, my father spoke little to me: he had evidently intended to say much; but the uneasiness of my mother prevented him, and his own heart was full. I saw this in his every movement—his hand shook, and his eye filled more than once with involuntary tears. I felt a momentary relief when at length he pressed my hand, and wished me good-night. I did not answer him—I could not for worlds. A sickening pain at my throat overpowered me. My heart was bursting when I reached my room, and threw myself on my bed, my own dear bed—in which I had slept from infancy, and on which perhaps I might never sleep again. Exquisitely delicious were the tears that came to my relief—I cried, until repose came, and a glow of comfort such as passionate tears will bring at last. I look back—I but revoke the past. I do not exaggerate.

Reader, I speak of one, young in years and in the

world's ways, whose imagination and fond heart had grown wild in the sweet garden beyond whose precincts he had never cared to stray, whose nature it was to love and to be loved, and whose soul was still pure—pure as it might be *here*.

The prayers that I offered up that night to the throne of goodness and of grace were fervent, and, it may be, extravagantly expressed—but I deemed, and felt them, to be honest. I was at that time innocent of the lesson that was taught to me with some pains at a later period of my life; when the Serpent, amongst other secrets, whispered into my ear the miserable intelligence, that *passion* is not always truth, and that the signs and symbols of sensibility may be nothing loftier than false and hypocritically contrived inventions. With what intensity did I implore blessings for my dear father and mother! What vows of obedience, duty, and abiding love, did I not then make! Again and again did I invoke my Maker to protect and support the beloved authors of my existence through all the trials and dangers of this life—to spare them yet for a short period, until I might return to them a hundred-fold the many acts of kindness, the thousand evidences of the tenderest affection, that I had received at their hands. With resolutions firm, I believed, and immovable as the eternal hills, I at length closed my eyes. I had been asleep about an hour, when I awoke so placid that it was as if I had been restored to life from the arms of an angel. The storm had died away,

and my bosom was unruffled even by a sigh. But a sigh, and a deep one, flowed through the room. I raised myself on the bed. At the foot, gazing intently upon me, sat my mother. "You sleep quietly, my dear Caleb," she said, "and it is not kind of me to disturb you, but it is the last night, perhaps it is the last time."

"Oh, do not say so, dear mother!" I replied.

"Ah, my child! you are young and full of health. Hope is proper for the young, and so is resignation for the aged. I am advanced in years, and death is my natural expectation. The old should always be ready. I am grateful for past good, nor do I murmur on my own account at the impending evil. Yes, this may be the last time; and if it be—it is on your account, dear boy, that I am anxious and disturbed. When I am gone, I trust that Heaven will be your shield against the danger that hangs over you."

"Dearest mother!" I exclaimed, somewhat alarmed, "what has happened, and what evil do you mean?"

"Are you not about to leave us?—am I not to lose you?"

"I trust not, dear mother. You magnify my dangers. I am not the first who has changed his home for college rooms, and returned a better and a happier man."

"Yours is *not* a common case, Caleb," answered my mother, gazing at me steadfastly, and in a tone that reminded me at once of a strong peculiarity in



her character, and convinced me that she was on the present occasion labouring under its influence.

I have already hinted that my parents had deep and settled notions of religion ; both their principles and their habits were those of sincerely pious people. But there was this difference to be observed in them. My father was a man of vigorous common sense. His understanding masculine and clear. He acknowledged, unreservedly, every article of the Bible, because, in the first instance, he believed implicitly that the Bible was a revelation from his Creator and God. Nothing, however extraordinary, could be too extraordinary for its Author, who was himself beyond human grasp and comprehension. But he advanced no further. He denied to inferior powers what belongs essentially and only to the Highest. By this distinction, healthy religion was in his mind opposed to superstition and fanaticism. He deemed that the confines of all three almost trenched upon one another ; and that, to be secure, it was necessary that the faith of the believer should stand upon its ground firm and unyielding.

My mother was more supple.—In the depths of her woman's heart had grown up a superstructure of belief that interfered with, although it could not be averred that it disfigured, the purer creed beneath. Whilst the former cast a shadow, the latter shone in bright relief. Without any exertion of her own, there had sprung up within her an involuntary but fixed faith in the agencies of external nature—a belief in the

miraculous properties of omens, foretokens, signs, and particular events; all of which she conceived to be the instruments by which invisible powers make known the will and purposes of the Creator.

“Yours is not a common case, Caleb,” she repeated with earnestness. “Of seven children you are my last. Six had I, blooming as the rose, full of promise and of strength; but the Lord said, ‘*I will bring down their strength to the earth*’—and they perished one by one, lovely and innocent as they were. When all were gone, and I was left sorrowful and comfortless, mourning my young ones like Rachel of old, you were sent, ‘*that I might refrain my voice from weeping, and mine eyes from tears.*’ You came to me in the midst of desolation and distress: upon the eve of your birth, my mother died; and the shock I suffered from that event, brought you to life a weakly infant.”

I had never seen my poor mother so excited, and I could not help listening to her with apprehension and alarm.

“In the hour of your birth,” she proceeded, “I had already delivered you to the fate which seemed attached to my offspring. Six had departed from me, by nature strong and hardy. Could I hope to spare the delicate and untimely little one that now nestled in my bosom? I did not believe it. I did not ask it as a boon from Heaven; I prayed only for resignation and grace to support me through the new temptation. To my delight and astonishment, you thrived. By



a miracle, the last and weakest shoot took root and prospered. O Caleb ! I hardly knew a mother's love till thou wert given to me a second time. Never, since the birth of my first-born, had I been so truly happy. But it was a dream, and I awoke from it to greater sorrow and to deeper trouble. My nurse, she who had charge of you and me, when both of us were helpless, had attended me with all my children. She was an uncommon woman—one to whom Providence had given, in compensation for worldly losses and calamity, a mind of masculine strength and energy. It was a lesson to behold her, with sorrow heavy enough to crush her, standing erect upon the earth, fearless and unscathed in spirit—nothing could bend her. Her unfortunate condition had originally attracted me towards her. She had known better days; and I sympathized with her, whilst, I confess, I was often chilled and terrified by what appeared to me the unwomanly iciness of her disposition. She had no good words for mankind, nor, to speak truth, any that were evil; she spake but little at any time. A recital of misery would move her to no compassion, and tales of goodness and charity would bring but smiles and sneers upon her countenance. I cannot tell why it was, that in spite of her harsh and rigid character, I could not bring myself to part with her; perhaps it was because I was her only friend, and knew she was attached to me, and to no one in the world besides. She was a clever and well-informed woman, and occu-

pied herself much with reading. She had a knowledge of the Latin language, and possessed mysterious books, in the perusal of which she took the deepest interest. By this strange woman, Caleb, the slender beam of joy that shone upon your cradle was excluded and destroyed."

"By her? How?"

"It was on the morning of her departure that she came into my room, with a countenance even more austere than usual. You were asleep in the cot; she took the covering from your face, and looked upon you for some time.

" 'The child breathes hard,' she said at length.

" 'Ah, Deborah!' I replied, 'I do implore you to have mercy, and be silent. Let this child sleep in peace.'

" 'What!' she exclaimed, 'have I prophesied so ill before, that you should hesitate to trust me now? Have I not spoken, and has it not come to pass?—of which of your children have I said "*so shall it be*," and it has proved otherwise? I have read the fate of this one too, and you must know it before I leave you.'

"I was overwhelmed with grief by the announcement. It was true that she had previously foretold the death of my children, and at a time when their cheeks were of the colour of the peach, and their little limbs glowed with health. I smiled at her prophecies—but they came to pass. Oh! how my blood chilled as she gazed upon you, and I sat weeping before her

“ ‘ Be a woman !’ she exclaimed, ‘ and wet your cheeks no more. If you love this tender thing, listen to me. Whence and how my knowledge is acquired, it cannot concern you to hear ; but this you must know. Over this child’s head hang difficulties, and dangers, and sorrows—sorrows even unto death—if the hours be not watched, and the fatal influences averted ?’

“ ‘ What is to be done ?’ I asked.

“ ‘ Watchfulness and care at the appointed seasons.’

“ I implored her to speak more fully, and she uttered these words—

“ ‘ He is a seventh months’ child, your seventh born, brought to light on the seventh day of the seventh month, and in a year of sevens. These things happen not by chance. The future destiny of such a one is fixed. His journey is through thorny passages. Mark me well—If this boy escapes with life his seventh, fourteenth, and twenty-first years, he will live to a good old age, and be a joy to all who hold relation with him. But the chances are against him as a thousand to one. If he survive, he will have surmounted obstacles over which only celestial aid can carry him. At the eventful periods do not you fail to be with him, that he may be protected by your motherly solicitude, and have the advantage of your unceasing prayers to Heaven on his behalf.’

“ She said no more, but left me within an hour, plunged in the deepest affliction. I have never seen her since ; I heard that she quitted London shortly

afterwards, but had gone no one could tell me whither.

“ Ah, Caleb, how carefully did I nurse and bring you up ! Your seventh year came, and you did not quit my sight. It was a bitter year for you. You fell sick, and we despaired of you ; but I prayed for the intervention of your Maker, and you were spared. Seven years elapsed, and again we were threatened with the loss of you. You grew fast, and your frame was weak. In your fourteenth year I saw you languishing ; the doctors looked at you, and said—it was a pity so fair a boy should be so soon a sufferer. Their language gave but little hope, and their sad looks none—still *I* had hope. You had been before preserved, and I redoubled my care and my exertions. For one whole year I was your anxious nurse and constant companion—do you remember it, dear child ? At the end, God answered my incessant supplications, and gave you back to me—a vigorous youth. But the danger is not yet overcome. In three years it will arise again, and oh, whither will you flee if I am in the grave ? I could not rest this night until I had told you all ; and now, Caleb, I do beg of you to be religious and good, and to love your mother, who loves you better—oh, how much better !—than herself. If you attend to what I say, I shall be sure you love me. Should I be no more—Heaven grant it may be otherwise !—let your twenty-first year be passed under this roof, and with your father ; if that too may not be—

for who shall read the hidden book of fate?—promise me to submit to the directions of him to whom this letter is addressed.” With these words my mother placed a small packet in my hands.

“Rest assured, dear mother,” I replied, “your wish shall be complied with; but let us look with confidence to that good Providence which has supported us to this very hour.”

“I do, I do indeed, dear boy—I have told you all, and I rely upon your word. Let no circumstance prevent the fulfilment of it. Now, I leave you; compose yourself to sleep, and in the morning I shall see you again.”

My mother left me, and, dwelling upon the curious history she had communicated, I once more sought repose. I knew her weakness, and the recital had caused me no alarm. I felt that I had done right to leave her own impressions undisturbed. My scepticism would but have set her heart bleeding afresh. God bless her!—it was a mother’s to the very core.

The morning came—a lovely one. The city itself looks fresh and happy when the sun smiles upon it, and lights up its narrow streets. The spirits of the passengers are buoyant, too, in spite of the heavy burden of care which they doom themselves to carry. I have often remarked on a May morning, when light and warmth are on the ground, and fresh breezes purify the air, the springy step and the erect gait of men who have forgotten for an hour that they are

bondmen, whilst their eyes glance to the stripe of blue heaven above them, and they tread the ground with the almost-forgotten elasticity of youth. The effect of this spirit-stirring morning reached also me. I forgot my sadness; I longed to be on the spot to which I was hastening, and to commence those operations which were delightful to me; chiefly in respect of the joy they would bring to the aged hearts of my dear parents. True, a tear started now and then into my eye, but it was one of pleasure and of glowing affection, and it sanctified the many and virtuous resolves which, one after another, were silently registered in my bosom.

It was past eight o'clock—at nine, the *Cambridge Intelligence* left the Inn, which was distant about a mile from our dwelling. My father called me to him. “Caleb,” he said, “your time with us is nearly expired—here is a letter for you, which you may read at your leisure. Take care of yourself, and may God send you back in health and safety! You will write to us often.”

As he spoke, my mother entered the counting-house in which we were, and she looked as if she had slept but little. My father changed his tone, and called briskly to his clerk, with whom, for some time, he held a conversation on matters connected with his business. In the presence of my mother, he would scarcely make any reference to me or my proceedings. The clock struck half-past eight—“Now, lad,” he exclaimed,



hastening from the room, "kiss your mother, and let us begone." I turned to take leave of her whom I had never left before—my mother, whom I loved so well. But ah! I could not—I kissed her, and I sobbed on her bosom, and she pressed me to hers, and cried bitterly.

"Good boy, good boy!" she said through her tears—"Heaven protect you, my dear and only child!"

I dragged myself from her.

"Stay, Caleb," she cried out, "I had almost forgotten. Take this," and she gave me a pocket-book, "and remember your promise. Good-by, now. May God bless you for ever, my darling child!"

My father, and a man carrying my trunk, had already departed. I followed and overtook them. Instinctively I turned my head and looked back upon our dwelling. My mother was at the door, she observed my movement, and beckoned me a last farewell.

I turned the street, and lost sight of her for ever.

Alas! why does the memory of the past start up, like ghosts, to alarm and terrify us!

The inn from which I was to set out was full of life and bustle. The heavy coach already stood before the inn yard. The driver was receiving his last directions in the house, and men were busy in the disposal and securing of the passengers' luggage. My spirits again failed me. The activity there, the sunshine, and the happy looks of men, contrasted with the low and oppressive feeling that came over me, but could not

remove it. My father remained at my side, silent and moody. My hand was held in his, which trembled exceedingly.

“Is there any thing you wish to say, father?” I enquired. “We shall soon start now.”

“Yes,” he replied; “come hither.” He took me through the yard, at the end of which an obscure passage led to a set of stables. He stopped in the middle of it, and looking about, as if to be assured of privacy, he pressed his manly lips to my cheeks, and kissed me in all the passionate expression of his unselfish fatherly affection. “May God Almighty bless you, my dear Caleb, and keep you pure! He knows how much I love you.” As he spoke, he wept like a child. We returned silently down the yard. The ostler ran to us.

“Are you the other inside, sir? Coach is waiting.” I nodded yes. The man called to the coachman, who had already taken his seat. I entered the lumbering vehicle, and as we quitted the inn, with as brisk a flourish as the driver could command, I observed my honoured parent turning, with a slow and mournful gait, once more his steps towards home.

It was some time before I could rouse myself from the extreme despondency into which the circumstances of the morning had subdued me. My head hung languidly down, and my eye wandered over the straw that was strewed at the bottom of the coach, and which served as a carpet for the travellers’ feet, until it



became familiar with every wisp. My mind occupied itself with the bed-side scene of the preceding night, the happiness of my early days, and the prospect that was opening before me. I dreamt of many things; whilst, in and above every thing, sprung up visions of home, and of the beloved couple who presided over its placid doings. In every dazzling plan that imagination reared of the future, the two objects of my entire and ineffable love held the chiefest place, and were the brightest parts.

The country on every side, at the period I speak of, was nearer to London by some miles than it is now. When I roused myself from my reverie, we had reached the green fields and thick hedges, the waving trees and the blessed open sky; and nature, in her unspeakable loveliness and simplicity, shed, as is her wont, an unseen healing power over my troubled spirits. The weight became lighter on my heart, and my thoughts gradually assumed a more cheerful tone. I took the letter from my pocket, which my father, when he quitted the house, had placed in my hand. I now opened it, and read as follows:—

“ My dearest boy,

“ If I have said little to you on the subject of your present removal from us, it is not that I have thought lightly of it, or that I have not felt as your father concerning you. With my parting blessing, receive these my parting words. You have a tender mother, Caleb. Rebecca loved not her Jacob better than she does you

—her youngest born. You do not know, indeed, how much you owe her. She has nursed and cared for you with an untiring spirit. Before you could understand the obligations and duties of a child, she had accomplished for you more than a life of love and obedience can repay. You were a delicate and sickly infant; and but for the ceaseless watchings which seemed never too long for the motherly heart, you would not be alive this day to hear how much you are her debtor. In boyhood, your violent and passionate temperament, which threatened not only your own happiness, but that of all who loved you, was checked and corrected, and, I confidently trust, eventually expelled, by her enduring patience and self-denial. As you have grown, who but she has been about you, like a guardian angel, rendering joyous, and almost sanctifying, the hours of your life? You should be moved by such affection, as I am sure you will be: yet remember, Caleb, you are still young, and emotion is natural; and because it is natural, there is danger lest it may pass away with the occasion, and be forgotten. But I look for better things from you. I have described your mother, and the claim she has upon you. You have now left her, and be sure if you bring sorrow upon her aged head, there will be a deep and lasting retribution.

“ I confide in you, my child, to the uttermost; still, whilst I concede to you a more extensive knowledge of books than your unlettered parent, I have the experience of years and the knowledge of men, which

you must yet obtain. The world into which you are entering is full of temptation, and abounds with danger. Be firm, and you travel on unhurt. Yield to the first, although the smallest and scarce-audible, whisperings of human passion, and you are in the hands of the Wicked One. A university is a commonwealth, where many vicious as well as many honourable spirits are collected. It is the nature of the fallen to seek out greedily the yet pure, and to endeavour, by every means, to drag them down from the bright eminence which they themselves have lost for ever. Their lips are honied, and their words sweet poison. They are most insidious in their temptings; but, if you love life and would enjoy it, avoid them, though they come with all the power and the fascination of the serpent. All that is left me now is, to recommend you to the care of Him who has provided for us hitherto, and to the guidance of the good principle he has implanted in your bosom. You may rely, without fear of disappointment, upon the judgment of your own good conscience, and, so long as you live, upon the affectionate regard of your loving parent."

I had read this epistle for the fifth or sixth time, when I was disturbed by what sounded to me like a suppressed laugh, and a voice exclaiming, just sufficiently loud for me to hear it, the single monosyllable — "Fresh."

I raised my eyes from the letter, and became conscious of the presence of other individuals. Imagining

for an instant that every emotion I experienced, and every thought that ran through my brain, had been manifest to strangers, I blushed deeply ; but I recovered myself quickly, and began to observe more particularly the countenances of my companions. Which of them it was that spoke and laughed, I could not decide ; for the eyes of all were at the instant turned from me, and there was neither smile, nor expression of any other kind, in the faces of any that might lead to detection.

Our coach contained six inside passengers. The seat opposite my own was occupied by two young men, and a man somewhat advanced in years. The former possessed a gentlemanly air, and were apparently well bred. I determined at once that they were bound for the same place and employment as myself. They were both dressed with remarkable neatness, and had altogether that comfortable and easy manner, which indicates, in most instances, the enjoyment of good circumstances, if not of actual independence. Their looks were exceedingly grave ; but the solemnity of one, at least, seemed false, and to exist rather in spite of his nature, than as the proper exponent of it. There was a frowning eyebrow, but, at the same time, a small and laughing eye, sparkling with joyousness that no effort could conceal ; and although a demure and pursy turn was forced upon the lip, it had to struggle for the mastery with a sly upward curl, by which it was not difficult to perceive, it must eventu-

ally be repulsed and overcome. These observations apply to the younger of the two travellers, between whom there subsisted a marked resemblance. He might have been about nineteen years of age, and a year or two the junior of his companion. As I continued my observation, I could not but suspect that to him were to be traced the previous laugh and exclamation; and I suffered a pang of boyish uneasiness, as I concluded that I had been the cause and subject of them. He was handsome, and his face beamed with confidence and delight. In spite of his assumed seriousness, I pronounced at a glance, that good-nature and he were by no means strangers to one another.

The elderly gentleman, who sat next to them in the corner, was a very different order of being. He looked about fifty years of age, but he might have been some years older or younger. He had that peculiar mien which makes it a puzzle to fix the precise age of an individual. There was a glaring discrepancy between the glossy and black curly hair which ornamented his head, and the deep furrows and expressive lines that time or trouble had ploughed along his cheek. Again, the vivacity and fire of an eye which moved with the quickness and sharpness of youth, seemed hardly to belong to the dull and heavy-lipped mouth, that, hanging down, discovered almost toothless gums, and denoted either supreme stolidity or the giving way of years.

If it were a task to discover this good man's age,

it was not a whit easier to give him a position in society. He did not belong evidently to that which is popularly called the *lower* order, and he was scarcely respectable or clean enough to be ranked in the *middle* class. Had there been a mean between the two he would have settled there; but, in the absence of this, he represented the extremes of both. You might note in him, as it were, the last degree of the one class, and the first of the other. His whole person was characterized by dirtiness. His face, hands, (he wore no gloves,) clothes, and boots—all were dirty. His clothes were made, perhaps, from the best wool, and had the neatest workmanship, and if brushed, and fitted to a body to which cleanliness was an article not of the least consideration in life, might have challenged comparison with the choicest. The hand, too, relieved of its filthy covering, would not have disgraced a lady—for it was small and well-shapen. The complexion of this curious person was a dark brown, and looked the browner by reason of his universal fault. To conclude this short sketch of him, I must add that his hair, to which I have already referred, was heightened in its beauty by an exuberant plenty of strongly-scented oil, his dirty shirt was decorated with a massive brooch, his nose was large and Roman, and all his features were strongly stamped with that peculiar expression, which is recognised over the whole world under the name of—Jewish. By way of postscript (for I discovered this afterwards) let me say, that his height



was five feet six or thereabouts, and he was of a slender make.

The remaining two travellers, they who shared my seat, were a mother and daughter travelling to Lynn, in Norfolk. I need not refer to them further. We said little as we journeyed, and parted company at Cambridge. I have never seen them since. The old lady must have long since mouldered in the grave; and the blooming lass, who looked so bashful and so coy, who could not choose but blush and bend her head beneath the over-zealous gaze of that tall handsome youth—is she yet living? Has she grown grey—the blossom brushed from off her cheek? Age will not spare it; and the smooth soft skin, so very smooth was hers, is it pinched up and withered? Does her eye lack lustre now, and is it turned as mine is—back upon the past? Pray God the retrospect is fair, and yields a balm to sooth the swift descent—a joy that is at once a promise and an earnest of the future.

The Israelitish gentleman soon became an active agent in the dismissal of certain large pieces of dry bread, which he brought from his pocket, one after another, and ate with amazing rapidity. He remained silent the while; but as he munched, and dropped the crumbs upon his neighbour's knee, he drew his breath deeply through his nose, which again discharged it in a disagreeable sound, something between sniffing and snoring. The younger of the two young men at length interfered.

"You are a queer brick, Levy," he said, in a tone that predicated acquaintance; "but I advise you to have your breakfast next time at home, and what you can't eat give to the birds. I'm not hungry."

"Mishter Temples," answered the person addressed, gulping down a mouthful, "you are sich a funny gentlemansh; you always makes your vits vit poor Levy. I tink if Levy vas dead you wouldn't know vot to do vit yourself. They talk of you at Trinity College from morning till night; and the cook tould me the other day, that it vas as good as goold to him ven you vere up, for the cushtom and the profits rolled in like so much vater."

This was spoken with so curious a twang, and with so deferential an air, that I could not help smiling, which observing, the young gentleman turned to me, and, with a polite movement, thus accosted me:—"You are, I presume, going to college, and should by all means know Mr Solomon Levy." The latter gentleman assumed a gesture of extreme modesty. "He is as necessary to you as your cap and gown, and in every respect as useful. The mellowest grape of Portugal, and the mildest tobacco-leaf of America, are found with him; and tin, when times are hard, and governors have bled their last, as plentiful as in the sea-bound *Cassiterides*."

The elderly gentleman did not seem to understand altogether the point and meaning of this speech, nor in truth did I; but, unwilling to acknow-



ledge my ignorance, I allowed the young student to proceed.

"I will not say that my friend Levy, like the Prince of Denmark, is 'the glass of fashion and the mould of form.' No, that were flattery. But he hath daughters, passing fair maids of Judah, whose bright eyes put out all lesser orbs of light. I've seen them at the county-ball, as Chaucer says—'the silver drops all hanging on the *Lev—ès*.' But they were paste, as I've often said before."

"Rale shtones," interrupted Mr Levy eagerly.

"Rale shtones, as I hoped to be shaved!"

"Well, no matter, this gentleman may indeed consider it a lucky day that brings him into this society. Sir, you must allow me to have the honour of the introduction. Mr Levy, Mr ——?"

"Stukely."

"Mr Levy, Mr Stukely."

I bowed to the dirty gentleman, and he in return smiled rather grimly upon me, and winked his eye in token of admitted friendship.

"Ah," pursued the collegian, "these introductions are the bane of good fellowship, and the very ruin of Cambridge. You might have spent a life in the place, and yet for want of a common friend have been ignorant of each other's existence. Had you made advances, indeed, Levy must have repelled you; for where custom becomes inveterate, it robs men of their own will, and reduces them to the level of slaves."

“And yet, James,” said his brother, who now made himself heard for the first time, “how necessary to a well-constituted society is this social arrangement! What a protection does it afford to the retiring and meek from the intrusion of the officious! How else should the innocent and unwary be sheltered from the worldling and the sharper?”

“True, O king!” replied the common friend; “and therefore, lest Mr Stukely may form a hasty and incorrect judgment of your character, let me at once introduce to his notice—my worthy elder brother, Mr William Temple.—Mr Stukely, Mr William Temple.”

Mr William Temple grasped my hand, and assured me that, having legally acquired the pleasure of my acquaintance, he should have no objection in becoming exceedingly intimate.

“Do you go,” enquired Mr James, “to a large college?”

“I have entered at Trinity,” was my reply.

“Ah, low—shocking low! Trinity is going down very fast. The market is overstocked, as they say in the city. They have sent out a good man or two, who, I should guess, have bitten all the *paters* in existence; for they have been mad about Trinity ever since. No, that won’t do at all. You must migrate to Sidney—that’s the college! Nobody goes there. Select and gentlemanly. Nothing snobbish. Men are friends and brothers—quite a little family.”

“Surely, James,” interposed Mr William again,

“Mr Stukely’s friends have well considered the propriety of their step, and have weighed all things in the balance. There are both advantages and disadvantages, and reasons both positive and negative.”

“Now don’t—there’s a good fellow,” said his brother in a tone of supplication. “You must know, Mr Stukely, that they call my brother at home old *plus* and *minus*. To be sure, he is no end of a mathematician. He was three months dragging over the *pons asinorum*, since which feat he has become so close a reasoner, that there is nothing which was previously right that he cannot prove now to be decidedly wrong. By the way, are you for classics or mathematics?”

“My own wishes,” I replied, “would lead me to classics; but my father”—

“Your what?” asked Mr James.

“My father, sir.”

“What’s that?”

“Why, my father, sir,” I repeated, somewhat puzzled.

“Ah! I see now, I had forgotton. You mean the *governor*. You speak the London dialect. We get more Doric as we proceed. The word father is less understood now every stage we travel. When we arrive at Trumpington, the word’s obsolete. Curious fact that?”

“Remarkable, indeed!” I added. “I was not aware that, so near to the metropolis, so emphatic a change obtained in our language.”

“I dare say not,” rejoined my new acquaintance. “What do you think of the name for a man in a long blue cloak and brass buttons being *bull-dog*, and *no-end-of-a-brick* being a correct translation of a hard-reading man?”

“Strange! and upon what theory or law of language is it supposed that such changes depend?” I enquired, and, as I have since thought, somewhat conceitedly.

“Ah, there you stagger me!” replied Mr James. “If you want the theory, apply next door. Now, William, I am sure you must know. What’s the theory?”

“Why,” said the gentleman thus appealed to, rising in his seat as if he were afraid of shaking the vast amount of thought that he carried in his brain, “it is said—but I think I can show that the whole of the argument is not susceptible of proof—that although there are remains of the ancient Saxon language to be found in London, as elsewhere in England, yet the pure first-hand and only superfine Saxon is to be found to perfection in Cambridge. So far I agree with the proposition. But to account for this it is argued, that after the battle of Hastings, Harold, the son of Godwin, and the opponent of the Conqueror, escaped with his life, and sought refuge at the university, where he delivered lectures on the native language and literature, became proctor, and eventually vice-chancellor; and that the genuine vernacular has descended to us, in

consequence of his own particular dying request, that no alteration or admixture should ever be allowed by the public orator, or any other officer of the university for the time being. You see this statement involves two problems—1st, The existence of lectures at the time of the Conquest, and secondly, The existence of Harold as professor at the university. Now it is a self-evident truth—or, more properly speaking, an axiom—that the university did not exist until some centuries after the death of Harold; therefore there was no university at the time of the battle of Hastings. Much less were there any professorships established, and a lectureship on the native language and literature is equal to a professorship; therefore there were no lectures at the time of the Conquest. Again, Harold, it is said, was professor at the university; but it has been proved that there was no university, and, *à fortiori*, no professorships. But Harold *was* professor, which is absurd; therefore, Harold was not a professor at the university—*Quod erat demonstrandum.*”

At the conclusion of this speech, the mathematician looked at me earnestly for moment, and then, by slow degrees, resumed his original state of reservedness—his arms folded, and his head falling languidly on his chest. Mr Levy looked obliquely at him, then triumphantly at me, and treading on my toe at the same time, seemed to enquire what might be my opinion of Mr William Temple—*now*.

My respect and admiration were certainly increased

for a man who could thus bring to bear upon the most familiar topics the formula of science, and who evidently did not hesitate to reject the simplest truth until it had undergone the severe scrutiny of his very exact mind. The allusion which his brother had made to the fifth proposition of Euclid, I regarded as a mere figure of speech, such as I knew to be often employed in the best possible humour against great minds. The airy disposition of Mr James imperceptibly won upon me. I looked upon him as one to whom knowledge came unsought, and of its own free-will, whose head had become a storehouse of intellectual acquirements without labour or exertion—a genius, in fact: that species of humanity which I had often heard of, but had never met face to face until now. Thus was there also a portion of reverence mingled with the familiar delight with which I listened to the frank and friendly communication of Mr James. Even Mr Levy, looked up to as he was by the young scholar, acquired a rapidly growing importance, for which I must acknowledge his language, his vulgar looks, and his dirty appearance, could not offer any legitimate or corresponding title. Amused and interested by all my companions, the journey was any thing but tedious or wearisome; and before we reached that point in our progress at which we halted for refreshment, my animal spirits, which had congealed during the first hours of the morning, relaxed and grew warm beneath the sunny influences which had so unexpectedly sprung up.



Forty years ago, the traveller, had he thought fit, could have dispatched steadily the four diurnal meals in less space than that accorded to the migratory one. To-day he shall pay the price of four, and not have half a one. Man was then a ruminating animal. The locomotive inoculation had not yet been introduced. The employment and the necessity of carrier pigeons were not superseded; and the speed of the winds and the velocity of the earth had not ceased to be subjects of astonishment and awe. In those days, to travel was in truth, as the etymology indicates, to labour and to toil. Let us blot out the word from the vocabulary. Men do not travel now. They burst through the air with the swiftness of the bird, without a gleam of its enjoyment. Poor age of hurry-scurry! The elements of happiness are not found in thee. No, not one: and the constant desire of man's heart, since his first fall, must be postponed to a calmer and a holier day.

The five inside passengers entered the inn at which we stopped—Mr Temple, junior, promising himself to have no mercy on the various dishes which were awaiting the honour of his arrival. Naturally backward and timid, I was, on this particular occasion, not very desirous to join the party. I could feel perfectly at home with them so long as we were confined to the coach; but the very instant we were loosed into the world again, my constitutional bashfulness at once restored our previous relation. The inn had a picturesque situation. On one side of it flowed a transparent stream,



and to the other was attached a spacious orchard, on whose smooth sward there stood the finest trees I had ever beheld. To this spot I directed my steps. Born and bred in London, without having passed two weeks together beyond its dusty precincts—albeit it was not the huge world of smoke it has since grown to be—I was, at this period, unacquainted with the simplest flowers of the field. I knew of nature nothing but her loveliness, and the glimpses I had caught had made me sensible of her dominion. Separated from the orchard by a sunken fence, a slowly-rising meadow spread itself for a considerable distance; and beyond it, as far as the eye could reach, were rich surfaces of cultivation—the yellow corn standing prominently forward, like patches of “stationary sunshine.” In the full possession of health, vigorous and young, I warmed with ecstasy as I gazed upon this scene—common and everyday as it was—and thanked God who had supplied me with a capacity of enjoyment, without a single sorrow to embitter or detract from it. I seated myself beneath the foliage of a chestnut tree, the filaments of whose thick blossoms drooped still like ringlets from the noble leaves. I had not yet opened the pocket-book which my mother had placed in my hands. I did so now. A few lines had been hastily written on the first page. She bade me remember the conversation of the past night, and to think seriously of her parting words. There was mention made also of a bank-note for fifty pounds which she had placed in one of the

pockets for my private use, "in addition to the sum which my father would allow me for my general expenses."

I would fain ask the gentle reader, if he is conscious of no one short hour in his life which has established for itself an individuality and character standing from the rest of time apart; and if, connected with this point of his existence, there does not present itself to his mind a scene of nature, divided from all other scenes—one bright vision of time and place, wherein the mind and body have been elate and joyous, tuned to the harmonies of earth—where human happiness, unlike herself, has lingered till her shade has covered the fair dream, and preserved it from the common wreck. The orchard, and the big chestnut tree, and every circumstance and little object connected with the breath of time snatched from that day so many years ago, become illuminated, as I write, with the feelings they inspired; whilst many a pleasure since looks sad and sickly, or else, ephemeral as too many were, has long since passed into oblivion.

Not for any length of time had I enjoyed the sweet communion of my thoughts, when I was startled from my situation by a voice calling my name. I could not mistake the accent. I raised myself from the ground, and beheld Mr Levy approaching the tree with rapid strides. When he found I observed him, he walked more slowly.

"Mishter Shtukely," he began, "they are all eating

away there as if they vere shtarved. If you are fond of cold fowl, upon my vord you haven't a minute to shpare. That young Mishter Temples hasn't said a syllable to nobody since he began, and is biting away as hard as ever. He has a most uncommon appetite!"

"Thank you, Mr Levy. I am not disposed to eat; but I am grateful, nevertheless, for your friendly hint."

"Oh, don't say a vord about that!" he replied; "vy shouldn't I be civil? It doesn't cost me nothing. In going through the vorld, Mr Shtukely, you may always tell the good man from the bad man by that 'ere. The good man is ready to do any thing for another, ven it costs him nothing; but the bad man is always for himself, and vouldn't so much as go over the vay for his own father."

I once more thanked Mr Levy for his civility, and begged that he would not on my account keep from his friends or his unfinished dinner.

"You are very good sir," said the gentleman, "but my religions don't allow me to eat that sort of victuals, and I am very particular. You see ve're a clean people, and are forbid to eat of the unclean animals, and the nasty mixtures that the Christians—though I don't vish to be rude—make vith their fat and their butter and their meat, and all them kind of nonsense. Now you vont be angry vith me, if I tell you something—vill you? Vell then, do you know, the very moment I saw you, you vun my heart—you look so good and innoshent. But you must take care of yourself, my

dear boy—excuse my being free;—you must indeed. This is such a vicked vurld, and it ain't every body that will give you the benefit of his experience; 'cause you see, experience is something like shtock in trade or capital, and after thirty or forty years perhaps, that's all a man has left him to do business with. I daresay you've got a father and a mother—eh?" I am not sure that Mr Levy perceived any particular change in my countenance as he put this question to me; but without permitting me to answer, he continued—"Vell, never mind, don't tell me, don't harrow up. I know vot it is, my dear boy, to have a good father and mother; yes, and to leave them too, and to be turned into the vurld among strangers, as I vas at a tender age, vith nobody to take care of my morals or teach me vat vas right, except the nature that vas born vith me. I dare say, my dear, you've got plenty of money to shpend—eh?"——

"My father, sir, is kind and liberal, and"——

"Vell now, don't tell me, I von't hear a vord. It's no business of mine. Only take care of it, my dear child, and don't shpend it like a *narr*.\* You must excuse my freedom; but I tould you before I'm quite taken vith you, and I feel like your father ven I speak to you. Ven you get to Cambridge, you must put your money into the hands of some shteady honesht person that knows vot the vurld is, and vill put you in the vay of laying it out to the best advantage. Vas you reading

\* *Anglicè*—Fool.

a book, my dear, ven I came up? Ah, vot a thing it is to be fond of reading! Sometimes, ven I sits at home, and thinks how vicked the vurld is, I think I should go vild if it vasn't for reading the newspapers, vith the lisht of bankrupts and all the polishe news."

Mr Levy had touched a tender chord, and I answered him—"Yes, Mr Levy, I was perusing a most affectionate letter from the fondest and best of mothers. Look here, sir!" I exclaimed warmly, drawing the book from my pocket, and moved even to tears; "this is her latest gift. Although she knew I had no need of it, and was amply supplied, with her own hand, and without my knowledge, she enclosed this note. You can understand and appreciate my tears."

"I vish I may die if I can't, and that's the long and the short of it," said Mr Levy passionately. "Now, you look here, Mr Shtukely, vat I shall do. There's three pounds of smuggled cigars that I had put by expressly for Mishter Temples. I charge 'em twenty shillings a-pound, and they're vorth forty if they're vorth a stiver. I'll break my vord vith him for vonce, if I never do another shtroke of business vith him, and that vould be as good as ruination to me. You shall have them every vone at the price. I never see sich a model of a good boy since I vas born, and it sha'n't go vithout its revard, or else Sol Levy vill know the reason vy."

Before I could remonstrate against so great a sacrifice of principle and property, we were both summoned

from the orchard by a shrill cry proceeding from the volatile lungs of Mr Temple, junior.

“Take care of yourself, Mr Stukely,” said that worthy when we joined him; “take care of yourself. If you creep into holes and corners with Mr Levy, it will soon go hard with your orthodoxy. He’s a seductive character, and, before you are aware of it, he will turn you into one of the faithful.”

“Mishter Temples,” said the Israelite very seriously, “vith other people’s religions I never bother my head. I’ve business enough upon my mind vithout troubling myself vith vat doesn’t consarn me. Besides, it’s very necessary that some should be this, and some the other. For my part, I should be very sorry to see that day ven every body vill be Jews; for I think business vithout the Chrishtians vill be very flat and inshipid.”

“Ah! Levy, you’re a new light, and citizen of the world! But why have you deserted us, Mr Stukely? Your appetite will quarrel with your breach of good manners before we reach Cambridge. Was our company so disagreeable that you should refuse to break bread with us?”

“I felt no inclination for food, and the lovely day tempted me to feast in the open air.”

“Upon nothing! Ah, you cannot feed capons so! My dear fellow, you are a freshman, and freshmen belong to the extensive family of *Green*. They are known by their small appetites and large feelings, by



their love of home and bread and milk, and by their dislike of mixed society. Well, I suppose it must be so. Should we be fellow-travellers this time twelve-month, your poetry will be sensibly diminished, and your appetite restored to you. I am wide awake to the whole proceeding, for, *autem ego*—what is that Latin proverb about Catiline? I have been so long at Cambridge that I've forgotten the little Latin I took up with me."

["Another figure of speech," thought I.]

"I shall be sorry," I replied, "to use the words of our friend here, to see that day, Mr Temple, that will find me less under the direction of those feelings which at this moment attract and attach me to all that is lovely and consolatory in life."

"A very sensible idea, and very vell put together," remarked Mr Levy.

"Levy, be quiet," said Mr Temple softly. "Stukely, you are young, very young, not in years but in facts. I have gone through all this, and so has many a better fellow. It's a stale game, though new to you. There are certain things which we must all undergo. We leave off sucking. Our mothers take pride in combing our hairs straight. We are discharged from home, with many kisses and very many parting words. It's all beautiful, no doubt, and, as you observe, very consolatory—but it's only part of the system. Now, I never wager, except upon the odd trick at whist, and then only half-crowns; but I should like to bet



heavy odds at this moment that I could read what's passing in your mind."

"Mr Shtukely," exclaimed Mr Levy, "don't you do any sich thing. That would be a very nice vay of getting rid of your money."

"How many times within this hour," continued Mr Temple, "have you persuaded yourself that your home, wherever it may be, is the choicest place in life, and how many new attractions, which have escaped your observation so many years, have you all at once discovered there? Why do you blush? I know your home never looked so fair as it does this moment, reflected to you at this short distance through the medium of your passions. Don't deceive yourself; and, above all, beware of taking credit for something very peculiar, which is as common to all men as their meat and drink. Pshaw! I have known fellows who have been so bullied and thrashed by their governors, that they have never risen from their daily prayers without putting up a special one for their release, actually stand crying and snivelling when the hour of deliverance came, swearing that they had never been half thrashed enough, or sufficiently grateful for what they had received. Things do look so different when we are about to lose or leave them, and men are such arrant humbugs to themselves."

When I entered the Cambridge *Intelligence* for the second time, I could not understand why I felt so awkward, vexed, and uncomfortable, in the presence

of young Mr Temple. But the said gentleman had not yet done with me.

“Apropos, Mr Stukely, to the subject we have just discussed.” I changed colour as he spoke; for I dreaded an exposure, although I could not exactly define what the speaker had to reveal concerning me. “You must hear a capital story that I can tell you of one who for a season was a fellow of your own kidney. Poor Jack Husband! Do you remember him, Levy?”

Levy sighed deeply.

“Some kind relations, having of course his best interests at heart, introduced him to a large house in India, which soon introduced him to the yellow fever and six feet of earth. He came, in the first instance, from Jamaica. His father was a large planter, and Jack was sent over to learn manners, and the art of preaching to the niggers. For the first six months things went on remarkably well. He was all his mother could wish him. He wore clodhopper shoes, worsted stockings, a white choker, and thick cotton gloves. He rose regularly to chapel, and went to bed every night punctually at nine o’clock, upon milk and water. He barricaded his rooms; and, because he had been told that the university was a hotbed of vice, he shut himself up like a seed in a cucumber frame. If a man by chance spoke to him, he buttoned his breeches pockets in order to prevent the fellow’s walking into them: and he watched the movements of his bedmaker and gyp, as though to assassinate him had been the

aim and business of their lives. It was a great pity that his mamma ever trusted so sweet a youth in so wicked a place—but it was a moral struggle, and you shall hear the result of it. Jack's remittances came at stipulated times from his father's correspondent in London, and at one period it happened that they hung fire most fearfully. He wrote at first very politely on the subject; but, receiving no reply, expressed his opinion in a peremptory and business-like manner. The second application proving just as effectual as the first, Mr Husband became very ill. He spoke to his tutor, (who got as alarmed as himself,) procured an *ægrotat* and *exeat*, and walked into London with the bowels of a man determined on mischief. The correspondent, *correspondens à non correspondendo*, hung out in Broad Street, City, and thither Mr Husband first went. The house was closed, and every window but one blocked up by a shutter. Jack thought of the ocean, the distance from home, and grew very wretched indeed. 'Is Mr Wilson at home?' faltered Jack. 'Which?' said the maid who answered the knock. Jack, all alive to suspicion, looked hard at the girl, fancied collusion, and walked into the passage without further delay.

" 'Now, young woman,' said he, shutting the door, 'take care of what you are about. I have come from quite as bad a place as London is, and I know the whole thing. You just tell Mr Wilson, that Mr John Husband has called to see him, and isn't inclined to

depart without having that pleasure.' The servant ran away, and Jack walked into the parlour, and a very curious object indeed there met his eye. A young gentleman, about eighteen years of age, with a painted face and long curly wig, bedizened in a glaring red court dress, was lying at full length on the ground, a sword at his side, and apparently in the last agonies of death. 'Perdition catch thy arm,' he bawled out as Jack opened the door—'the chance is thine!' Before Husband could recover from his surprise, the young fellow was on his legs, blushing scarlet through his crimson, and apologizing for the queerness of the situation. To make short of the story, this was no other than Mr Wilson, junior, whose father being from home, and travelling in Scotland, (which facts, by the way, accounted for the suspension of the supplies,) he, the son, was perfecting himself in the rehearsal of a crack part which he was to act on the following night at an amateur club, of which he was the secretary, treasurer, and principal performer. What immediately passed between the two, I do not know. Jack did tell me that, after a bit, the young one ordered up rump-steaks, pickles, and bottled porter, and about seven o'clock proposed a visit to Drury-Lane Theatre, where Siddons and Kemble that night acted in Shakspeare's tragedy of Macbeth—that, at the conclusion of the performance, they adjourned to the Johnson's Head—and that after that, about ten o'clock the next morning, he found himself in bed in a strange

place, without the remotest idea of the means which had been taken to deposit him there. A day or two afterwards, the tutor received a letter which informed him that Mr Husband had been indefatigable in the pursuit of Mr Wilson—but in vain, nor did he hope to discover him for some weeks to come—that Mr Husband bitterly regretted any circumstance that separated him from his studies, but that he looked forward to returning to them with redoubled ardour, when his object in London was fully accomplished. In about a month Jack returned to Cambridge, in a very seedy condition. He looked pale and sewed up. Mr Wilson, junior, accompanied him. He came to spend a week or two with his friend, and to recruit. Jack waited on the tutor, spun a long yarn about wandering barefooted over the Highlands of Scotland—paid the arrears, and was dismissed with tears, and an invitation to supper.

“London had certainly rubbed off a good deal of Husband’s rust. He ceased to dress like a snob, and began to think like a gentleman. He sported his oak no longer, and he looked upon his fellow mortals with a kindlier and more forgiving spirit; subscribing implicitly to the opinion, that man is by nature a sociable and communicative animal. I was at a wine party that he gave about two months after his return, and there I heard him deliver a very eloquent speech about prejudice, and antique notions, the scales having fallen from his eyes, and so forth. It is a curious

fact, however, that after this eventful break in Husband's career, his remittances came very irregularly, and the necessity for his personal attendance in London exceedingly frequent. One morning he received a very important communication from his friend, Wilson—It explained to him that he might very shortly expect a visit from his governor; for he (Wilson) had extracted by stealth a letter from his own governor's pocket a day or two before, whilst he was dozing after dinner, and had therein read that Mr Husband, senior, having occasion to make a voyage to England, had proposed to himself the delight of taking his son by surprise, and to behold him absorbed in the prosecution of his studies and mental improvement. There was a postscript which I recollect well. It ran thus:—‘New Tragedy on Friday. Glorious John and Siddons, first-rate parts—pitch the remittances to Old Nosey. Come up.’ Jack wishing, no doubt, to make some enquiries respecting his parent's visit, went to town immediately. The two friends greatly applauded the tragedy, and, as usual, when the curtain fell, adjourned to the Johnson's Head.

“Jack used to say, that without being able to account for it, he never in his life had felt so thoroughly complete as on this evening. A feeling of universal benevolence gradually crept over him, and he vowed emphatically to Wilson, ‘that man is the very incarnation of all that is lovely and good.’ Milk punch floors the human heart—and that's a fact.



“ Young Wilson belonged to a debating society, and it was a point of honour with him to meet all general statements with particular contradiction.

“ ‘ We’ll argue that, Jack,’ says he ; and scarcely had he so said, when a voice was heard in the passage. It spoke for a minute or two, and stopped.

“ Jack started. Wilson looked about the room for a thunderbolt. When he turned again, Husband was under the table, pulling hard at his legs, and imploring him in a whisper to blow out the candles.

“ ‘ What’s the matter ?’ cried Wilson.

“ ‘ Wilson, I am dished. I’m blessed if that isn’t the governor.’

“ ‘ What, Jamaica ?’ asked Wilson.

“ ‘ Idem !’ cried Jack.

“ The candles were extinguished immediately. In a couple of hours, Husband was flying to Cambridge as fast as four horses could carry him.

“ About ten o’clock next evening, a respectable old gent, at Trinity Gate, desired to be directed to the rooms of Mr John Husband. That gentleman’s gyp was by accident in the court at the time, and he begged the elderly gentleman to follow him.

“ ‘ I’m afraid, Sir,’ said the animal, ‘ unless you’re a *very* particular friend, I can’t let you see Mr Husband till four o’clock.’

“ ‘ What, to-morrow afternoon ?’ enquired the venerable stranger.

“ ‘ No, sir, four o’clock to-morrow morning.’



“ ‘ What do you mean ? does Mr Husband receive visitors so early in the morning ? ’

“ ‘ Future Senior Wrangler, sir. Senior Wranglers never fag in the daytime, sir.—Daytime doesn’t do for mathematics—too light and lively. Hope Mr Husband won’t break down. Afraid he will. Many men, sir, in my time, would have been senior wranglers if they hadn’t broke down. Mathematics very unwholesome, sir. Very weakening, and bad for the health. Senate-house large and cold. Men go in quite well—sit in a draught—feel very ill—seized with a shivering pain in the stomach—forget what they are about—walk out—nervous fevers—go home.’

“ ‘ Poor John !’

“ ‘ Do you know Mr Husband, sir ?’

“ ‘ A little,’ said the old man, with a great deal of feeling.

“ ‘ Only a little, sir ? Ah ! what a happy man his father must be ! I’d give a trifle to have such a son. Too good—that’s his only fault. Do you know his father, sir ? A very respectable and intelligent old gentleman, I’ve heard.’

“ ‘ Yes, my good man,’ replied he of the white hair, ‘ I do know him a little. Here’s a crown for you. Who could have told you that I was—that his father, I mean to say—was respectable and intelligent ? ’

“ ‘ The world will talk, sir,’—said the vulture.

“ ‘ Ah, I forgot, so it will ! Now you step into

Mr Husband, and say that a gentleman wishes to see him directly.'

" ' Upon my word, sir, it's more than my place is worth—What's the time, sir ? '

" The old gentleman struck his repeater.

" ' About half-past ten.'

" Half-past ten. Really I don't know—he's just beginning the *Comic Sections*.' The old gentleman slipped another crown into the claws of the carnivora. ' Well, sir, I suppose I must risk it. What name shall I say ? '——

" ' Oh !—say a friend from the west.'

" The visitor was admitted, but so intent upon his studies was Jack, that it was some time before he was aware of his presence. Upon the table before him were two globes, the terrestrial and the celestial, various mathematical instruments—many books piled up, principally folios and quartos, and several sheets of scribbling and scribbled paper. The student himself was dressed in an old morning gown, and over his head to his shoulders hung a wet towel, that most unaccountable yet effectual of all mathematical charms.

" As the books say, ' I cannot describe the meeting of Jack with his governor'—for it was the old nigger-driver, and no one else—Jack set the old man crying about his health, and, before he departed, blarneyed him out of a hundred pound-note. When the old man left the room, the gyp, who had listened all the time at the door, jumped into it; and Jack, overjoyed

at his sudden accession of property, without saying a word by way of introduction, seized all the folios and quartos, and, one after the other, aimed them deliberately at the head of his attendant. He, being on the most friendly footing with his master, returned the compliment; and then both burst into a loud fit of laughter, and wondered how old Ginger could be such a fool, and counted up how many more hundreds they would relieve him of before they would let him go; and passed many other jokes, all very becoming and proper when you consider the relative state and condition of the parties concerned.

“As ill luck would have it, however, old Sugarcane had left his stick behind him, and returning immediately for it, he was stopped at the door by a loud talking within; but naturally concluding that it was only Jack doing his mathematics aloud, for the sake of the treat he applied his parental ear to the keyhole, from which, I believe, it would never have dragged itself, if the two worthies, their remarks being over and conversation closed, had not emerged from the room, and brought themselves at once beneath the gaze of the astounded eavesdropper.”

“Poor, poor old man!” I cried, involuntarily interrupting the narrator.

“Well, he was almost broken-hearted. But he was more to blame than Jack. What could they expect from a fellow whom they had taken such pains to bring up a hypocrite?”

“ What became of him ? ”

“ Within a week of the blaze Jack’s debts were paid, and his name taken off the boards. Three months afterwards he was on his way to India, and in less than a twelvemonth the dust was shovelled over him. Now, what’s your opinion of the gentleman ? ”

“ Can you ask me ? Oh, could ”—

“ Ah—Well, I see, you needn’t be violent. I don’t agree with you.”

The shadows of twilight came on. Before Mr Temple had finished his narrative, sleep had taken possession of the travellers. The jaggy motion and the continuous rumbling of the vehicle, in a short quarter of an hour, had produced its customary effect upon those who had partaken of a hearty meal ; and Mr Levy, who had been once more at his dry bread, the crumbs of which now hung lazily about his lips, also overcome, snored, oblivious and happy, in the snug corner which he had first appropriated to himself—suddenly he gaped. Mr James Temple caught the infection. He stretched his limbs, and sunk gradually to slumber. Greyer and greyer became the light of day, and more definite and plain grew the sounds of external life. The horses’ hoofs sounded distinct and hollow as they tramped the dry ground, and not less clear the smacking whip and friendly voice of their conductor, cheering them on to the close of a long and heavy stage. All else was silence. It was night

when the rattling of stones announced our arrival at the town. I gently opened the coach window, and looked out—and, oh ! that glorious sight of buildings, rearing themselves one after another like giants in the transparent night. How stately did they look ! How venerable in their quiet and religious age ! It was a dream of poetry to gaze upon the noble bulk of living stone, laden with the memories of years, standing so pensive and so calm beneath the bright and watching stars of heaven. Here and there I could perceive, now walking through some noiseless street, now issuing from an antique court or gateway, a solitary student—and then a small cluster, these laughing aloud and boisterous, but the former wrapt in meditation, or busy, it might be, with thoughts of kindred and of home. Proud was I, as I looked around, that it was mine to say, “I also have a share in this ;” and when I connected with the sacred spot the mighty master-spirits that were gone, but whose names still rung and were revered throughout the world, how did my youthful bosom burn with ambition, and a desire for fame !

The coach stopped at Trinity gate. When I alighted my companions were still asleep. I did not care to wake them. I requested that my luggage might be sent from the inn, and without a look I hurried past the lodge.

My rooms were pointed out to me. The bedmaker had been informed of my coming, and a comfortable fire awaited me.

Reader ! the extremes of things opposed, *they* differ—the parts adjacent blend. Would it were otherwise ! We cannot trace the first faint lines of crime till we have left them far behind ; and when “returning were as tedious as go o’er,” we glide through good to ill. Were it at once to leap into the *depths* of guilt, how many might be scared and saved ! Beware, lest you listen with equanimity and delight to the lambent tongue of vice—most dangerous when most playful !

## PART II.

## COLLEGE.

He that would win the race, must guide his horse  
Obedient to the customs of the course,  
Else, though unequall'd to the goal he flies,  
A meaner than himself shall gain the prize.

*Cooper.*

ALMOST before I was aware of my own existence in the town and university of Cambridge, it appeared that others had been possessed of the fact: for, upon leaving the narrow slip of lodging in which I had passed the night, (and which, certainly, might be styled the bedroom, inasmuch as there was just room enough for a bed in it, and nothing more,) and entering the sitting-room adjoining, I discovered upon the table, awaiting me, a letter in due form addressed to Caleb Stukely, Esq., Trinity College, Cambridge. The contents were as follows:—

“The Vice-chancellor presents his kind regards to Mr Stukely, and trusts that Mr Stukely, senior, as well as Mrs Stukely, are in the enjoyment of the best possible health, as this leaves the Vice-chancellor at



present ; at the same time, the V. C. begs to request the favour of Mr Stukely's company at breakfast this morning, trusting that no previous engagement will deprive him of the honour.

“ N.B.—Mr Stukely will please attend in full dress.”

Flattered as I really felt by this invitation, I attributed it rather to the high character which my father enjoyed as a trader in the city of London, than to any personal desert, of which the Vice-chancellor must necessarily have been ignorant. Singularly vigilant, however, I could not but consider that system, by which the private condition and movements of the humblest of scholars were so immediately observed and communicated to the highest authorities. Could this be the usual mode of receiving the adopted in the affectionate bosom of *alma mater* ? or was it an especial mark of attention extended to me—an exception from the general rule ? Let my youth plead for the modesty that induced me to form the latter opinion. Not having yet donned my academic costume, I argued that it would be becoming in me to present myself in that particular dress which had been made in London expressly for evening parties ; albeit, such mighty and fashionable doings had been foreign to the quiet abode from which I had migrated. By Mr Simmonds I was directed to the Vice-chancellor's abode. The reader will not have forgotten that very respectable character introduced by Mr Temple in his narrative at the close

of the last chapter—to wit, the gyp of Mr Husband. The above-mentioned Simmonds performed the like office for me ; but let not the worthiest of his species be confounded with the vilest. Picture to yourself a body curved and bending beneath a load of years—a head blanched in the service of old Time, not a hair but wearing the master’s livery—an eye of settled stillness—a hand, bloodless and old indeed, active only in its tremblings, squeezed up and faded—a gait, to say it was a child’s would be to libel nature, it was so weak and tottering. This was the *external* Simmonds. The invisible part of him was not younger or fresher in the hour that his Maker first breathed the breath of life in him. I experienced a feeling of shame when I engaged him.

“ You are too old for work, man,” said I to him.

“ Not I, indeed, sir,” was his reply ; “ I’m nearer to fourscore than seventy—that is true ; but I’ll warrant you a lad of eighteen is not more nimble. Look here, now.” And he attempted to *run* across the room ! The exhibition was melancholy indeed. “ Besides,” he continued, holding his sides, and catching his breath after the exertion, “ I’ve a grandson—God bless him !—who takes all the labour off my hands. But I should die if I were to give it up altogether. Sixty years come next Shrovetide have I done duty here. Ah, sir, things are different now ! Times are not as they have been !”

(I discovered, when I became a few years older,

that no times *are ever* as they have been. It is a fault inherent in the nature of times. Mr Simmonds had no particular complaint to make ; his remark was general.)

“ Perhaps, sir,” said Mr Simmonds, when I had agreed to hire him, “ you would like to be shown over your room. Be good enough to follow me.” I must here premise that my room was of moderate dimensions, and might be described as containing one very large fireplace, one very large cupboard, two very large window-sills, and two very small windows. Further, it was wainscoted, and in the ceiling the artificial black preponderated considerably over the natural white. Having observed all this before, and at a glance, I was certainly not prepared for the important air with which Mr Simmonds proceeded to point out the various localities and ornaments of the place. He made first for the large cupboard.

“ This,” said he, opening it, “ is your pantry and larder, your china closet, and the receptacle for your bellows, gridiron, tea-kettle, and little saucepan. This,” he continued, having reached the window-seat, “ is your wine-cellar.”

“ Indeed !” I exclaimed, not comprehending him.

“ Your wine-cellar,” he repeated, lifting up the top of the window-sill, which was hinged to the rest of the timber, and discovering a hollow case reaching to the floor, and filled with sawdust.

“ And this,” said he, performing the same ceremony

at the fellow window-sill, "is your coal-cellar. The locks of all are, as you see, broken, and my first advice to you is, that you immediately get them repaired. It is a little guard, though not much to be sure—more's the pity!" Without enquiring further into the meaning of these dark hints, I changed the conversation to the subject of the Vice-chancellor. I desired, before my visit, to gather something of his character.

"Do you know any thing of him?" I asked Simmonds. "Is he an agreeable gentleman?"

"Why, look you, Mr Stukely," answered the gyp, "just as I am standing talking to you now, I stood talking to him fifty years ago come next commencement. Do I know any thing of him? That is good! Yes, I should say I do—a little. For about four years, between you and me, sir, I knew rather too much of him. He was a mortal wild one, and many a scrape he got me and himself into, and many a falsehood—more's the sorrow!—did he invent to get us out of it. But he had a mort of money, and, of course, could do what poorer men daren't. He's an altered man now."

"He must have been a hard worker, too, and distinguished himself, no doubt, before he became master of his college."

"Didn't I tell you just now, sir, that he was a very rich man? Besides, in those days, things were very different. He gave the best dinners, and drank the best wine in the university, (and, for the matter o'

that, so he does now,) and the fellows of his college were proud of him, and made him one of themselves—gave him a fellowship, and then voted him master at the next election. It was a great shame though; for, do you know—you needn't repeat it—there was a young man who had almost worked himself to death for that very fellowship, and who had nothing in the world but his own talents to depend upon; he actually took the thing so much to heart, that he was found dead in his bed, with a bottle of poison clenched fast in his hand."

"You don't say so!"

"I do say so, and the master didn't like it at all. It was hushed up in the college. The Dons gave it out that he died of apoplexy. However, the master, I'm told, allowed the poor young man's father an annuity as long as he lived, which I always thought was very kind and considerate of him."

"I'm surprised," I said, "that you don't live with him!"

"No, sir, I'd rather not. The master has asked me once or twice, but I'm happier here. He is very kind to me still, and many a bleak winter he has changed into a blessed summer for me. He is very good at heart; but, as I get older, I wish more that I had never been his gyp."

Thus informed, I set out for the Vice-chancellor's residence. He was the master of a small college, situ-

ated in one of the principal streets of Cambridge. In my time, it was an old and picturesque building, and looked grave and comely; snugly protected as it was by its long brick wall, and row of lofty poplar-trees. That wall and those poplar-trees have been since razed: the edifice has been plastered over, and stands, with its immodest glare of pretension, a very whited sepulchre. I rang gently at the lodge gate, and modestly placed my card in the hand of the well-dressed domestic who opened it. He retired for a quarter of an hour, and then returned, desiring me to follow him up stairs. During his absence, I had not failed to notice the painful silence that extended through the place. It was not the delicious quiet that I had experienced on the orchard ground the day before. No, that was the silence of nature and of life, cheerful and exhilarating. This was oppressive—the cold and earthy stillness of the tomb. A cough echoed through the house again—once a door slammed, and there rung through the dwelling a long and hideous reverberation. We passed into a spacious and well-filled library, then through a noble room with polished oaken floors. This looked upon a beautiful and extensive lawn. Shadows of massive floating clouds skimmed the green surface as I softly trod the room, and deepened the sombreness that pervaded the scholastic habitation. Beyond was the drawing-room, an apartment of good dimensions, and literally crowded with costly furni-



ture. Here the lackey stopped, and drawing to the fireplace a bulky chair, capacious enough for four, he begged me to be seated, and then took his leave.

As it seemed to be the fashion in this establishment to proceed with as little hurry and fatigue as possible, I had ample time afforded me to observe the various sumptuous articles by which I was surrounded; but my curiosity was particularly excited by a small curtain which hung at the further end of the room, evidently concealing something that was held too sacred for the vulgar eye. For some time I fought against my desire, but, unable at length to resist the temptation, I withdrew the curtain, and discovered, not what I had expected to find, the form and feature of some ladye-love, but a portrait by Vandyke, painted in all the boldness and truth of that great master, and bearing beneath it the following inscription, "Oliver Cromwell, protector of England." \*

\* This portrait hung in the drawing-room of the lodge attached to the college, of which the Protector was a member. The following legend concerning it was believed by old Simmonds. Many years ago—it is not said how many—a letter was received by the existing master of the college, desiring that the gates and lodge door should be left open at a certain hour of the night, and free access afforded to the drawing-room, in order that the picture of Oliver Cromwell might be therein deposited, in compliance with his own dying request. It was hinted, at the same time, that if any endeavour were made to discover either the donor or bearer of the gift, the portrait would be for ever lost to the college, and curiosity still left ungratified. The terms were strictly complied with, and the picture found its way in: for the next morning it was hanging on the wall.

The thunder of another door permitted me only to glance at the portrait and to replace the curtain. The drawing-room door opened, and in an invalid's chair, wheeled into my presence by the aforesaid lackey, entered the Vice-chancellor.

He was a fine man, tall, sinewy, and robust-looking; his chest was broad and manly, his voice strong and sonorous, his face very florid, and his hair white as the purified particles of snow. Beholding him as I did at our first interview, an experienced physiognomist would have drawn two conclusions. First, that nature had never intended the Vice-chancellor for such a chair; and secondly, that his living was good, and he did not quarrel with it. He was wheeled to the fireplace, and he bade me be seated next to him.

"And now, sir," he began, "what's your business?"

If he had accused me of robbing him I could not have been more alarmed than when he put this question to me. Had I made a mistake? Come to the wrong college, for instance? Simmonds's account had already filled me with awe, and the big house had not decreased it. I thought it advisable to give him at once the note of invitation that I had received. He took it silently, and read it. He then looked hard at me, and read it again.

"How long have you been in Cambridge?" said he.

"Since last night, sir."

"Are you a freshman?"

"Yes, sir."

“What college?”

“Trinity, sir.”

“Have you made any acquaintances yet?”

“Only Simmonds’s, sir, the gyp’s.”

“Ring that bell.”

I rang it, and my old friend the lackey appeared.

“Breakfast!” said the Vice-chancellor.

“Sir?” quoth the footman, as one who had not quite understood the order.

“Breakfast!” was repeated in a tone of command, that at one and the same time frightened the man out of the room, and me into the very corner of the large chair in which I was sitting.

The breakfast was soon brought. The footman made the tea, and waited upon us. The master ate and drank very little—almost as little, indeed, as myself, who had by this time begun to feel any how but comfortable, and to find no very great pleasure in the especial mark of favour with which I had been indulged.

“From what part of the country do you come, my lad?” enquired the Vice-chancellor when the cloth was removed, and with more kindly an air than he had shown before. (“A curious question,” thought I, “after enquiring so particularly respecting the health of my father and mother!”)

“From London, sir,” I replied.

“From London! that’s very remarkable! and how old are you?”

"Eighteen, sir," said I, getting confidence from the Vice-chancellor's increasing amenity of manners.

"Then you ought to be thoroughly ashamed of yourself," was the damping reply. "What! a Londoner—and eighteen years of age! to be gulled like a——oh——oh——oh, this infernal gout! You young fool," he roared out, "what do you mean by it?"

I jumped from my seat in great trepidation, and thought, all things considered, I had better go back again. My hand was on the door when he summoned me to my chair.

"Sit down, and hear what I have to say. Somebody has made a fool of you. That letter is an imposition. I never invited you to breakfast."

"No, sir! I am sure I'm very sorry then"——

"Never mind, are you certain you've made no man's acquaintance?"

"I am sure I haven't, sir, I only came last night."

"How did you get here?"

"By coach, sir, from London."

"With whom did you travel?"

Now the very moment the Vice-chancellor put the question to me, the form of Mr James Temple, with his hypocritical serious face, rose up before me; and I felt as certain as I did of my own identity, that to him, and to no one else, was I indebted for this very agreeable business. "With two under-graduates, sir—Mr Solomon Levy, a gentleman of very great respectability, and two ladies."

“ Do you know the under-graduates’ names ?”

“ Yes, sir. Temple.”

“ Their college ?”

“ I don’t know, sir.”

“ Very well, young man. I’m glad to see you so straightforward,” said my questioner, writing down the name. “ And now, before you go, take a word of advice. If you don’t improve very rapidly, this is likely to be not the last occasion of your being duped. You must be a man, sir—think, act, and feel like a man—oh—oh, this cursed gout ! Do you hear what I say, you goose ?” and he bellowed out again.

“ Yes, sir.”

“ Then why don’t you answer, when you see me in such pain ? I tell you it will not do to be a boy, where all your companions are men. What’s the use of your looking at that sofa whilst I am talking ?—look at me, can’t you ? If ever you receive such letters again, put them into the fire at once, and don’t believe them. You must learn your true position as soon as you can ; until you do, you never can be comfortable or at your ease. Attend well to your studies, and keep good hours. I suppose you know the proverb—*Aurora amica musarum*. When I was a student, I was never out of bed after nine o’clock in the evening, or in it after six in the morning. Winter or summer makes no difference to an honest student, who has his work to do, and will get through it. I have never known such happy hours as those spent as an under-

graduate in this college. All summers were as one summer, and all winters as one winter, they were so much alike. Every season found me at my books, and whether the birds whistled, and the sun shone warm upon my study, or whether it was dark and dreary without, and I had to sit by my snug fire, and read by my little lamp, the simple fact of my being industrious was the same. There I was to be found; and I have reaped the good reward. Look at me, sir! the representative of one who is the representative of so many glorious, noble, and religious foundations. Be assured, young man, excellence in any one thing is not to be reached without the closest perseverance and the severest self-denial."

I was not a little staggered by the Vice-chancellor's reminiscence of his early days. Here were two old men, both greyheaded, telling one story, yet so differently, that, without attempting to mince either the subject-matter, or my expression, I was brought to the very disagreeable necessity of regarding one of them as the most eminent and egregious old liar that had ever been endowed with the faculty of speech. I made, for the nonce, a philosophical inference. The Vice-chancellor was a great man, and could not lie. Poor Simmonds was a hireling, and did so *ex-officio*.

"I desire to say one word more before you go, and that is with regard to your attendance at chapel. Your college will exact only a certain number of attendances during the week; but you will ask your conscience



what *it* will require, and if it will be satisfied with any thing short of a regular daily regard for the ordinances of your religion. Christianity, young man, is neither classics nor mathematics : it is something superior to both ; these are indeed the food and substance of the mind, but that is the mind's regulator. It pleases me to find that you are so attentive to what I say. If you ask me what will improve the temper, render us amiable, regardful of our social duties, good politicians, benevolent members of society, and perfect gentlemen, I answer Christianity ; and to subdue and overcome the pains both of body and of mind, I may freely say, from experience, I know nothing so powerful and efficacious." Here the gout became once more exceedingly troublesome, and caused great pain to the worthy speaker. There arose first a rapid and sharp drawing of the breath, then the blatant roar—" Ring the bell, you young rascal !" almost *screached* the Vice-chancellor, rolling in his chair with agony. I rushed to the rope, and in my violent haste pulled it to the ground without provoking the slightest tinkling from the bell. The master stared at me as if he would have strangled me, had he been at liberty and able, which, thank Heaven, he was not ! He bit his lip and frowned, tossed about and groaned, and at last it burst out—

" D—mn you, you young villain, can't you bawl upon the stairs ?"

This concluding practical illustration of the master's own doctrine, was favourable at least to my good

opinion of poor Simmonds, who, I must confess, during the first part of the Vice-chancellor's last speech had been rapidly sinking in my estimation. When I returned to my rooms, the old man was busy in the repairs of the cupboard and "cellars."

I repeated to him the whole of the morning's business, without thinking it necessary to refer to the sham invitation, and the object of my visit.

"Ah, poor man!" sighed the gyp: "'tis very strange and very shocking. He has told the same story so often, and to so many, that at last he believes it himself. He talks too much, and does too little. Ah, sad work! sad work! The doings at that lodge on many a Sabbath-day are a scandal to the place. What's the use of a sermon at St Mary's, if a man's knocked up afterwards in the night to take the preacher home? Have I not done it more than once? It's too bad; and what a true and awful saying that is—'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul!'"

As all this was uttered in an under tone, and rather to himself than to me, I deemed that I had no business to teaze the old man by further interrogations. During the whole of the day he remained in and about my room, doing literally nothing, but amusing himself with the fancy that he was labouring hard for my happiness and comfort. He saw that my *modicum* of coals was safely deposited in the proper place, and carefully wiped and locked the window-seat afterwards. He

bustled about, languidly enough, with his grandson, who came in the course of the morning with articles of furniture that belonged to the room, (and who, indeed, performed all that was needful and proper to be done,) and at length, about six o'clock in the evening, placing my commons on the table, and poking the fire to make the kettle boil, he looked round the room, thought "he had now done every thing, and would therefore go home"—which saying, he crept away.

I had now been two days absent from my parents, and for the first time working in life, as it were, on my own account. Surely my short experience had been neither creditable to the world, nor satisfactory to the humble individual who had thrown himself upon its sympathies and good-nature? My treatment had been rather that of a dog venturing into a pre-occupied kennel, than of a human being joining the social commonwealth, and seeking the rights and immunities of a denizen. It was impossible to avoid the flattering conviction, that both by Mr Temple and the Vice-chancellor—the former scarcely a month older than myself, and that was the most unpleasant reflection in the whole transaction—I was regarded as no better than a fool, to be played upon or insulted, according to the present and prevailing humour of the party that took me in hand. Temple had insulted me *covertly* when he bantered me in the orchard-ground, and, in writing the letter, had *openly* played upon me. The Vice-chancellor had proceeded contrariwise. He

tacitly played upon me when he ordered the breakfast, and, without disguise or reservation, grossly insulted me, as the reader has seen.

These thoughts, as I lay in bed the second night, irritated and distressed me. To be sure I had a consolation, and it was no small one. The Vice-chancellor himself was a bad man, and the tone of young Temple's mind, whatever might be its power or calibre, was unhealthy and immoral; neither of them, manifestly, were men whose good or evil opinion ought to be of value or interest to me, and I was not justified in accepting them at once as samples of the body politic. I had, beyond all this, that innate sense of self-respect which innocence and truth engender, and this acquitted me of degradation, even as I blushed beneath my coverings for shame. Why did it cease to do so? Oh that we could keep for ever, bright and burning, like the sacred fires of old, the holy light of purity which illumines our fallen nature still! How much that now looks brazenbold, would shrink away, and be dismissed for ever! It is when the immortal part of us burns dull within, that sin is bold, and Satan dangerous. Then is it, too, that reason slumbers, and the virtuous man is left to pine beneath the scorn and pity of the vilest. Unprotected, and given over to itself, the flesh is tender, and cannot bear the breath of ridicule, though the source itself be rotten.

It may not, on this account, be surprising to the reader, that although I had fallen to sleep, satisfied

that nothing had transpired in which I had made a sacrifice of principle or character, and that did not reflect rather upon others than upon me, I was unable, notwithstanding, on the third morning, to cast off the sense of annoyance which I had taken to my pillow, or to rise superior to the deep humiliation which had fastened itself upon me.

“In the eyes of others,” whispered my human pride, “you are of no account. As they pass by you, they read *Fool* written on your forehead; and truly, as the Vice-chancellor says, this is not the last time that men shall use you for their sport.”

I envied the happier condition of those who had spent their days in the world making themselves conversant with the doings and the habits of men—who were entitled to assume a position in the community, and could command its respect. And then I passed on to my own home—shall I confess it?—blushing by the way for that simple and domestic grace which was its ornament and honour. Yes, for a moment I became madly impatient and tormented, and during the wild paroxysm suffered base and cruel thoughts to make a fiend and monster of me. Thank God! it was but for a moment; for could I live and bear about with me one thought that should impair the fulness of my filial love? Happily, my folly took another bent. Burning with shame for the indignities I had suffered, and determined upon revenge—such a revenge as in its perfect gratification should humble those who looked



upon me with contempt, and take from my own mind the smarting sting that had been inflicted there, I made a zealous vow, and at once embarked every feeling and desire in the labour of the fulfilment. The solemn promise made to myself was this: Every energy and talent that I possessed, I resolved henceforward to dedicate to the pursuits and employments, the honours and rewards, of the University. My father and mother should be revered for my sake, and those who trifled with me now, should be taught respect for my acquirements, if not for myself. With the vitality and vehemence of a passion, did the idea of distinction force itself upon my imagination; and, like the passion of a boy, it was restless and uneasy till some steps were taken for its indulgence. Stamped on my memory, never to be obliterated, is the day on which I attended my first lecture. With an emulous and quivering curiosity, I listened to the answers of those who were of the same standing as myself, and judged from their readiness and ability both of the amount of knowledge that was arrayed against me, and the order of minds with which I had to contend. As the papers of some were handed to me to be passed on to the tutor, I detained them in their passage for one eager snatch of sight, in order to compare the proofs and results with those I had already given on the same questions. Did I discover the slightest discrepancy in my favour, a problem brought out with less care, defective only in one step, I hugged the knowledge to my heart, and was



rejoiced indeed. It was a sweet gratification to me to find, from the tutor's manner, that he was pleased with my work. He looked over my papers with care at first, but before the close of the lecture, he was content to give them a glance, and to turn his eye to the result. For some he had a word of complaint, for others reproof.—(He was an iron man, knew his business well, and spoke as he thought, with the same bluntness to the friend of seven years as to the stranger of to-day.)—And to me only, of the whole number, did he accord his unmodified approbation. “Very good, Mr Stukely—very good!” was the observation that he made upon the last paper that I sent to him. The men at the same moment looked up at me, and I experienced the glory of a triumph.

As I walked from the lecture, across the court to my room, the tutor stopped me.

“What school do you come from, Mr Stukely?”

I explained to him the nature of my previous reading with the clergyman in our neighbourhood.

“You work out your things very neatly. Come to my rooms after hall to-day.”

If before the lecture I had resolved upon my plan of conduct, I was now not to be shaken from the one object of my life by any influence that could be brought against me. I had gone into the room, regarding the men as my natural enemies; but when I left it, my superiority, and, still more, the implied acknowledgment of it on the part of the tutor, had rubbed away

the asperity, and brought me to think more charitably of them. I secretly determined, however, upon one course of procedure, and that was, so to conduct myself always before my competitors, as to give them no reason to suppose that I was straining to beat them, and, by every artifice I could practise, to keep them off their guard, drawing their attention chiefly to my own apparent freedom from labour and easiness of disposition. If the usage I had received had effected nothing else, it had been very successful in sowing the seeds of a selfish, sordid hypocrisy.

In the course of a few weeks I became friendly and familiar with more than one under-graduate of my college. They courted my society: I did not seek theirs. Amongst the rest, there was a man of the same year as myself. He was of a reserved and modest habit, thoughtful and intellectual. In the lecture-room, he caused me more uneasiness than all the others together. We did not meet the first day. He came up afterwards, and soon—too soon, alas! for my equanimity and comfort—he began to share in the favourable expressions and encomiums of the tutor. He was a tall thin man, somewhat older than myself, excessively pale and weak-looking, possessing large and piercing black eyes. He was remarkable for a seeming and complete exemption from all physical exertion and suffering. He glided about so noiselessly, and his doings partook so largely of quietism, that he gave you the notion of a spirit rather than of a human

being; or, you might suppose, if your humour were quaint, that the soul was anxious for her fragile covering, so wasted and so wan already, and, for its safety, suspended its accustomed privileges. The paucity of his words corresponded with the inactivity of his body; but, if it were proper to conclude from appearances, the restlessness of his mind made up for both. He had a noble forehead, and, young as he was, a few long and slender hairs only hung dispersed and straggling about his head, as though the incessant working of the brain beneath had blighted and thrown off the rest, and they were soon to follow. This individual had attached himself to me, and early in the period of our acquaintance he would often follow me to my room, and, without exchanging a dozen words, sit listlessly at the window, his emaciated hand supporting his bending head; or he would muse, for an hour or two perhaps, over some dusty work of metaphysics, faintly smiling when he approved, and uttering the monosyllable "*no*" as often as he differed from the author. So would he come and go, careless if his visits pleased, and innocent of the great alarm they caused me. As for myself—knowing how closely in the lecture-room he ran upon my heels, how easily, once or twice, he had unwound a knotty point, that in the strength of its entanglement had set even me at bold defiance, and how, without the shadow of an effort, he executed that which cost me the dearest labour to accomplish—I hated him most heartily, and

estimated his visits as you would the encroachments of an adversary, and the stratagems of a spy. There was a scholarship of some value open to freshmen, the examination for which took place at the close of the first academic year. To the attainment of this I looked forward with a sanguineness that could not admit the possibility of failure. I had set my mind, my heart, my happiness, upon it. It was the point in which all hope of after joy was centred, from which, if ever, the future energies must radiate. After I had tried the ground, and felt it sure, to behold an interloper seizing from my grasp the prize that was already mine ! The thought was maddening. What a discomfiture and terrible destruction of all my lofty aspirations ? Were they to end in this ? I would not permit so wretched a belief. I promised to devote myself, with redoubled energy, to the measures necessary for the coming battle. I might reach him yet ! Besides, who knew ? the sum of my knowledge might still exceed his, notwithstanding that his acuteness, in solitary instances, had evinced itself at the moment superior to my own. And again I thought—and *from* the thought, the reader will learn how rapidly I was advancing, not only in the knowledge of the doctrine of chances, but of all that was virtuous and lovely in morals—I thought that this sickly fellow could not possibly live long ; but looking only to the fair probabilities of the case, I might have confidence and a most reasonable hope that he would be rotting in the

grave long before the hour of contest should arrive. I longed, yet dreaded, to know his own views. Perhaps he did not care for that which, for so many reasons, was of inestimable value to me. Possibly, knowing my strong desire, he would not enter into competition. What could a person, with health so delicate, and a frame so very ill-constituted for arduous pursuits, expect from a distinction that curtailed his future ease, and demanded increasing labour to sustain; since even scholarships, like the more worldly titles, are worthless, unsupported? A little friendly chat would, I was sure, convince a man of sense that his interest and happiness were not to be found in the excitement of college wranglings, for which physical power was no less essential than mental attainments. The arguments were conclusive, and, had I reasoned for a brother, I could not have been more satisfied of their truth and justice. It might be, nevertheless, not quite so easy to persuade *him*; men generally are such very bad judges of their own cases, and their eyes are jaundiced when turned upon themselves. Would he not, however, on that account the more readily listen to his *friend*? At all events it should be tried—but in what manner? This was the difficulty. Once or twice already I had attempted to draw him out, but he had shown himself so close, so little interested in the whole matter, that I could only beat about, and retire at length without advantage. Being desirous that he should attribute my friendly advices

only to my regard for him, I was myself apprehensive of appearing too earnest, lest—for I was still in doubt as to the man's real nature—I might haply be caught in my own snare, and only expose myself at last, without learning any thing from him. I must proceed most cautiously.

He streamed into my room one morning as usual, and took his customary seat on the top of the coal-cellar. For a wonder, he commenced the conversation, and gave me the opportunity of following it up.

He had taken from his pocket a very old copy of a sermon by Doctor South.

“Stukely,” he began, “how very different is the style of the intermediate fathers, as we may call them, to that of our modern divines. In these old books the thoughts bear heavy on the words, which are too weak for what they carry. The oak is planted in the china vessel. With us the thought is like the needle in the hay—a little matter in a world of waste, when found, not worth the trouble of the searcher.”

“Did those men, Grimsley, (this was his name,) do much at College?”

This question found Grimsley reading again, so that it was not for a little time that he replied.

“What did you say just now, Stukely?”

“Did these fathers fag much when they were up?”

(The reader will perceive how glibly I could talk now.)



“ No doubt, a great deal,” was the reply.

“ Took good degrees, eh ? ”

“ Unquestionably.”

“ What strong men they must have been ! To look at their fine portraits, and their sturdy figures, printed in their books, one would suppose that they belonged to a much earlier age.”

“ No, Stukely, these men as students were probably no stronger than ourselves. It is the ease of later life (when the struggles of ambition have subsided, and there is nothing more to gain) that brings men flesh, and makes them sleek.”

“ Yet many die in the conflict ; is it not so ? ”

“ Yes ; but in some causes death is victory.”

“ Well, to my thinking, the reward of toil is inadequate to the cost. Even here, how much dogged labour is necessary to arrive at the smallest honours ! ”

“ I agree with you. I would not purchase their chief distinctions at the price so many pay for the most moderate. What waste of body ! what drying up of the very sap of life, for dreams and shadows after all ! No—the day-labourer in the open fields is a simpler but a wiser man.”

(And every word of this was unctuous matter to my soul.)

“ Still ”—there came my fit again—“ where moderate labour—and this is both wholesome and needful—leads eventually to honour, I cannot but think it sin to keep our talent idle.”

"Isn't there," I asked carelessly, and determined now to probe him to the core, "isn't there something of a—a sort of scholarship, that they try for in the college at the end of the year?"

"Yes."

"It's not worth having, I suppose?"

"On the contrary, as I hear, it is well worth having."

"You mean to work up for it then?"

The sword of Damocles hung over me.

"No, certainly not."

I breathed.

"I was sure you wouldn't think it worth *your* while. Come, Grimsley, take a glass of wine. It's a very raw day. This is a very fenny country. Don't you feel it? You haven't had a glass of wine in my room, I do believe, since I have known you. It is really not the thing. You are too abstemious. I take but little, but find that little necessary. No, dear Grimsley," continued I, producing the wine, "I was quite satisfied that you would not go through the wear and tear of a long examination. Besides, in your state of health, of what use would a scholarship be to you? I consider you a philosopher, my dear fellow, for declining it."

"I beg your pardon," said Grimsley, very gently; "I did not say that exactly—you misunderstand me. You asked me if I intended to *work up* for the scholarship, and I said, as I say now—No, decidedly not! It

does not follow, if I gain the scholarship *without* working up for it, that I shall think proper to refuse it—I should most certainly do no such thing.”

He turned to his book with a sardonic grin, and I despised myself forthwith for the *candour* (!) into which I had been betrayed, as heartily as I did him for his artful deceit.

Matters had now reached the crisis. There was clearly no royal road to the point for which I strove. Away with underplots and sleights of mind! The enemy had shown the cloven foot. It was now open fight—face to face, foot to foot, or else give way at once. Give way! I burned to think it possible. Had I been inclined to do so, the force of circumstances impelled me on. In the college, I had been regarded for some time as the man (all boys are men at college) who must obtain the scholarship. The voice of my fellow students had given me a prescriptive claim upon it. Finding the contest hopeless, they had themselves retired, one after another, from the ground, yielding it to me. I had merely to walk over it. The tutor himself had more than once advised and made a plan of future reading, when the bustle and anxiety of the examination should be over, and there would be nothing further to contend for. To sum up all, in the extremity and overflow of joyousness, I had so far committed myself as to convey to my father a positive assurance of success, and to inspire him with hopes and expectations that I could not see betrayed and

blasted, and still live. It was wonderful, indeed, that in all their calculations the under-graduates had made no regard of Grimsley. But, as I have said before, he spoke so very seldom, said so very little when he did speak, his movements were so still and undisturbing, his attenuated form so all unlikely to command attention or awaken fear, that they might, unconcerned observers as they were, find ample reasons for their marked neglect of him. It was otherwise with me. Carelessness in me was criminal. I dared not conceal from myself the glaring fact, that there were energies concealed within his lathy frame, that, when called forth, would startle by their power; that, beyond this, he enjoyed a clearness of intellect, an extraordinary amount of knowledge, a facility in reducing it to order and giving it expression, that carried him far beyond my level. His coolness and ease, his modest demeanour and his self-devotion, made him only the more terrible; and I noted them as so many additional causes for vigilance and alarm to his antagonist.

Having made myself acquainted with the views of Grimsley, I saw that it was necessary to concentrate all my attention and reading upon the subjects fixed for the examination, and to neglect all else until the issue of that was known.

Grimsley's general knowledge could not avail him there—that was a comforting reflection. Perseverance, I had often heard, was the worst foe to genius. Let him look to that! As for defeat, I would not know

the word. After my late interview with him, I became more friendly and sociable with the rest of the undergraduates. I found more pleasure in their society, and their sympathy and attachment were most acceptable to me. I commended myself to their good-nature by many trifling acts of kindness, and imperceptibly identified them with the cause in which I was embarked. Not a whisper did I breathe at the same time of danger, not a syllable of the quarter whence it threatened. Old Simmonds about this time reported to me, that he had heard me very highly spoken of by the fellows in the Combination room; and one under-graduate (I forget his name, but I remember that once or twice I had worked out his papers for him) had asserted in Hall, at table, "that Stukely was the best fellow in the college, and he hoped that he would have the scholarship without any examination, for he was sure no man of his year had so good a right to it."

Curiously enough, as it may seem, by the advice of my tutor I placed myself in the hands of a *private* tutor, one of those *attachés* of the university, who, for a consideration, relieved the public and paid tutors from the irksome and onerous duties of their office. I do not know what alterations and improvements have taken place since my secession from the university. Neither my inclination nor my occasions have, during the last quarter of a century, carried me back to its proceedings. I have no doubt, however—the more learned and better informed reader will correct me if I err—

that this anomaly and others have, in the advance of time, been satisfactorily amended. We have heard of the giant strides of intellect, and the tocsin of reform has resounded through the land, rousing from their slumbers the very hamlets and villages of the soil. The priests of knowledge cannot have slept at the altar with the alarum ringing in their ears. I owe it as a child of *alma mater*, (a prodigal, alas ! ) to infer otherwise. Men are not faultless, nor institutions either. That was a faulty system surely that rendered abortive the exertions and the studies of a man, whose fortunes denied him the advantage of private and extraneous aid, who, coming to the university to be taught, found teachers, indeed, wasting their pampered days in idleness—teaching nothing, rioting perhaps on the pious charity of those who had bequeathed their substance, emphatically, for the building up the maintenance and the happiness of England's poor scholars. The undergraduate of the present enlightened day will assuredly meet in the closets of the tutor and fellows of his society, that instruction which, in my time, was only to be found at a costly rate *without* the college walls.

Mr Cube of Saint John's was a pragmatical gentleman, with a snub nose and carbuncular visage. In days of yore, St John's was a snub-nose-and-carbuncular college. The members were known by their looks. Mr Cube had small peering eyes, protected by spectacles, was very short, but somewhat stout. Ignorant of the ways of life, but desirous at all times



to display his good breeding, his usual expressions of politeness constituted a very good harlequinade. You would have smiled at him in a ball-room, and set him down for a country dancing-master.

His days were literally taken up by his pupils; he had so many of them. He enjoyed an extraordinary reputation. He had *crammed* all the best men for the six preceding years, and his very name had become at last a guarantee of success. Hard readers went to him really for the benefit of his judgment and experience, which were powerful and extensive. Men who did not read at all, paid him twenty guineas a term for the mere pleasure of his acquaintance;—knowing, cunning rogues! that there lurked in it some very potent charm, which would work miracles for them on the day of examination in the Senate House. There is a rage and fashion for tutors as well as for cravats and ladies' furbelows—and Mr Cube was now in the ascendant. He had come up a sizar, had taken the best decree of his year, and his income was already upwards of L.1000. He was the son of a curate, formerly a very poor one. His son's success—to that son's honour be it written—had made him rich.

I explained to Mr Cube my views and prospects. When I had finished, he bade me sit down.

“There are pens and ink. See what you can make of that paper.”

In about an hour I had finished the task, and to his satisfaction.

“ Well done, Mr Stukely, well done—that’ll do. What books are you reading now ? ”

I named them.

“ Very well, very well. Bring them to me to-morrow. We’ll see what can be done. Very fine day, very fine day—good-by, good-by ; ” and he fidgeted me to the door, and bowed me out of the room.

The next day I waited on him.

“ Ah, Mr Stukely, how do you do?—very cloudy. Do you think it will rain ? ”

It might be presumed that, as Mr Cube seldom or never left his room, the state of the weather was a subject of comparative indifference to him. Not so: the weather and its effects were a constant topic of discourse.

“ The country wants rain—rain’s a capital thing, if it didn’t make the streets so terribly muddy. You are very punctual—just three minutes and forty-three seconds before your time. That’s better than being three minutes and forty-three seconds after it. Take a seat. Oh, you’ve got your books ! Ah, yes ! Well, we’ll to business at once. Be seated. You’ll observe the great secret is this.” The door was open, and he rose to shut it.

Now it was coming—the secret—the *great secret*, as he termed it—the key to all the brilliant triumphs of his pupils. Ah, Grimsley, what would you give for this !

“ The great secret, as I said before, is this ”——

“Yes, sir.”

At this moment there was a sharp knocking at the door.

“Come in,” cried Mr Cube.

It was his bedmaker,

“Sir,” said that lady, “if you takes away the key of your bedroom, it’s quite *unpossible* that I can get into it.”

Mr Cube fumbled about his pockets for the instrument, and handed it to her with his usual agitated air of politeness.

“I beg your pardon, Mr Stukely. As I was saying, the secret of the whole matter is this”——

“Yes, sir,” replied I again.

And again did that Tartarean door prevent the explanation I was bursting to hear.

The knock this time was a soft one. With many apologies, Mr Cube once more rose from his seat. Turning the handle of the door, he ushered into the room the abominated Grimsley.

The latter bowed to me.

“Ah, Stukely, I had no idea—I beg your pardon. Shall you be disengaged in an hour, Cube?”

“Oh yes! quite—less than that—very dull day, isn’t it? so chilly! I hope we sha’n’t have any snow. I’ve heard of snow in this month, though. It would be very awkward. You are sure to find me at leisure in an hour.”

Grimsley nodded to me, and departed.

“The secret, Mr Stukely, is this”——

“Pray, sir,” said I, more nervous and agitated than I can express, and in my turn interrupting the momentous communication, “is that gentleman a pupil of yours?”

“Young Grimsley?—oh, no!—couldn’t afford it—worthy fellow—father a poor curate near us—nine children—old friend, that’s all,”

“Have you ever told *him* the secret that you are about to communicate to me?”

“Oh, never talk on business in play hours! Grimsley, kind soul, reads Shakspeare to me—does it beautifully. Talks metaphysics—likes them better than mathematics.”

“Well, sir, I didn’t care to know. It was only from sheer curiosity.”

“Ah, just so! Give me your algebra. You see this is the thing: men fail, not so often in consequence of reading too little, as through reading too much. You look surprised; but it is true, nevertheless: they who throw themselves into large waters sometimes sink. The cautious keep within the depth, and swim. What do you, or what does any man, come to me for?—that he may take a good degree: in order to that end, certain questions will be propounded to him, which he must answer. Get up those answers, and forget all besides.” He opened my book. “Now, here’s a proof—have you got it up?”

“Yes, sir, and some time it took me too.”

“Just so. You found it stiff?”

“No end, sir; but it’s a beautiful proof.”

“No doubt of it. But I have been here upwards of ten years, and have not seen its face in any examination paper yet. Comus is a very beautiful poem, but if you had it at your fingers’ ends, stops and all, it wouldn’t get you one mark in the senate-house.”

“I read it with a view to my general improvement.”

“General improvement, general knowledge, and general literature, are not academic terms; all perhaps very good in their proper places, but sad blocks in the way of a good degree. Here’s a formula, have you it by heart?”

“No, sir—but I have a shorter one, which I think better.”

“Upon *my* word, Mr Stukely, this won’t do at all. You are on a wrong track. It may be the finest that ever was written; but until you can persuade the examiners that it is so, you will derive no benefit from the fact. The *fellows* who set the papers, are as jealously fond of their old forms and expressions as a mother of her babies. If you alter a verb or a noun, nay more, if you reject in a sentence a verb that has stood from time immemorial in the shape of an infinitive, only to restore it in the more lively garb of a participle, you’ll vex and distress them, and put them out of humour with you and your papers, how great soever may be their merit and yours in every other respect.”

“If the substance and sense are correct, may we not use our own words to illustrate them?”

“You may, certainly, if you wish to cut your own throat, but you’ll most certainly not be understood. Sense is one thing, words are another; and so attached are the examiners to the strict use of the latter, that, if they were compelled to acknowledge a preference, I verily believe they would answer, as the Lord Hamlet does in the play, ‘*words, words, words.*’ Now remember this above all things, and note well the pencil marks I am about to make in your book. Wherever I put the sign *plus* (+,) pass on without reading at all. Ask no questions. What I desire you to neglect, may possibly be useful, instructive, and good; but unfortunately it will do nothing for you. ‘The worth of a thing, is what it will bring;’ and if this brings you nothing in the shape of marks, it is worth nothing. We have no time to throw away upon knowledge for the sake of itself. I intend that you should read *once* all those parts against which you will find a circle drawn so, (O;) but wherever you find this figure of a triangle ( $\Delta$ ;) read, and read to your soul’s content. Don’t omit a preposition, a syllable, a sign, a stop; read till the matter is as familiar to you as your own name. Have it by *heart*, if it is possible, for that’s most agreeable; at all events, by *rote*. Repeat it when you walk—with your grace before meals—and in your bed after prayers. Dream of it if you can, and, if you are fond of music, sing it to your favourite



tunes. And whilst I run through your book," continued Mr Cube, handing me a paper, "work out these problems, and do them slowly and safely. Never work in a hurry. A false multiplication may ruin a man for life."

And under such skilful pilotry did I pass days and nights in the prosecution of my one great purpose, feverish and anxious always, but driven on by the most resistless of all human impulses. The plan of study forced upon me by Mr Cube, expedient as I believed it to be, was in itself disagreeable and most unsatisfactory. It was drudgery, the most enervating. The mind revolted from the iron yoke, and yearned again for freedom, for that unshackled perfect liberty which is its birthright, in the blessed enjoyment of which, knowledge is beauty, power, dignity, enduring wealth; deprived of it, is lumber, dross, rust, refuse—any thing that loads, disfigures, and degrades.

Teachers of the young, fosterers of the germs of that capacity which we call MIND, beware! It is a heavenly principle that you do take in trust. Touch charily, and with a pious hand, the image of your God!

Frequent had been the communications that had passed between my parents and myself. From my father I received the strongest encouragement; and every argument that could incite me to perseverance, again and again did he reiterate. Blindness of human wisdom! How little did the old man dream that

he was adding fuel to the flame that was consuming me—poison to the canker bit that fed upon my vitals. My tender mother—tender is a mother always—with that unworldly virtue so peculiar to her sex, implored me to make no sacrifice of health or happiness for the highest honour that lay within my reach. “What satisfaction, Caleb,” she said feelingly in one of her letters, “to your poor mother would be the highest rewards you could obtain, purchased at the price of what is dearest to me in life? No, my dear boy, return in health to me as you left us; there is no cause that can justify a tampering with the choicest blessing of our condition.”

A summer and a winter had passed away. Spring had again burst forth in vigour, enlivening the dull face of nature; the sun grew warmer, and once more the impatient buds, breaking from imprisonment, unfolded to the scented air. The second summer had arrived, and found still undiminished the iron rigour of my service. Heedless of my mother’s words, I had spent a year in toil, unflinching, and indeed most trying. Through lack of exercise, and the constant sedentary occupation, my body had become weak, my nerves unstrung, and my pale face and sunken eye true chroniclers of what was rife within. My will and strong determination were, as at first, unconquered and invincible. The issue of the struggle was at hand. I was prepared for it. During the winter I had suffered a month’s severe illness. Being, by nature, of a susceptible tempera-

ment, small matters, if they jarred or jangled with my desires, fretted me to a high degree. The agitation induced by the novelty and exciting character of my pursuits, in conjunction with a sharp cold, brought on eventually a state of fever which in a night prostrated me, kept me to my bed, and for a short time caused great apprehension for my safety in the minds of those to whose care I was intrusted. During the attack, from which I recovered very slowly, Simmonds had been my constant attendant, nor could any persuasion prevail upon him to leave me until I was thoroughly restored again. When I was first taken ill he made himself a bed upon the floor of the sitting-room, and night after night did he there lie, more awake than asleep, listening to my breathings, and to my every turn, ready with the drink whenever I was athirst, and punctual as a clock with the medicines, which he was so anxious that I should take not one second sooner or later than the time prescribed upon the label. Within this old man's withered case, there throbbed a woman's heart. The affections of the softest of that soft sex were not more fond, her patient and religious confidence more constant and enduring. How often, when I was rendered peevish and almost insolent by the pangs of suffering which the bare thought of a protracted illness gave rise to, did the good Simmonds, with kind compassion and with bland expressions, (others would have turned their back upon ingratitude,) soothe and allay the boiling surf, and earnestly

endeavour to restore my thoughts to calm and quiet flow ! How often, afterwards, when his bright pattern brought me to myself, and made me love him with a melting heart, would he draw near to my bedside, and, with a tremulous and slender voice, read from the Holy Book the passages upon which his faith, and hope, and happiness were fixed, and of whose power and eternal truth the old man lived a memorable exemplar.

It was a sight to see decay, so busy and so useful in the world, so near its leavetaking—to behold the spark, so beautifully light and clear, upon the eve of being quenched for ever.

In connexion with this worthy man, let me make one remark. The experience of many days has taught me the reasonableness of an ardent prayer to Heaven, that, as we still move on in life, travelling, as of necessity we are, gradually and imperceptibly, day by day, further from the freshness, the joyousness, and the romantic ardour of our youth, we may be privileged to carry on with us the *remembrance* at least, if not a single vestige, of our bright experience ; so shall we be blessings to the young, neither churlish nor discontented ourselves, nor a source of uneasiness to others. Let us bear, in our age, only that knowledge of our youth that will suffice to save the old man from becoming the envier of the young ; for what is that incessant evil-eyeing of the amusement of early life—those surly, fretful, and over-hasty complainings at its plea-

suers—but envy, the most malignant, the most odious, and the most unprofitable? Yes, let us pray that our sunset may be streaked with the memories and shadows only of the brilliant dawn. Such was the case with Him whose lowly spirit long has dwelt in heaven; such is the case when, here and there, you have beheld, no doubt, as I have, the past and future generation, so to speak, chained by a link of love, joined in harmony on earth—the grandfather and the grandchild bound in life by sympathy and strong affection.

It was a mild summer's evening, and I quitted my room with a disordered body and not less perturbed mind. I walked through the pensive and shaded alleys that adorn the various colleges, bestowing a rural grace that marks them from the naked barrenness beyond, each college standing in a waste—a thing of beauty in itself. The air was balmy, and the setting sun poured forth a golden stream of light, that broke into a thousand particles, and settled in surpassing brilliancy on every object and in every nook. More like the palace of the Fairy tale, for every pane of glass one spotless dazzling diamond, shone forth that college, the noblest in the world, on which I now looked back.

It was the evening preceding the examination, and I waited, by appointment, on Mr Cube.

“Here's an evening, Stukely!” exclaimed the tutor as I entered the room. “Delicious, is it not? look at the thermometer. Eighty in the shade all day. What's the matter? you look pale. You have been

sitting too long again to-day. Well, your troubles will soon be over."

"Yes, thank Heaven!"

"How many days are there to be?"

"Five."

"What hour do you go in to-morrow?"

"Nine."

"Very well. Suppose we run over your first day's subject now. I have scribbled some questions for you. Write them out;" and he walked to the open window. "Bless my heart, this is weather indeed!"

It was late when I left Mr Cube's rooms, and returned to my own. I had answered all his questions correctly, with the exception of three. I did not feel myself secure in that branch of my subject to which these questions referred; and I spent a great portion of this, my last night, in reading it once more over. Day had dawned—the free and blithesome birds were twittering in the morning air—the dewes were glittering in the sunny light. I closed my book, and happy men were leaping from their beds as I sought rest in mine.

When I entered the room set apart for the trial of strength, the clock striking nine, some dozen men were already assembled. For the sake of form, but not with the most distant prospect or notion even of success, they were about to take their seats at the broad table that stood in the centre of the room, amply furnished with the *materia* for the coming war. They all



shook me heartily by the hand, and were confident in their anticipations of the result of the proceeding, which still they could not consider as admitting the slightest doubt.

“We must have a supper, Stukely,” said a fat youth, whose father was Lord Mayor of London.

“Copus, and no mistake,” rejoined a thinner gentleman with a turgid countenance and a blearing eye, strong indications of his favourite habit, “a thing’s not legal till it’s christened. You get the scholarship, and we’ll wet it for you.”

“Ah, as you say, get it—that’s well advised! If I were as clever at getting as you are at wetting, the matter’s done; but this is not so clear.”

“Come, get out of that, and sink the blarney if *you* please,” responded my bibacious friend. “Isn’t it as clear as bricks that you are the man? Doesn’t every body know it; and hasn’t your own *coach* said *done* to it six months ago?”

“If you mean to have kidneys,” said the young Lord Mayor, in continuation, still harping on the supper, “do tell that wretch of a cook to broil them for Christians, and not to season them with cayenne as if he were dishing them up for devils.”

The tutor entered the room, followed by a few men who had loitered about the door, some laughing and jesting, others inhaling the summer air until his arrival. The last who entered was Grimsley. The expression of his features was, as usual, free from all excitement,

and he seated himself at the table with his shy and native unobtrusiveness. I sat opposite to him, and gazed on his lank form with fear and wonder. Extreme quiet in any thing produces awe in the beholder. It is painful to witness the heavy silence of a sultry day, and terrible sometimes is the storm that it foretells. The examination papers were distributed. I watched my adversary's bearing for a moment, as his eye passed over them—gathering, however, nothing from the scrutiny—then, with a most intense and eager view, turning to my own, I endeavoured at a glance to be possessed of all that was to do. I could not read the wording of the questions. It was too slow an operation. I saw their general bearing, their scope and gist. One look might satisfy me as to that; and oh, relief and ecstasy, as I proudly placed the sheet before me, and knew that this one day at least the strength was equal to the task! In the course of an hour, our company had sensibly decreased. The Lord Mayor became hungry, and retired to lunch. The man of drink was troubled with a tickling in the throat, and could not write another line until he was relieved. One could not work; he never could whilst men were making such a *scritch-scratch* with their pens, and this poor soul had fainted from his infancy, confined in close oppressive atmospheres. Six out of sixteen then remained. In the afternoon, including Grimsley and myself, four only were found constant to the table. He proceeded steadily, apparently without fatigue. I

laboured on, well satisfied with the accuracy of my work—delighted with my progress. The hours allotted were from nine till twelve, and in the afternoon from one till four. At three, Grimsley had finished. He laid his pen aside—folded up his papers, then rising gently, as though he feared to hinder or perplex the rest, he softly went on tip-toe through the room, and took his leave. “He has not answered all; he could not, I am sure.” Such was my thought, though I might scarcely stay to think, so close had grown the struggle between the hours and me. It wanted but a minute to the time when I had done. My hand would hardly hold the pen for pain, but the brave limb had done its duty nobly.

Thus for four days did we proceed. At the close of every one I did not fail to spend an hour or two with Mr Cube, reporting progress, and, as it were, renewing the supplies. It was strange that every day Grimsley should have finished at least an hour before me. Still it was a favourable sign, and gave me hope and courage. I went into the room on the last morning with a lighter heart than I had hitherto borne, and certainly less alarmed for the decision. From the second day up to this time the competitors had been four—a heavy built man, disagreeable in his manners, who knew nobody and whom nobody cared to know, by name Smithson; a young man whose family resided in Cambridge, and who was, in consequence compelled to attend; Grimsley, and myself. Since the conver-

sation that I had held with him in my room, very little communication had taken place between us. In the examination-room we had only bowed. I hated him because he was so artful, and his persevering opposition had not mitigated the feeling. Once more we took our places, and once more the papers were handed to us. I ran them over, and was most distressed to find that the majority of questions were such as, under the direction of the too-confiding Mr Cube, I had either neglected altogether, or, seeing the fatal (O) annexed to them, had read only once, and therefore most ineffectually. Alas ! my mortification was excessive. But I looked instinctively at Grimsley, and to my unbounded joy perceived him, or I was grievously mistaken, as nonplussed as myself. His arms were folded, resting on the table—his paper lay before him, and his head bending over it with a most gratifying air of serene embarrassment. Had I been dubious on the point, his closing the papers at twelve o'clock, and his leaving the room with his customary silence at the same moment, was convicting evidence. Now, granting that I had beaten him on the preceding day, if we were only equal on this, I had still the advantage. Consoled by this reflection, with my paper not half answered, I rose about two o'clock and hastened to the author of the mischief.

“ Well, Stukely,” said Mr Cube, “ you’re out early to-day. Floored the paper—eh ? ”

“ Not exactly. It has floored me.”

“What do you mean?”

I explained.

“Ah!” exclaimed the tutor—“it’s that sly-boots Decimal. He set the papers. Great enemy of mine. Knew my plan of reading. Did it to sell you and bother me.”

“It’s very hard, though,” said I, pettishly, “that I should suffer from his aversion to you.”

“Ah, my dear fellow, fortune of war! Make yourself happy. I’ll return the compliment one of these fine days. Talking of fine days, such a continuation of glorious weather I don’t remember since I was twelve years old.”

It was the custom, a few days after a college examination, to affix in the hall a paper containing the names of all the competitors, written in the order of their merit. He who had gained the first place, would appear first on the list, and so on. In due course the morning came that was to realize or wither my best hopes, to compensate, I fondly trusted, for the melancholy servitude and self-denial of the year that had elapsed. Nervous, indeed, I was, and most impatient and unquiet. Upon going to rest the previous night, I determined to lie asleep, if possible, until a very late hour, and to rise just as the announcement was put up, so that nothing should intervene between my rising and rushing to the Hall for the result. But this I found to be impracticable. I was restless all night, and restless in the morning. When daylight

peered into the room, I felt that I should go mad if I lay longer unemployed. A good walk far into the country would, I conceived, divert the current of my thoughts, and give tone and cheerfulness to my jaded spirits. I might return about an hour after the declaration was made, the men would see me fresh from the trip, and would not fail to observe, that the only party who looked with unconcern to the state of the poll, was the very individual who was himself at the head of it. This step I adopted. I took the ferry across the water, streamed on through fields, farmyards, and villages; now watching the stately movements of a large family of geese, now sitting beside some ruminating cow, and vainly sighing that vaccine peace and quiet were not communicable as *vaccine pus*. Sometimes I listened to the wild melody of unseen birds, and one long hour I passed in a roadside public-house, trifling with the words of an old newspaper—reading the lines backwards, or turning them into unmeaning anagrams; and tired of that at last, scratching on the window with a pin, almost unconsciously, the name of Grimsley. How strange the fiend should haunt me when I had taken so much pains to exorcise him!

I returned to Cambridge after an absence of some hours, walking with good speed until I entered the town, then sauntering through it, and afterwards into the college, with a most idle and indifferent air. It must be an experienced player to act well so difficult



a part. I first sped to my room. Nobody was there; but I spied from the window old Simmonds crawling along the court, his bending body still more bent, his palsied gait more trembling and inert. He had that very moment issued from the Hall, and was possessed of all I burned and feared to know. I tapped gently on the glass. The old man looked quickly round: his face was ghastly pale. Poor creature, he was ill! He did not see me—if he did, he *would* not, for he went on his road. I shook with terror, and grew sick at heart. “Why does the old man look so white?—he loves me, and he knows that I have set my life upon the cast. Present fears,” thought I, “are less than horrible imaginings. I should be easy any way, if I were only satisfied. Suspense is dreadful.” With a bold step, I left my room and trode across the court, and then into the Hall. Many men were there. As I entered, they walked back a step or two, and looked upon me with an eye of sorrow and commiseration. It was enough. Grimsley was there—I could have struck him dead at my foot. I approached the paper. My eye became dizzy as I read three names following each other in this succession—

SMITHSON.

STUKELY.

GRIMSLEY.

For a moment I was blind and stunned. I could not speak. The rest were silent. I reeled to my room—I know not how I reached it; and there sat,

the tears dropping and dropping from eyes that nature should have parched up, the old man who had coiled about my heart ! I recollect nothing more. I fell down before him, as though stricken to the earth by a thunder-stone.

## PART III.

## COLLEGE.

————— Thus the warm youth  
Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds,  
Through flowery tempting paths, or leads a life  
Of fever'd rapture, or of cruel care ;  
His brightest aims extinguish'd all, and all  
His lively moments running down to waste.

*Thomson.*

PROVIDENCE has wisely ordained that the occupations of mankind, comprehending those of childhood, boyhood, and the more serious transactions of manhood, shall be regarded in the light of *duties*, and be invested, as they successively rise up, with an importance of the most absorbing and exclusive character. I say *wisely*, because although, no doubt, in many instances, the consequence that is attached to human events is factitious, and inversely to their actual significance ; yet, if such a provision did not exist, it is greatly to be feared that a healthy regard to our moral state and improvement, and the necessary labour that is required for our well-doing and success, would both be lost sight of. It is only by meeting the exigencies of

life with the juice and marrow of our energies, that we are able to satisfy the demand; and it is only by attaching momentous weight to the incidents of our condition, that we can at all hope to find strength and ability to pass onward and through them. It is a curious employment in the latter days for the eye of experience to look back upon the past, and to feign a huge surprise that so many trifling matters, now passed into oblivion, should have roused up in former years so many great alarms, demanded such heart-searching cares, engrossed so many sleepless nights. But no less curious is it for us to behold experience turn from the *contemplation* of the past to the *doings* of the *present*, and to find the wise and the aged harassed by the smallest accident, busy in contrivances, overwhelmed in careful thought, wholly taken up with the occupation of the moment, which in a night shall be forgotten, or regarded with a placid eye, but is now dwelt upon as if the only business of his life was knotted and bound up in it. What can be said of such a one, but that he, and all of us, have instincts like the meaner animals, and nature worketh wisely?

As I myself review the early days of my career, I cannot sufficiently marvel at the engrossing nature of my college pursuits. How disproportionate do they now seem to the daily fears, the constant anxieties, the deep distresses, and the ceaseless tear and wear of spirit, that they occasioned! I cannot but think that it would be far otherwise were they to return upon

me now. Alas ! why should I deceive myself ? The same events would to-day claim the same tribute. Let the unerring fact plead with the reader for the minuteness with which I dwell upon my Cambridge days.

I woke from the state of syncope into which I had been thrown by the unhappy result of the contest, to be conscious of a degradation, deep and insupportable. What could I do ? Whither should I go ? How escape from the ridicule which every man would cast upon me ? To have been beaten was now not the consideration. *To be known* as defeated—to be recognized as the man who had so modestly condescended to receive the premature congratulation of his friends—who had made sure of his prize, and missed it after all !—to live in the college, a memorable instance of disappointed hope and vanquished self-sufficiency ;—this, all this, was not to be borne. I walked about in my room in a state of inconceivable wretchedness and mental disturbance. Simmonds sat over the fire, imploring me to be at peace, and raking away at the cinders to conceal his own too evident grief.

“ Do not take on so, sir,” said the old man ; “ what is the use of it ? This only makes matters worse.”

“ O Simmonds !” I exclaimed, “ what will the men think ?”

“ Yes, and what will they think next year,” asked Simmonds, with a vain attempt at cheerfulness, “ when you have beaten every one of them ?”

“And my poor father, what will he say?”

“Why, what can he say, sir? Every body knows you did your best”——

“No,” I answered quickly, “I did not do my best; this would not have happened if I had. I have been too careless all through, and this is the consequence.”

“If you had not been so ill, I am sure you would have done a great deal more. You were knocked up before you went in.”

I was appeased by the good man’s remark.

“Yes, Simmonds, I was ill—very ill—and the men must have observed it. Do you not think so?”

“No doubt of it, sir; and Mr Smithson has such a constitution! I am sure nothing would bring his flesh down. Doesn’t he look like it?”

“He looks more like a bricklayer than a gentleman,” I answered pettishly. “Who is this Smithson?”

“Don’t you know, sir? He is Mr Squareroot’s nephew, and the son of a Norfolk clergyman.”

“What!” I exclaimed, almost knocked down with surprise, “what is it you say? Smithson, the tutor’s nephew? Squareroot’s—the tutor’s?”

“Yes, sir, the tutor’s.”

“This, then, is the secret of it all.” (Ah me! why was I so eager to jump at any but the simple and apparent cause of my defeat?) “No wonder that I am beaten. Newton would not have been successful. Indeed he would not. And poor Grimsley, too,” (this with marked tenderness,) “no wonder that your quiet



spirit and cultivated mind were doomed to succumb ! Is this generally known, Simmonds ? ”

“ Oh, bless you ! yes, sir. In the college all the gentlemen know it ; but he is not a great favourite with them. He is not very friendly in his manner, and he keeps a good deal to himself.”

“ Now answer me, Simmonds. Do not you, for one, feel satisfied that favour has been shown to Smithson, and I have lost the scholarship unfairly ? ”

“ Why, as to that, sir, I cannot say, really—I don’t think ”——

“ Ah poor fellow, you dare not tell me what you think ! You eat their bread, and are bound to them. It is not so with me. Let them be assured the matter shall not rest here.”

“ I think you are wrong—I do indeed, sir,” said the gyp. “ Mr Squareroot is a gentleman of strict integrity, and, I believe, would rather lose his hand than let it do a dirty action. It is Mr Smithson’s constitution, sir, and nothing else, believe me.”

I answered my worthy friend with a sneer, and truly happy was I to find, an hour afterwards, that I did not stand alone in the suspicions that I entertained of the justice and honour of the college functionary.

Simmonds’s remark respecting Smithson was certainly a correct one. He was not a favourite in the college ; but let me do him the justice to state why.

His appearance, as I have before hinted, was not of the taking character. It partook largely of that

known to university men by the name of snobbish. He was a short, bull-headed person, with coarse features and a shaggy head of hair. Ornament was foreign to his person and dress. The latter, though clean generally, was always mean and inferior-looking. So much for himself. His father was, I was about to say, a *poor* man—necessitous is the better term. He was a gentleman by birth, by education, and by profession. In his profession he was distinguished by first-rate ability, untiring perseverance, and remarkable humility. I am ashamed to add that the revenue of this man, the yearly reward of all his honourable toil—his *wages*—amounted not quite to eighty pounds per annum. With this miserable pittance he had contrived, for some years, to feed and clothe his wife, two children, and himself. Having been fortunate enough to get his son placed on the foundation of our college as a sizar, he managed further, by some peculiar process, to squeeze out a sum sufficient to meet the charges of a private tutor; to accomplish this, however, I have reason to know that father, mother, and sister, were making sacrifices at home really beyond belief, but with a loving cheerfulness that spoke almost too well for selfish, erring, human nature. When I say that the son, with a pious resolution, strove by every exertion, and by all means, to carry out the goodly work begun at home, separated himself from all other men, shut himself up in his own ill-furnished room, joined in no pleasures, partook of no friendships, and

devoted his days to the building up of the fortunes of himself and family, I need add no more to convince the reader that he was heartily hated, and unreservedly cut, by every man of spirit and true gentleman in the college.

I must acknowledge, notwithstanding the lofty air and tone I had assumed, I was in noway easy nor satisfied of the justice of my proceeding against Smithson. The sad defalcation on the fifth day haunted me like a living reproach, and pricked me as often as I accused the poor curate's son and his uncle of collusion. Still I was not so ashamed of this ungenerous treatment of him, as I was of my own defeat, and the thoughts of other men respecting me. Weak and wicked as I was, to shield myself from these, I undertook to foster the dislike which I now learned was entertained for Smithson, and to suggest one fresh ground of offence against him. Unhappily for me, the men were but too ready to listen to my complaint.

It is a dangerous trick, that of digging pits for other folks. Avoid it, reader—always.

In truth, the cordial sympathy that so suddenly burst upon me from my fellow-students, was at once a panacea to my broken spirits. Instead of averted looks, or signs of triumph and ridicule, their recognitions were friendly and encouraging. As to the favour which had been afforded Smithson, they were, to a man, quite satisfied of that—and their indignation at the fact by far surpassed my own. Their advice to

take immediate steps for the exposure of the "precious system," was offered in all the warmth of a brotherly regard, and urged with one consent. There was one individual especially indignant and violent in his counsel. A tall, fair-haired, dissipated youth, who had not opened any but his betting-book since his appearance in Cambridge, and who, with an income of three hundred pounds a-year, lived at the rate of as many thousands; but this I knew not at the time. As I have said, Mr Easyman, more than all the rest, was affected with choler at my disappointment.

"Of course," said he, "I knew how it would be. Why didn't *I* go in for the scholarship? Why do I take life easy? What's the use of reading, when every thing is settled beforehand? Upon my honour," (Mr Easyman never went higher than this,) "I believe the best men do nothing at all at college. They are wise, and see what's what with half an eye."

The conversation, of which the above elegant extract formed a part, was held in my own room, about an hour after I had been made acquainted in the hall with the success of Mr Smithson. A body of men had flocked thither to offer me their condolence, and to assure me of their readiness and desire to make my grievance unconditionally their own. Many speeches were made on the subject; and, as every one had something important and original to advance, it may easily be conceived that our meeting became at intervals exceedingly noisy, and the difficulty of drawing atten-

tion on the part of individuals inconveniently great. At one moment, my friends would deem it expedient to fall simultaneously into a violent rage, and to discharge themselves of their anger at one and the same moment; then Bedlam itself seemed loosed into the room. Afterwards there would be a corresponding silence; every one stopped for breath at once, and then every one bellowed out again. These continued alternations of excessive violence and extreme repose could not but be very distressing to the lodger overhead. They proved so. The rooms immediately above my own were occupied by Mr Squareroot himself; and at this very time he was busy, in his capacity of moderator, in the concoction of divers mathematical puzzles, with which to tickle the brains of his friends at the ensuing bachelors' examination. Annoyed at length beyond his power of endurance, he sent his servant to us with a particular request, that we should be more temperate in the *sound* at least of our remarks; by which very natural and certainly justifiable proceeding, the tutor increased to its height the bitter feeling which was already engendered against him. Its effect, however, was decisive, for perfect silence ensued, and it was left for Mr Easyman, in these memorable words, to break it.

“Gentlemen,” he said in an under tone, and looking around him, “the right of discussion is contested with us. This only was wanting. But we will give the enemy no advantage. Let us separate now, but



let me see you all in *my* rooms this afternoon to *wine*. No tutors will interrupt us there. Stukely, I shall expect you."

Which invitation being given and accepted, and a few remarks made afterwards in a subdued and gentle voice, the meeting for the present separated.

Although I had always lived on the most friendly terms with all the members of our college, I had not been, until now, in close, intimate association with any of them. I had heard of their parties and whist-meetings; but, wholly taken up with the serious employments of the past year, I had no time for personal enjoyments. Had it been otherwise, the accounts I had received of the doings at these convivial assemblies had rather repelled me than attracted me towards them. Still I had been cautious to say nothing against them. On the contrary, I had publicly always looked upon those who participated in them with great complacency, and more than once had listened to a rehearsal of their orgies with a well-feigned delight. I have to confess that I found it my *interest* to do this, at the very time that a sovereign contempt for men thus yielding themselves to the miserable enjoyment of the present, utterly regardless of the future, was paramount in my mind; but I speak of a time when I had already assumed the airs of a patron and a conqueror. It was very different now. My defeat could not elevate my companions, but it had brought me very low. *Now* I could even feel very grateful for the



invitation of Mr Easyman, and wonder how it was I had so long neglected the many kind and friendly invitations that had been offered me. Still more, I could conceive extreme indignation against those who spoke disparagingly and harshly of men whose greatest fault appeared but an excess of social love, an overflowing of human sensibilities.

The hour of Mr Easyman's wine-party arrived. I was about to set out for his rooms. I did not feel comfortable. I could not say that I was on really good terms with any one, least of all with myself. What could render me so irritable and vexed? No doubt the shameful conduct of Mr Squareroot—the impudent trickery of him and his ill-favoured relative. Old Simmonds, who was in my bedroom during the visit of my friends in the morning, as I now walked across the room to depart, asked me, as I thought, somewhat sharply, if I really intended to go.

“Go!” I answered hastily—“intend to go! What do you mean, old man? Most certainly I intend to go. Didn't you hear this morning? This barefaced piece of business isn't to rest here. Every one is satisfied of their conduct. Others have seen through it, and have known it all along.”

“It is not for me to say, sir,” said the gyp, very calmly, “what is the opinion, or what are the motives of those gentlemen. You are not one of them—you have never been one of them—and you must not become one. If you do, God help you!”

“ Well, I’m sure ! It is a pretty thing for you to dictate to me in this way. I tell you what it is, Simmonds, I have permitted you to go on after this fashion too long. I ought to have checked you at once. A younger man shouldn’t have presumed so far, I can assure you.”

“ Mr Stukely,” said the old man, “you frighten me. I know very well where all this ends. I have not been in college sixty years for nothing.”

“ Do you mean to insult me ? I shall not submit to your impertinence. I suppose you think you may just say and do what you please *now*—but you’ll find your mistake.”

“ Why can’t you,” continued the old man, taking no notice of my violence, “why can’t you sit down to-night quietly and comfortably, as you have done always ? You never wanted to go out before this evening, and you have been happy enough too.”

“ Sit down ! No, I’ll not sit down, until I have made my injury known to the whole world.”

“ Oh, dear me !” said the imperturbable gyp, “how can you talk such nonsense ? Why will you deceive yourself ? Who will believe you ? Do you think that Mr Squareroot’s character is not too well known ? He wouldn’t do such a thing to be made chancellor to-morrow. There’s a dear gentleman, give me your hat, and don’t tease yourself any more about the matter. There now, the kettle’s boiling—do sit down and let me make your tea.”

“No Simmonds, this will not do, I have promised my friends, and they will see me redressed.”

“They will see you laughed at, sir. Every one will laugh at you, if you run about making this complaint.”

The gyp had reached a vulnerable part. I shrunk from ridicule as the horned snail does from the finger touch. An indistinct apprehension of his meaning disarmed me in an instant. The colour mounted to my cheek. I stood irresolute. Simmonds profited by the opportunity, and slipped my hat from my hands.

“I’ll write home to my father,” I said at length, sighing in great perplexity. “Simmonds, fetch me some letter-paper.”

“Have you none here, sir?” enquired the poor fellow, looking nervously into my portfolio, and afraid to leave me.

“None. I used the last yesterday.”

“Very well then,” he replied, evidently much annoyed, “I suppose I must get some;” and he walked off—very quickly for him—taking care to shut the door carefully after him.

The hour of my appointment was already past. I had resolved. Simmonds after all might be right. I would not go. I would that evening write to my father, explain the circumstances to him, and beg him at once to withdraw me from the university, with which I was already very much disgusted. It was a good resolution. The shadow of Mr Easyman shrouded

me as I made it. I looked up, and lo ! that gentleman was smiling at the window.

“Hollo !” said he. “Bricked up? Upon my honour, that’s very clever. Open sesame, if you please. Fine animal that of yours,” continued he, entering my room. “Rather groggy just now. First-rate in his time—almost ready for the knacker. I wonder what he is saying now to old Squareroot.”

“Whom do you refer to?”

“Your Caliban Simmonds.”

“Is he with Squareroot now?”

“Yes. I saw him as I crossed the court. Oh ! Caliban is a sweet boy for his age. But they are all in one game ; and I will say this for the whole tribe, they do play most cleverly into one another’s hands.”

“Are they really so bad?”

“Worse than housebreakers. Never mind. Come along, we are all waiting for you.”

“Well, do you know, I was thinking, Easyman”——

“Oh ! don’t think—there’s a good fellow ! There’s really no time for it to-day. You shall think to-morrow, and act now. You know you have given your word to the men,” (and the hat that Simmonds had a moment before enticed from my hand, the wily Easyman insidiously restored to it.) “It is your own party, and they are all eager to give you the meeting. They will never leave you, my boy, until you are righted. They are the real sort, depend upon it—true blood to the back-bone.”

“ I really do not feel inclined—I cannot go ”——

“ Why, my dear fellow, consider—you wouldn’t have the men laugh at you ? ”

I plunged my head into the hat, and rushed out of the room with him.

“ But is it true,” I asked, when we reached his door, “ that you saw Simmonds a minute or two ago with the tutor ? ”

“ As true as I see you now—upon my honour.”

“ Then, Easyman, that old man is neither more nor less than a grey-headed devil.”

Mr Easyman had, without exception, the very best rooms in the college. Why should they not be? they were the most expensive. The manner in which they were fitted up did credit to his taste. Mr Easyman was not an ordinary man. He prided himself upon his knowledge of the fitness of things. A stranger would discover his peculiar talent at a glance. He was a walking illustration of himself—of his own mind. His dress, his air, his gait, his very hand, were so many indices to his inner self. There was a union, a harmony, certain corresponding effects, in all of them. They all bore testimony to the innate sense of order and propriety. Walk into his abode—you were struck with the costliness and elegance of the furniture, but not so much with these as with the remarkable adaptation and blending of the several pieces. Every one was perfect; and, with reference to the others, exactly in that particular spot which it

would have selected for itself, had it been endued with the powers of sense and motion. Shall I describe his bedroom? My pen halts. It is some years since, for the first time, I read the poem of *Lalla Rookh*, (who shall read it a second time, and not grow faint from the excessive sweetness?) and the descriptions of joyous indolence in that romance, brought to my recollection the sublime dormitory of Mr Easyman. It was emphatically eastern—and admirably suited to the ambitious and extravagant notions of a man, living, as I have before mentioned, with a lofty contempt of his own poor means, in a most eastern and inconsiderate manner.

Mr Easyman opened the door, and introduced me to his company. There were about fifteen of them. They rose, their glasses in their hands—for the libations had already commenced—and, with one cheering halloo, they welcomed me amongst them. Violent applause is dangerous to the object of it—always. If the object is a fool, it is ruinous indeed. I smiled radiantly upon the assembly, and in a moment was repaid for much of my past anxiety and wretchedness. I felt, as I sat down amongst so many ardent and devoted spirits, that if the wicked Simmonds might observe my triumph, I could forgive even him his foul iniquity. The room was a spacious one, and the table placed in the centre of it, round which the guests were seated, was well supplied with fruits, confections, and the choicest wines. The chairs were all occupied



but one. This was the honoured seat, reserved for me. Amongst the company I noticed my friend the *paulo-post-futurum* Lord Mayor, and the thin drinking gentleman. There was another individual present, by no means to be disregarded in this relation. He was the connexion of a celebrated tragedian of the day, remarkable for his frequent quotation of Shakespeare, and for the pertinacity with which he insisted upon obliging his friends, during vacation time, with orders for the play. His name was Deboos. He accosted me, as I entered, with the following words:—

“Here had we now our country’s honour roof’d,  
Were the graced person of our *Stukely* present,  
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness  
Than pity for mischance.”

“That’s the fifth time you have said that, Boosey,” (so he was called by his familiars;) “now, don’t say it any more.” Thus spoke Mr Laurel, the lord mayor. “Stukely,” he added, addressing me in a low tone, “I am happy to see you—sit down.” His chair was next to mine. “I have not seen you since our sell. We have been floored cleanly. We couldn’t help it—that’s a great consolation. I saw the thing at once, and cried *done* in time. You died game.”

But Mr Laurel was interrupted; for the decanters on the table had already performed a rapid gyration, and the glasses became musical, from the tinkling sounds that were drawn from them. Mr Easyman had resumed his seat, which was distinguished from

the rest by being raised slightly above them, and he now struck the table with great rapidity and vehemence. Silence being obtained, he rose:—"Gentlemen," he commenced, "I am no speaker; but you know my plan. Procrastination is the thief of time. It was my favourite copy at school. I act upon the maxim now—never postpone till to-morrow what you can do to-day. To business. Are your glasses charged, my boys? Stukely, you stop the bottle. Fill your glass, and pass it on."

I obeyed, attentive to my host's address, and watching the point of convergence to which his words were tending.

"His Majesty—God bless him!" exclaimed Mr Easyman after a proper pause, and with all the gravity so solemn a benediction demanded.

"His Majesty—God bless him!" shouted with more fervour, and less ceremony, a thousand voices condensed into fifteen. As the thunder abated, the silver tones of Mr Deboos were caught lingering at the close with—

"Not all the waters of the rough rude sea  
Can wash the balm from an anointed king."

There succeeded to this a quarter of an hour's animated conversation, characterised, as indeed many of the subsequent discussions of the evening were, not so much by abstruseness or learned acumen, as by the happy facility which every one displayed in leaping

from one subject to another in an inconceivably short space of time. Not that deep and abstract matters were entirely neglected. Far from it; but they were treated with so lively and novel a disposition, that they must have astonished a sober-minded individual who had previously taken pains to think seriously about them, or to make his head giddy with their pleasing perplexities. Opinions were offered, and difficult points mooted and settled, with a freedom and grace that were truly refreshing. Great, indeed, are the advantages of a university education! It was my nature to be shy and silent in mixed companies; but by the very force of example, I became by degrees an impassioned and eloquent speaker. It was very gratifying, indeed, to my vanity to perceive that every word I uttered, every notion I ventured to submit—and silly enough were many—was listened to with fixed attention, and acknowledged by universal approbation. It is worthy of remark, that, before I had spent an hour with my friends, every one of them, without exception, after having done honour to the usual toasts, did me the kindness to drink my health, and to wish me prosperity. Most exhilarated did I become—most grateful for their attentive and affectionate regard. A warm glow sprung up at my heart, and unconsciously a tear or two trickled down my cheeks, as though with very superfluity of happiness. And then the grand business of Smithson was discussed, and, I must confess it, almost too soon disposed of. But the subject was an

unpleasant one, and my supporters were glad to withdraw themselves from the pressure of it. I cannot but add, that, as time wore on, even I could not bring myself to esteem the very occasion of our meeting as forming the chief delight of it. I had rather a peculiar pleasure from the very act of forcing all thoughts of Smithson from my mind, and giving myself up unconditionally to the excited and animated scene around me. The never-ending, still-beginning process of the wine-bottle, did not slacken with the approach of twilight. The sun went down in surpassing splendour. I looked out upon him as his eye of fire closed upon the world. "Never before," thought I, "has he left such jocund spirits on the earth behind him." The dusky middle light of eve—the soft crepuscule—delicious as it is in little country parlours, through which, laden with pensive thought and breathless melody, it steals with a religious quiet—calls up no gladly feeling in the heart of him who plies his calling at the shrine of Bacchus. Comes it with reproach to him, or does it, from the vasty depths, invoke images of bygone innocence and peace? Is it too touching and too soft, or does the one short hour of absent glare make legible the naked characters of shame? Mr Easyman could not probably explain his motive, but the fact is certain. No sooner had the sun departed, and left the denizens of earth to stretch their limbs, and breathe cool air again, than did our worthy host desire the attendant gyp to close the shutters and "bring in the wax."

And soon hilarity became intense, and the several warm hearts then melted into one. And then the wine, that had performed its part so well, took leave, and came no more; but, in its stead, a thrilling mixture, mysterious in its power and in the union of its elements, whose luscious drops searched blood, and bone, and marrow, and lit up with fire the very seat of all sensation. I tasted, and electric pleasure started through my frame, demanding still another and another taste, until at length I revelled unresisting in delicious draughts. Nor was the revelling confined to me. The bright nectar found willing entrance at every lip, and many bowls gave evidence of untiring flavour and enduring virtue. Twilight gave place to night—bowl had succeeded bowl with terrible dispatch. Mr Easyman grew flushed. He rose to speak the praise of punch, and, in his capacity of toastmaster, he said laconically, and in Greek of course—

“Το καλον.”

“Και το αριστον,” screamed out the company.

“Do you mean it?” enquired the host.

“Do we not?” was the interrogative reply.

“Woodlouse!—pipes,” cried the giver of the feast to his gyp, Mr Woodhouse. “Pipes and tobacco.”

The αριστον (pipes and tobacco) was brought; and a short silence prevailed, whilst the room became dim with smoke, and the candles sickened in thick vapours.

“Now, lads,” resumed Mr Easyman, shutting one



eye, and looking knowingly with the other at a glass of the mixture which he held in one hand, his pipe falling gracefully from the other, "Let me give you *το καλον και το αριστον*."

A tremendous cheer, and a stunning knocking upon the table, and a corresponding kicking under it, marked the welcome which the classic toast received from all.

"Come, my *νεφεληγερετης*," said the guest on my left. This was the great Greek scholar of the company, who was allowed by every one present to be the first classic of his year ; but, by some unaccountable mistake, was dragged out afterwards somewhere behind the last. "Come, my *νεφελη*," said he, hitting me on the back with a violence that made me, in the condition to which I was brought, exceedingly nervous and uncomfortable, "blow and be happy," and he thrust a pipe into my hand.

I had never smoked a pipe before. I was unequal to the task, but still more to that of sitting unmoved amidst a host of cloud-gatherers, the sole consumer of a suffocating fog. Partly to avoid this disagreeable alternative, partly to lose none of the regard that I had gained up to this period of the festival, and partly because I was so very warm and reckless, that I was ready to do any thing in the shape of a request, I took the clay without a syllable of reply, and proceeded, awkwardly enough, to the successive steps of filling, stopping, lighting, and imbibing. And oh, what ob-



fuscation and confusion ! With the first fumes of the tobacco, my brain received a shock. The whole scene became immediately a moving panorama. The company, table, chairs—every thing passed rapidly round me, then suddenly stood still, and left me sick and tottering. I caught at the table, as I fondly hoped, unperceived ; for, deplorable as I felt, I was still more than ever susceptible of shame. The sense of feebleness was more than half subdued by the mental exertion which I forced to my aid. I seized a glass of the intoxicating liquor ; the nausea was for a time overcome, and my spirits flashed up with new fire.

Midnight had long since stolen away, leaving the assembly not more willing for separation than it had been six hours before. I heard St Mary's clock strike three, and, about the same time, remember to have seen a vision of my classic neighbour. He was "upon his legs," as far as it is competent for me to assert this of a staggering and reeling man, whose legs obstinately disregarded their natural duty, and left the trunk to seek support elsewhere. He was in the act of addressing the chair. His manner was oily and insinuating ; but his speech, unconnected, and made up of Greek, Latin, and drunken English, cruelly betrayed the lamentable state into which he had fallen. "Mr Chairman," he hiccuped out, after having already spoken for some time, and with great eagerness—"Mr Chairman, I don't know what I am going to say, and it's no odds to nobody ; two negatives don't make an affirma-

tive—put that down. The ancients,” and he made a low bow—“I always make a *kotou* to the ancients—that’s pious; the ancients never knew what they were going to say; vide Cicero—‘*rum bene provisam, verba haud invita sequentur.*’”

“*Rum!*” exclaimed Mr Deboos, with a contemptuous curve of the lip; “*rem*, if *you* please.”

“Order, order! chair, chair!” proceeded from half a dozen husky voices, and a moment afterwards there issued, as it might be from my very feet, a long, loud, irrelevant groan. I looked down, and beheld clinging to my chair, foully sick, pale as death, my right hand neighbour, Mr Laurel. Oh, the internal commotion that I suffered then! I forced my eyes, not slowly, from the disgusting object, and relied upon crushing the rapidly-rising physical phenomena by a tremendous concentration of all my attention upon the speaker. But the speaker had already finished. The interruption of Mr Deboos had led to a further interruption on the part of the other gentlemen, and the jovial scene unexpectedly became one of alarming tumult and disorder. Unfortunately for the general peace, Mr Deboos obstinately contended for the emendation which he had thought proper to introduce in the foregoing Latinity, and treated the judgment of the chair, who decided in favour of the orator, with no more respect than he had listened in the first instance to the classic himself. Unhappily, too, the chair himself just now was not in circumstances to brook opposition in respect of any

matter whatever. His eye had become bloodshot and furious. When he spoke, he raged at the top of his voice, and his gesticulation assumed all the violent incoherence of an uncontrollable madman. He was very drunk indeed; but Mr Deboos would talk, and would have the last word.

“ You son of a strolling vagabond,” screamed out Easyman at last, “ if you don’t be quiet, I’ll smash you, so help me —— ! ”

And at the same time he seized a full goblet of punch, and held it threateningly before the unlucky Shaksperian.

“ *Ah ha, boy!*” retorted the latter in derision, “ *say’st thou so? Art thou there, Truepenny? Come on—you hear this fellow in the cellarage;*” and then added, with more profound contempt, “ *Drunk—speak, parrot—squabble—swagger—swear.*”

At the close of which apt speech, and in spite of the interference of his friends, who endeavoured to save him from what they clearly saw would be the finale to his discourse, he received on his broad forehead, and from the powerful hand of his host, the glass and its contents, which sent him bleeding and senseless to the ground.

The men rushed to the help of poor Deboos, but Easyman himself did not move from his place. He filled another goblet with liquor—drank off its contents at a draught—threw the glass in a frenzy on the floor, and, whilst it flew about in a thousand pieces,

swore, with a fearful oath, that he would in like manner break the bones of any one who offered the least assistance to his victim.

Things looked very black, and I grew alarmed; but I kept my seat. Two or three men, in spite of Easyman's threat, persisted in restoring the fallen Deboos, or in an attempt to restore him, for he seemed dead; the rest crowded round the host himself, seeking by various and opposite means to pacify him, and to fix him in his chair. As may be supposed, the worrying rendered him more infuriate. He continued to swear, every succeeding oath rising more awful than the last, and to struggle against a dozen men with the strength and passion of a giant. Amongst the choicest of Mr Easyman's many valuable possessions was a watch of exquisite manufacture. It was a repeater, the smallest that had ever been seen. It had been admired by every one; and the owner, in his sober moments, valued it above all other things. It was indeed a gem. Its price would have furnished the materials of happiness to many a starving creature. This precious ornament was now swinging in the air, and the violent efforts of so many friends of order threatened its speedy destruction.

"The watch, the watch!" shrieked a dozen voices, pulling the wearer a dozen different ways.

"What do you mean?" roared Easyman, dashing every individual from him. "You infernal robbers, what do you mean?" and he tore the miniature clock

from his neck, hurled it with desperate violence to the ground, and stamped madly and repeatedly upon it, until the little beauty was reduced to atoms.

Passing notice has already been taken in this narrative of the thin drinking gentleman. For him was reserved, and in his own peculiar fashion, the task of subduing the fierce disturber. He had admitted into his small frame more than his just proportion of the liquid fire, but unremitting habit had fortified his little stomach, and made the drink innocuous as water. At the height of the affray he rose from his seat, and surveyed Mr Easyman with a steady, sober look; he watched a favourable opportunity, seized it, and then, without a syllable, felled him like a bullock to the earth. Had I not been a witness to this act, cruel and dastardly as it was, in spite of Paley I could not have believed it possible. I looked at the aggressor, with what I intended to be a most expressive gaze of angry reprimand. He smiled upon me with contempt; and turning from me to the affrighted guests, unruffled and in a gentle voice, he bade them carry their quiet host to bed. By his direction four of the party lifted the insensible Easyman from the ground, and conveyed him off. He followed in silence; but the rest of the men, excepting always those excluded by physical incapacity, crowded in the rear, stamping and yelling as though they were savages dancing the war-dance, and singing the death-song, before the immolation of a sacrifice. Believing, I know not why, that the



murder of my friend was the next business to be performed by the thin ruffian, if indeed it had not been already perpetrated by him, I determined to stand up (metaphorically speaking) in the defence of the poor sufferer, and to venture my life, if it were necessary, in the attempt to rescue him. Had I fallen down dead at this instant, the jury would have performed their duty carelessly if they had not written me down *insane*. Whilst I had a clear knowledge of the broad facts, I am sure that I must have been mad. My brain was whirling, and I was losing fast all power of restraint. I reached Easyman's bedroom, as the body-bearers were placing him on the fine quilt that covered his luxurious bed. He was still senseless—he moaned deeply and at intervals, with a convulsive catching in the throat that was to me indicative of fast-approaching death. But the small fiend was still unmoved.

“Now,” said the latter, turning back his wristbands, as if he had business to do, and it was time to set about it; “now, Woodhouse!” and he bawled with a voice that ought to have awakened Easyman. “Woodhouse—mustard—and a quart of water—warm.” Turning to the bed, he loosened the cravat and unbuttoned the shirt-collar of the groaning man. Then, feeling his pulse with the gravity of a doctor, he sat quietly down, and awaited the arrival of the gyp.

Into the measure of the water he threw a quantity



of the mustard, and stirred it well. Desiring the men to raise Easyman upon his back, he himself applied his fingers to the drunken man's mouth, opened it, as you would that of an unwilling horse, and then poured down the liquid, as through a funnel, in sudden doses, and with many stops. In a short minute or two, the disturbing quality of the medicine was beautifully apparent. A violent natural effort on the part of Easyman, caused the company to retreat with great precipitation, and restored the sufferer himself to consciousness. But such a consciousness! Oh, it sickened you to behold it! no longer raving and roaring, the man appeared to have sunk in spirit below the level of a poltroon. He whined and groaned alternately, and tears that might have had their origin in fatuity—such feebleness of mind, so perfect a prostration of soul, did they evince—rolled piteously down his cheeks. He sobbed with fear, and shook from head to foot, and besought the men around him, in the most supplicating terms, not to leave him in his present miserable plight. Although he partially recognized every individual who came near and spoke to him, I could not believe that his reason was wholly given back. Who could look upon him, and subscribe to so humiliating a conclusion? He could not be sober. Drunkenness had but assumed another form. The fiend was still making merry with humanity, tricking him in another and more offensive garb, for his own sport and pastime.

“ Oh, I am *so* ill !” cried the wretched sniveller. “ What shall I do ? It’s a shame to treat a man so in his own house. Don’t leave me—there’s a dear fellow ! I am sure I am dying.”

“ Nonsense,” replied his medical attendant, “ go to sleep, you fool !” and he put him on his back again, and threw the clothes in a heap over his head.

Easyman made no resistance, but whined like a beaten cur, beneath his coverings. Again and again he assured us he was dying, implored some one to keep him company, and protested against the cruelty and ingratitude of “ treating a man in this way in his own rooms.”

In the midst of these protestations, by the desire of our leader, we departed, and returned forthwith to the banqueting-room, where, in truth, the scene was not more pleasant than that which we had quitted. Five men were lying on the ground in different stages of intoxication. The eyes of one protruded from the socket, and with a stupid stare were fixed upon the ceiling. Every muscle of his countenance was rigid, and from his mouth oozed forth a sluggish saliva, that played about the corners of his mouth in frothy bubbles. “ The last internal throes of death,” thought I, “ may already have taken place.” Another man lay at the very feet of this one. He was fast asleep, and snored with a constancy and vigour that no noise could conquer, no human efforts might abate. A third man sat under the table, clinging to its legs, and

smiling sottishly. He was talking aloud—to himself—to characters which his fancy conjured up—to the inanimate table—and severally to its four inanimate legs. Perfect sensual enjoyment beamed from his watery eyes. Mr Laurel, son of the civic dignitary, so to speak, wallowed like a hog in his own mire, and was, indeed, in sore distress. His cheeks were ashy pale, his lips bloodless. His head was torn with pain, it was plunged deep into the palms of both hands, and he breathed hard, and swung about like one struggling to cast off suffering. He had made a sad mistake. With the instinct of his tribe, he had, during the whole of the evening, partaken largely and greedily of *all* the eatables. These, consisting chiefly of sweet cakes and sugary preparations, had kicked against rather than socially blended with the port-wine and strong tobacco smoke, which not frugally had entered his weak dyspeptic stomach. Hence his present miserable state.

Connected with the room in which we were, and opening into it, was an antechamoor of very moderate dimensions—a narrow slip, devoted to the reception of coats, and cloaks, and suchlike gear. Into this hole, and at the instance of the little iron man, the five unfortunates were cast. The only one who was aware of the proceedings—the Lord Mayor himself—submitted to the operation with a languid resignation. The four insensibles said nothing. We saw them

“safely stowed,” and—will it be believed?—drew once more round the table and the bowl.

\* \* \* \* \*

When I awoke from a disturbed uneasy sleep, the sun was overhead. It was broad noon. An intolerable throbbing at the temples, a general racking headach, a burning throat, a fever-coated tongue, a sickness at the heart, prostrating, annihilating. Thus reduced, I rose from the carpet on which I had slept in the horrid chamber of the symposium, and, almost overwhelmed by the fumes that hung around me, by the disgusting aspect of the disordered room, loathing myself, and hating all the world, I crawled away, and slunk into my room.

With a trembling hand and with the soul of a criminal, I took from my desk a letter which had arrived by the morning's post. The tears dropped slowly and heavily upon the handwriting of my mother. She expected my return daily, hourly. She was most anxious to behold me, longing to clasp me again in her arms, and to congratulate me on the happy issue of my hard study and noble perseverance. My father had communicated to her the strong assurances which I had forwarded of my strength and easy success, and she reproached herself lest her frequent motherly counsels might have interfered in any way with the perfect fulfilment of my laudable desires. These were the terms of her epistle, which had fallen fresh and unsuspecting from her affectionate heart. Oh, could she but have seen me now,

how would that heart have snapped at once !—what bitterness—what anguish might it have been spared !

If shame had not made me irresolute, the dissipation of the past night would have rendered me incapable of action. It stunned me to think—to move was a sickening effort. I closed the door, and tottered to my bed. Late in the afternoon I awoke, feverish and unrefreshed, quivering in body, crushed in spirit, the slave of a triumphant devil—cowering beneath a dismal hypochondria.

As I sat silently wretched over the cold fireplace, my feet upon the fender, my head reposing in my hands, Simmonds unlocked the door, and stepped into the room.

“I am very sorry, sir,” began the old man ; “but the master wants to see you. I hope it is nothing serious ; but you had better go.”

The blood mounted to my cheek, my anger was great, my hatred of the old man more bitter than ever ; but I beat the fender with my feet, and said nothing.

“Ah !” continued the gyp deplorably, “I knew no good would come of it. I wish the devil would never let another drop of liquor into the world again. My heart alive ! how pale you look. Well, sir, it can’t be helped now. You must make the best of it. But, pray go. This is the third time that I have been sent for you.”

“What does the master want with *me* ?” I enquired in a surly tone and without moving.



“I don’t know, sir, and I am afraid to guess.”

“You lie, you grey-haired Iscariot!” I replied, turning upon him like a tiger. “You know enough; too much for me. Go about your business, and never let me hear your canting voice again. Ah! you barefaced Judas.”

The only answer to my abuse was a mild and piteous look, a long and deep-drawn sigh.

“I shall not go to the master.”

“Pray do, sir,” said Simmonds earnestly; “pray, pray go. If any thing is amiss, the master is not very hard: it’s a word or two, and then done with. He forgives and forgets in a moment. But if you are obstinate, you’ll force him to be severe, and I don’t know what will be the consequence.”

Either the advice was not lost upon me, or I had not courage to act in opposition to it. I *did* go to the master. Having dismissed Simmonds, I made a careful toilet, assumed a cheerfulness, and hastened to the lodge.

The late Bishop of —— was then president of the college. He was at this time beloved for that primitive simplicity and real modesty that adorned his later life. When I was ushered into his presence, I felt confounded and abashed. The mildness of his eye—his open countenance—the refreshing purity of his whole expression, all satisfactory and soothing to a virtuous observer, were so many reproaches to a spirit conscious of recent transgression, guilty, and ill at



ease. As I stood before the worthy master, "eaten by shame," my conscience forced me to contrast my present irksome littleness with the disgraceful tyranny that I had exercised towards Simmonds a few minutes before, and I was grateful that the gyp was not an eye-witness of my humiliation.

The master was writing when I entered; he wrote on for a second or two, and then he raised his head and looked at me. "Mr Stukely," he said, putting his pen gently upon the table, "I am glad that you have come, and that you see the propriety of attempting no concealment. However easily you might escape from me, you would find it a difficult task to elude the hands of justice."

"Sir?"——

"I cannot express to you how thoroughly annoyed and grieved I am at this unhappy event. I will do you the justice to believe that you bore your unfortunate victim no malice, and that the act which you committed in the moment of intoxication was not premeditated in the hour of reason and sobriety."

"Sir?"——

"I have no desire to wound you with reproaches. Your mind is surely sufficiently disturbed. But I must tell you that the character which you have hitherto borne in the college, did not prepare me for this interview. Whilst it is my duty to enforce your residence in Cambridge until Mr Deboos is pro-

nounced out of danger, let me, as a friend, entreat you to offer up your grateful acknowledgments to that Power which alone has saved you from becoming a murderer."

"Sir!" I shrieked out, jumping back a step or two.

"Mr Stukely," continued the master, "do not aggravate your offence by this light conduct. I had hoped to find you sensible of your situation, and am sorry to see you not yet free from the influence of liquor."

Many confused ideas rushed into my brain at the same moment. They settled into three distinct: I was indeed drunk—or dreaming—or the master himself was mad. In my difficulty, I asked faintly what was the matter, and what I had done.

"Rather let me ask you, Mr Stukely, why you persist in such assurance? Do you think it possible to deceive me by this artful line of conduct? Pray, take care—do not add crime to crime."

There is no doubt that, if I had been sober the night before, I should at this juncture have demanded boldly a full explanation from my accuser. But the drink had so mashed my intellect, had put my frame into such a novel state of giddy disturbance, that I more than questioned my right to do any thing of the kind. I therefore remained silent, and, as well as I could, called to my recollection all that had happened, in order to justify the master in the course he was taking.

“Where did you spend the past night, Mr Stukely?” enquired the principal. My attention was called to the next question before I could find a satisfactory answer to the first.

“Was Mr Deboos in your company?”

“He *was*, sir,” I replied, sighing at the general picture of the scene which the name of this unlucky gentleman vividly called up.

“Ah!” said the good master, noticing the deep-drawn breath, “this is more becoming. I am quite aware of it. You passed the night with him, and with other gentlemen—is it not so?”

I nodded my head.

“Well, then, listen to what I say:—You must remain for the present in the town. I will place no other restraint upon you. When the medical attendant of Mr Deboos assures me that all dangerous symptoms have disappeared, you will receive your *exeat*, but not till then. I hope that the information which I have received touching this discreditable business, is not in every particular correct. It will be comforting to believe that you did not know what you were doing at the time; and I sincerely trust that you now regret, very deeply regret, the injury which you have inflicted upon this unfortunate young man.”

“I beg your pardon, sir”——

“Mine is easily granted, but you must seek forgiveness elsewhere, Mr Stukely.” The master had scarcely uttered these words, when his servant entered

and announced "dinner." The footman held the door open, and the master rose.

"I have nothing more to say, Mr Stukely—you will not fail to do what is necessary. Good-morning."

And the venerable principal went to dinner.

I stood stupidly still, then walked nervously up and down the room, and at last rushed out with the intention of following the master. The man in livery hastened after me.

"That way, sir," said he in an insinuating voice, and urging me gently before him—"that way, sir;" and I went on till I reached the door, which he quickly opened, and as quickly closed upon me.

More than half-crazed, and almost blind with irritation, I sought my own abode again. What *could* be the meaning of it all? What had I to do with Deboos? What had happened to him for which I was answerable, or in any way culpable? He had received a blow—a fearful one it is true—from Easy-man, and had been carried to his room bleeding and insensible. *That* I well remembered; but what was this to me more than to any other individual spectator? Ha! was it conceivable that the men, one and all, had falsely charged me with the crime? The thought crossed my brain, and at last possessed it till I became frantic. Deboos was dying perhaps—who knew but he was dead already?—and they had all conspired to bring me to the gallows! What was I to do if they persisted in such an accusation? Who would

believe me singly, and against them all? What did they care for me, so long as they might preserve themselves? I was a stranger to them—they had been long united—might they not consider it a melancholy duty to sacrifice me for the general safety? “Oh! would to Heaven that I had never gone to that accursed meeting! Oh! sweet news for my poor mother, when she would hear of me to-morrow as the drunkard and the assassin! What was to become of me *now*?”

I was not in a humour to receive visitors, and one was sitting in my room when I arrived. His back was towards me; but he rose when he heard my footstep, and looked me in the face. Were my eyes sporting with my reason? Was this another drunken vision? No, I was not deceived. My coach companion, the man who had played the first trick upon me—James Temple really stood before me.

Since I parted with him on the eventful evening of my advent, I had neither seen nor heard from him. This was not surprising. I had hitherto passed my days chiefly within walls. He was a member of another college, and his pleasures and pursuits led him into haunts with which I was unacquainted, and into the society of men with whom I enjoyed nothing in common. His presence staggered me. I could not guess his business. My experience of him inclined me to think it no good one, and my temper, roused to

mischievous, sprung at the opportunity which was fairly afforded me to bully and to quarrel.

“How dare you,” said I, pale, I am sure, with anger and annoyance, “how dare you show your face here?”

“It required some boldness, I allow,” said Temple; “but since I have come, you will hardly turn me out, Stukely, without a word?”

“Didn’t you write that letter?” I continued, my flesh tingling with a cutting sense of shame, “didn’t you write that letter, I say, asking me to breakfast with the vice-chancellor? Answer me—didn’t you?” and I was ready to burst with vexation at the bare revival of the fact.

“My sole object in coming here now,” answered Temple, evidently affected and subdued by my excitement, “is to acknowledge that I did so.”

“You own it then, do you?” I replied, puzzled, now that he had confessed it, as to what I should say or do next.

“I hope, Stukely, that it is never too late to confess—never too late to be sorry for doing wrong. I have not behaved well towards you. It was a boyish trick—foolish in every way. I regret it deeply. I could not rest until I had asked your pardon, and you had freely forgiven me. Will you do so now? In a few months I leave Cambridge. We may never meet again. Let us part friends. Will you take my hand?”



“ It was villanous conduct though,” I replied, determined not to commit myself by any friendly acknowledgments, before I had fully decided upon the proper conduct to be pursued.

“ Say no more about it. I have reproached myself a thousand times, and have suffered sharper pangs than you yourself would desire to inflict upon me. What can I do more than plead guilty to the charge, and express my unfeigned grief? What would you have me do? Tell me, and judge of my sorrow and sincerity by the eagerness with which I attend to your wishes.”

Instead of listening to him, my attention was called to my present doubtful position, and the great need in which I stood of a friend and adviser—matters of much more importance to me, than the friendship or even the life of the speaker. By the time he had finished, I was prepared, without any view to him or his motives, but with the most calculating selfishness, to extend the forgiveness which would cost me nothing, and to secure his services, which would be worth a great deal.

Yet, not without an air of wounded pride, nor without some show of dignity and condescension, did I permit the cordial grasp so eagerly desired by Temple. Once given, however, the gates of separation loosed, and a rapid stream of friendly interchangements flowed. Soon I learned his college history; and, bound by the act of confidence, soon did I disburden my own over-

loaded soul. I communicated every thing. With more seriousness than I had expected from my former volatile companion, he listened to my moving tale, and with a kindliness of feeling that spoke for the truth of his contrition, more emphatically than a thousand protestations, he volunteered "to *pioneer*" me through my difficulties, and to aid me with his counsel and experience.

"It is now late," he said, at the close of a long and confidential conversation. "Seven o'clock, by Jupiter! I must be off, and you will not be sorry to kiss your pillow after the night's carouse. Good-night—to-morrow, or the next day, you shall see me again."

"Oh, say to-morrow!" I replied, very loth to part with him at all.

"If I can I will, but I must not promise. I go out in January, and there is three years' work to do in nearly as many months. According to the latest calculations, I have but five hours to spare. With six months clear before me which I could call my own, I might have taken my ease. Considerate *alma mater* is not hard upon her young ones. Long may her religious and ancient foundations rest undisturbed!"

"Well, wait a little longer now."

"Don't ask me—good-by till we meet again."

He departed, and left me to myself—a hideous companion in my present mood. To my great comfort, he returned almost immediately.

“ You are dull and low-spirited this evening. What say you, Stukely?—will you take a stroll? You may be the better for it. It will cool your head.”

“ No, thank you, Temple,” I replied, “ I would rather keep at home to-night.”

“ Well, perhaps you are right; good-by once more.”

He was on the threshold, when I called him back.

“ Do you *really* think that it will cool my head? Well, the fresh air may revive me. I shall be back before eight o’clock.”

“ As early as you please. But do not be persuaded.”

“ I’ll walk a little way.”

As we crossed the court, I begged Temple to enquire at Deboos’s rooms “ if the gentleman was still in danger.” *He was very bad!*

My friend’s apartments were distant about a mile from the college. He rented the principal rooms of a small cottage, whose front was adorned with a thick-spreading vine, and sweet flowers rising from the ground and clambering to the windows. It was a dwelling for a hermit or a lover. I accompanied him to the door; and, as I shook him by the hand at parting, the quiet freshness of the place touched me, and started a deeply-seated sigh.

“ You are cold after your walk,” said Temple looking at me; “ step in, and take a cordial.”

“No, no,” I said shuddering, and loathing the very thought of liquor; “no, Temple, no more drink.”

“Well, not for the world unless you are disposed. I shall not persuade you; but I am not a stranger to your sensations. A bitter cordial, mark you, medicinally”——

“No; do not ask me. I will step into your pretty cot for a minute—look at your rooms, and then away.”

“After you, then,” said Temple, motioning forwards.

His rooms were small, but very snug. The order and arrangement of the quiet furniture—the pretty chimney ornaments—the small flower-pots, covered with green paper fantastically cut—the painted china vase, with its graceful flowers, newly culled, all bespoke a woman’s hand, and the presidency of a spirit less rigorous than man’s. The apartment thus distinguished was occupied by four individuals, friends of my host, and apparently not unexpected. They were about his own age, and under-graduates. Their caps and gowns were thrown carelessly over two chairs, which deformed one angle of the room, and disturbed the general harmony.

I was made known to the visitors, who bowed civilly and formally to me, evincing neither pleasure nor dislike at the introduction, and making no further effort to arrive at intimacy.

“Rest yourself there a moment, Stukely, and never mind *us*. Here’s a book of drawings. Amuse your-

self." And he placed a cosey arm-chair before me, and at the same time a handsomely bound book in my hand. "But stay, I have forgotten the cordial."

Before company, I had power to resist no longer. He produced from a square mahogany case a miniature decanter, from which he poured a very small quantity of creamy liquid.

"It is proper stuff, I can assure you."

It was delicious indeed—very pungent and very bitter, but so felicitously adapted to the existing state of my palate, that, if they were not created for each other, it was a splendid accident that brought them into union. I sat down refreshed, lolled in the chair, and turned over the leaves of the sketch-book. Whilst I was busy, Temple and his friends were not idle. A square table, covered with green baize, was rolled into the centre of the room, and two candles, at opposite corners, were placed upon it. Temple and three of the visitors sat over against one another in pairs. A pack of cards were taken from a drawer, were shuffled, cut, distributed, then scattered, and collected—performing, in their various turns, the thirteen mystic acts that make up—Whist.

The players were good. I knew the game obscurely, and their skill compelled my whole attention. In spite of my good resolution to return by eight o'clock, I sat for an hour or two with great composure and delight. I might have sat for an hour or two longer, if Temple had not taken care of me. The fourth

visitor at length cut in, and Temple, whose place he had taken, called me aside.

“Now Stukely,” said he, “return to college. You cannot afford at present to give them a fresh cause of complaint; you may get into trouble, and I should never forgive myself if I were the cause of it. It must not be. You shall see me to-morrow; take care of yourself.”

“This is indeed kind of you, Temple,” I replied, squeezing his hand; “you are a true friend.”

“I shall live to convince you that I am,” he answered, returning my grasp. “Good-night; never mind the men—they are very busy, and we have no ceremony here.”

I shook my considerate friend once more by the hand, and departed from the cottage. The night was very fair. The moon was up, and filled the earth with tranquil loveliness. The light of noon was shed abroad without the glare. It was a passionless day, and no night. A medicinal healing softness does the moonshine pour upon a wounded heart. I knew it, as I issued from beneath the cottage eaves; and very sad was I to think how soon the moon would disappear, and the harsh day return again! As I stepped from the doorway into the open road, the casement above my head was hastily thrown up. Turning towards it with a natural impulse, I beheld, stooping from the window, a young and handsome female. By the light that shone, her jet-black hair and ivory skin were



visible; just for one instant did I gaze, and then the form, observing me, withdrew. One hasty glance formed but a slight connexion with this moonlight vision; yet by this first and slender link had the great enemy secured my future misery and fall.

Daylight brought back the cares of day. Rising the following morning, my first concern was to ascertain the state of Deboos's health, and this was very satisfactory. My next to visit Easyman; he had received his *exeat*, and had gone to London! So also had all the men who had shared with me his hospitality. With this information, I turned to a more difficult task—a letter to my mother. Temple, during our pleasant walk on the preceding evening, had strongly enforced the necessity of writing home immediately, in order to secure myself against exposure, and to save my parents needless sorrow and alarm. The plan of future conduct which my new counsellor had marked out, may be partly gathered from the epistle which I forwarded. It was as follows:—

“Dearest Mother,—You will no doubt be surprised to hear that I have determined, subject to your permission, to remain in Cambridge during the long vacation. Your surprise will cease, however, when I inform you, that the scholarship of which you have heard so much will not be tried for until next commencement. They have allowed us longer time to read the subjects. Dearest mother, how I regret this

separation, you can guess. I am consoled, however, when I reflect that I am doing my duty. It is impossible to have the opportunities for reading at home which we find here; and there is no doubt that, by remaining up, I shall eventually secure what all of us have so much at heart. Who knows so well as you, that if I were allowed to follow my own inclination, I should not remain another hour absent from my home? Believe me,

Dearest Mother,

Your dutiful and loving son,

CALEB STUKELY.

*P. S.*—As the long vacation will be expensive, I should be grateful for a further remittance of fifty pounds.”

Such was the letter, advised by Mr Temple, written by myself. We are generally proud of our portraits. I turn away from mine with shame!

Villanous and full of lies, however, as this precious document undoubtedly is, let me have credit with the reader for the very small under-current of virtue that runs hidden from his view. When Temple suggested to me that my father might be grieved and vexed at my failure—my mother possibly rendered frantic if she heard of my critical position, anxiety for them melted me, and rendered me susceptible of any impression. When he told me that, in a few days, Deboos would be well, and no more heard of *that*;

that if I waited up, and read determinedly and hard, I should be sure to get the scholarship given to second year's men, which scholarship I could assure my honoured parents was the one they knew of; when he added, too, that in my case to speak the truth was vicious, I was prepared to write as I was taught: nor did I blush to do so, and to add, at *his* particular desire, the small request that figured in the postscript.

After the lapse of a few days the post brought down the sum required, and with it a long, loving letter, that would have saved me from the precipice on which I stood, but that a new and fatal fascination lured me onwards, and kept me spellbound till I should make the final leap, and plunge headlong to ruin. A second and a third time the same whist party met in Temple's rooms, and I was there, a mere spectator, as at first. Temple maintained a steady, considerate regard, offered me on all occasions a slight refreshment, and at an early hour insisted on my taking leave of him; so very much he feared that late hours would give offence at college, and he might be the cause of any trouble. Ever as I passed the cottage door, curiosity prompted me to gaze above, and catch another glimpse of the fair form—but the accident did not occur again. Once I asked Temple who the lady was. He answered me with a smile, and tapped me on the shoulder, "All in good time; you shall know by-and-by;" and then, with no good reason, I coloured up and looked ashamed.

At the end of a fortnight, Deboos was able to get about again. He had received a severe wound, and had greatly suffered from pain and loss of blood. I received justice from the good Shakspearian. His first business, after his recovery, was to wait upon the master, and to exonerate me from all share in the affray by which he had nearly lost his life. Neither his debility, nor the awful termination of his last quotations, prevented him from addressing the master in his usual strain.

“ I had rather,” he said, “ have this tongue cut from  
my mouth,

Than it should do offence to *Caleb Stukely* ;

Yet I persuade myself, to speak the truth

Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is, master.”

And, in his original fashion, he proceeded to explain the cause of quarrel, and Easyman’s violent aggression. Deboos’s heart was good, and in it he found something to quote even to excuse the man who had neither pity nor regard for him. He added,

“ More of this matter can I not report.

But men are men—the best sometimes forget,

And even in rage strike those that wish them best.”

Shortly after our visit to the master, I accompanied the worthy Deboos to the inn, from which he was about to set out on his way to his native town. He took his seat in the coach, and gave me his hand.

“ The men have acted vilely by you, Stukely, in this business. You have been a victim, and, upon my soul, I am sorry for you.”

“Don’t mention it,” I replied with *naïveté*. “I am grateful for what you have done for me.”

“Ah, Stukely,” he said, breaking out afresh,

“Thou art e’en as just a man  
As e’er my conversation coped withal.  
\* \* \* \* \* Thou hast been  
As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing.  
A man that fortune’s buffets and rewards  
Has ta’en with equal thanks;—and bless’d are those  
Whose”——

The speech was not finished. The coach started in the middle of it, and I heard Shakspeare from the lips of Mr Deboos for the last time. Upon the day that I received from the master permission to leave Cambridge, Temple strongly recommended me to take lodgings in the neighbourhood of his cottage. He believed that the purer air of the suburb would invigorate my constitution, and that the influences of the lovely situation would be highly favourable to the reading. Nothing could be kinder than the interest which he took in my welfare. What could be more friendly than this advice? I acted upon it with alacrity. Two rooms of moderate size, in a cottage that was attached to a farm-house, I selected for my residence. My books were removed from college. I placed them on the shelves with a cheerfulness that I had not known for many months. I felt my heart new opened. A determined desire to do well, that augured promisingly for my future peace of mind, gave a briskness to my movements, and a glad activity to my thoughts. Tem-

ple called upon me whilst I was thus employed, and his spirits were as elated as my own.

“This is comfortable indeed, Stukely. Ah, we shall make all right yet! A little relaxation and proper enjoyment, to recover you from the annoyances of the past, and then you will have strength for any thing.”

“I am resolved at least, Temple, to be wiser for the time to come. I have been very unfortunate; but if I have learned nothing from misfortune I deserve to suffer again. In the first place, I shall read no more with Cube. I am satisfied that he floored me! If I had read what he desired me to omit, and omitted what he advised me to read, I should have done better. It serves me right.”

“Not at all. It is the fault of the place. Every thing is done in excitement. I hate excitement. You may depend upon it, Cambridge life will always be disgusting until they learn to take things quietly. No man can live comfortably in a constant sweat.”

“And yet, Temple, how many men have become immortal under this very system!”

“You mean to say—in spite of it?”

“Ah me,” said I, pricked by my love of approbation, “what would I give to become a great man! It is worth something to be spoken of by all the world. But it will never be. I feel that I shall never do any good. The first failure has been a deathblow to me.”

“I don’t believe it.”



“And I hope not. But I can never read another page with confidence. And they say confidence is the parent of success.”

“Yes, as we should say at Newmarket, ‘Success, got by Confidence, out of Hard Labour.’ But when you have put your harness on again, and have spent a few pleasant evenings with us, you’ll have a different tale to tell. By the way, you’ll dine with us to-day? There will be nobody but my cousin, whom you have not yet seen. In the evening your old friends will amuse you with a rubber.”

“They are first-rate players, are they not?” said I.

“Yes, pretty fair. You are not asleep either. From an observation that you made the other night when Roberts passed my king, I guess that you would be a match for any one of them, You have no taste for the game, and I am glad of it. You have nobler sport before you.”

“If you really think I am able, I shouldn’t mind trying them this evening. Mind, just for one game.”

“As to your ability, I wish I was as sure of a living when I have taken my degree. You shall please yourself, provided that you play for love.”

“As to that, I shall not play high, but it wouldn’t do to interfere with the other men. Threepenny points will not ruin us. It is but for once. When I begin to work again, nothing, you know, must interfere with that. One night’s whist can’t ruin a man.”

Temple’s dinner-hour was four o’clock. Shortly

before that hour I had got my little rooms in order, and, as I surveyed them before my departure, I could not but congratulate myself on their genteel and scholastic look. Much reading did I mentally confer upon myself; and, in truth, more passionate love for my shelved friends did I never experience, than when I turned my back upon them and hastened from the house.

Arriving at the cottage, I opened the door, as was my custom, and walked up stairs. I entered Temple's neatly-furnished room, and beheld sitting at the table, alone, engaged in needlework, the very lady I had seen before partially, by moonlight, at the window. Confused by the unexpected sight, and riveted by her uncommon beauty and graceful form, it was a moment or two before I evinced my unwillingness to break upon her privacy, and my readiness to retire. She rose, however, to prevent me, and with a winning smile, and in a voice that seemed to overflow with melody, she begged me to remain.

"I came to Mr Temple, madam," I said, looking full upon her, and unable to withdraw the look; "I was not aware"——

The lady answered, "Oh, he will soon be here! Pray, be seated. Mr Stukely, I presume?"

I bowed.

"Mr Temple expects you. He is very late. Something has detained him." And she went to the window as if to look for him, and displayed a figure

such as I knew to exist in poets' fancies—and only there.

She closed the casement, and took her seat again. "I cannot see him. It is very unfortunate."

I *could* not think so. For I experienced all that mawkish awkwardness which the presence of lovely woman—so elegant and much at ease herself—invariably inspires in caged and colleged spirits; and I was glad to view, alone and unobserved, the charms that had so suddenly revealed themselves. The lady plied her needle, and kindly bent her head.

How the perception of my inferiority stung me to the quick, as I sat cowed and speechless before this gentle specimen of the weaker sex! What topic to introduce, what interesting subject to discuss, alas! I knew not. Many times my broad mouth opened and emitted air, and more than once I sent my eye abroad to catch an object that might afford me matter for a dozen words. Finding nothing, the orb too gladly fixed again upon the lady and her needlework.

The lady spoke at length, in pity or contempt.

"Are you fond of poetry, Mr Stukely?"

"Oh, very, madam! Are you a poet?"

"I scribble verses sometimes—not worth your reading."

"Perhaps you like mathematics better?"

"I might, if I understood them. Here is a volume of Cowper, my favourite bard. It may entertain you."

"If he is a favourite of yours," I said, with the recklessness of a man driven by a resistless force to say something good or bad, "I am sure he must be worth the reading. How is he for quantities?"

"He has written a very great deal, if you mean that," replied the lady; "but he never tires you. It is not like poetry," she continued, putting a volume into my hands, "it is all so natural and simple—so easy to be understood."

Had I dared, I would have begged her to point out the passages which she particularly approved; but the one brief hair-breadth touch of her alabaster fingers had taken away my speech. I longed for the time to come when I should return the book, and touch that hand again.

The volume contained the translation of the Iliad. My eyes swam convulsively over the page, but saw nothing except a fairy phantom of a narrow hand, with white and tapered fingers. "Yes, madam," I exclaimed mechanically, "it is very natural, and very easy to be understood."

"Are you an admirer of sketches, Mr Stukely?" enquired again the owner of the milkwhite hand.

"Above all things, madam."

"Oh, you are a sketcher, then!"

"Not in the least. But I hope you have some drawings to show me. I am sure you can draw and paint beautifully; that incomparable hand was made for it," I added, getting delirious.

“ I have a book here,” said the lady, not noticing the flattery, or whatever else she might deem it, and pointing to the handsomely-bound portfolio which I had often fingered through and through. “ I think you have seen it already.”

“ No, never madam, I can assure you.”

“ Here are one or two clever things by an artist, but the rest are mere scratches. This is very pretty now,” she exclaimed, putting her finger on a scene in somewhere.

“ Celestial !” I exclaimed, with reference to the finger.

“ And so is this”——and *so*——very soon we held the book between us. Now she turned over the leaves——now I. My face scorched rapidly, and my heart throbbed and sickened with, I knew not what—a painful enjoyment of the keenest pleasure never before experienced. My head bent over the book, no levers could have raised it, and I turned and turned the pages over immethodically, and almost blind. The black and glossy tresses of the lovely lady, as they streamed with the quick movements of her head, more than once assailed my cheek, and set it tingling with a wild timidity. Strangely confused, I put my hand near hers, by accident they touched, and then, from head to foot, my poor frame quivered.

Had not Temple’s footstep at this serious crisis brought me with balloon speed to the earth again, what would have happened next I cannot say. Per-

haps I should have fainted, or, more likely still, have thrown myself at the fair lady's feet, and vowed myself eternally her slave. The fiercest passion may be overcome more easily than is allowed. The fear of discovery, the shame of exposure, subdued me in an instant. I ceased to tremble, and began to think. Retiring a pace or two, I assumed an easy and artistic air, and was deep in the study of "a view in Venice," before Temple reached the door. I flattered myself that I was safe from his suspicion. The lady maintained her position with unaffected calmness, and criticised the compositions up to the very period of his entrance. I listened with undivided attention until she had uttered the last word, and not till then did I venture to return his friendly greeting.

Temple apologized for his unavoidable absence, and introduced me formally to his lady friend. "Stukely," he said, "you have never met my cousin before. Emma, this is my friend Stukely. Stukely, my cousin Emma"—and he smiled slightly, but peculiarly, as he introduced us. I should in all probability not have noticed this, had I not recollected immediately, that in the morning he had smiled in precisely the same manner when he invited me to meet his cousin at dinner. I was puzzled to guess his meaning. Did he wish to insinuate that I had made an interesting impression on the heart of his beauteous relative, upon the evening that she had caught so very partial a glimpse of my form and features? Verily I



believed that such was his design, and straightway I peeped into the looking-glass, and a countenance, radiant with complacency and conceit, was reflected from that faithful index.

We dined. Temple was in high spirits. But for myself, in spite of every attempt that I made at cheerfulness, and notwithstanding the help afforded by the wine—which wine, by the way, had already ceased to nauseate—I could not rise permanently from the slough of despondency into which the former excitement had effectually cast me. Heavy sighs escaped me at intervals. They would have been remarked by an observer infinitely less keen than James Temple.

“Come, come, Stukely, you must forget the past. Live for the future. All the grumbling in the world cannot alter what has happened. Take my word for it, you will do well next year.”

I permitted and encouraged his thoughts to flow in this channel.

“Fill your glass,” he continued; “and, Emma, you are taking nothing. What ails you both? Thank Heaven I have not lost *my* appetite.”

And to give proof of this he dived at once into a chicken. I took that opportunity to steal a look at Emma, just to observe her true condition. Her purpose was the same. Electric was the mutual glance. Our eyes met, and I blushed to the forehead. I loathed my food immediately, and eat no more. The

dinner ended. Temple, throughout its operation, had been fortunately too busy to note the reason of my uneasiness and confusion. Ever and anon, as often as he reposed from eating, (and he eat with an avidity and *gout* that were truly disgusting to me, who could taste nothing,) he would still make a passing remark upon the lowness of my spirits, but referring them always to a cause by which I was in no way affected.

Later in the evening, the four inseparables arrived to whist, and shortly before their appearance the lady had retired. I took part in the play, according to the previous arrangement, and became the partner of Temple. But the desire to exercise my skill, which had been so acute in the morning, had evaporated. Now that Emma was gone, I became restless, and wished to go too; the hours had passed so very quickly whilst she was present, and the minutes lagged so heavily in her absence. Once or twice the men played out their three cards, and looked to me to follow with the fourth; but the door having suddenly opened on these occasions, my eyes instantly bolted thither, and I forgot the cards, the players, and every other sublunary thing, with the exception of the lovely Emma, whom I expected incontinently to walk in. A servant-maid invariably destroyed the catalepsy:—Strange, that in spite of these interruptions, the men should have applauded my playing throughout! I rose from the table a loser to the extent of three pounds ten shillings.

It was on this eventful night that I became the subject of a mysterious phenomenon. *I was carried home through the air.* I have not the most shadowy recollection of walking upon the ground; nor had I that very night, when—perfectly sensible and sober, as far as drink is concerned—I put my feet into the bed, wondering how I got there. There I was at home, and certainly in my bed, but I had reached it with no species of physical exertion, without the smallest muscular energy, with no thought of active locomotion. I could call to memory no roads which I had passed, no paths that I had traversed. Invisible spirits had taken charge of my body, whilst my mind was bewildered and lost in an ecstatic reverie.

I had passed the day in a fitful fever, but “I did *not* sleep well.” I turned and tossed, dozed and started up. If I slept, I dreamt. If I kept awake, I dreamt. Were my eyes open, the image of Emma was fixed upon the retina; were my eyes shut, that image was vivid and distinct. Now I slumbered, with a conviction that I was wide awake and active. Now I looked about me, satisfied that I was fast asleep and dreaming. A deep sleep of about two hours, by which I was overcome late in the morning, saved me, perhaps, from madness. It quieted me wonderfully, inducing, when I awoke, a decided reaction, that might have lasted, if I could have kept in bed for ever afterwards, or fixed my thoughts for ever in their present healthy tone. My bedroom opened into the sitting parlour.

The door of the latter stood upon its hinges, and as I lay on my pillow, my books, all so cosily arranged, looked in, and cast upon me a silent and reproachful look. Instinctively, and more in sorrow than in anger, I turned my back upon them; but my good genius bade me turn again, and I surveyed them with a spirit chastened by their friendly admonition, "Yes!" I mentally exclaimed, "this look is providential. I will regard it. Dear friends, you call me back to duty; I will obey the summons."

I rose, I dressed myself. I took my breakfast, and then spread my books and papers on the small reading-table. I did not speak a word. The waiting servant-maid performed her work in silence, and seemed to feel that talking would not please me. It would now be difficult to describe the exact condition of my mind, if I were able to decide it. I know I was doggedly resolute—determined to read hard, and to permit no thought of *her* to rest upon my brain. I bit my lip, and frowned—deeming, perchance, personal severity to be needful for moral protection, and to secure fixity of purpose. Giving, in an austere voice, orders to deny me to all visitors, I locked the door, and thus, armed as it were to the teeth, I breathed more freely, and drew a chair to the table. For some minutes—it might be fifteen—I roamed over the printed page. I read it once, twice, thrice, again, again, and again, but I gathered no meaning—acquired no principles—imbibed no ideas. The words

and syllables passed before my eyes as they might have passed before the painted orbs of a blind automaton. What triumph for the imps of darkness, if they stood by and saw the arch-fiend steal away the spirit, leaving the carcass there, intent and studious ! What a yell of victory ! Yes, there I sat, staring vacantly, doltishly, upon the book, innocent that my mind was loose again, unchained, and far away, reveling in the luscious beauty I had sworn never to approach again. Such a state could not last. The fluttering of the soul, its flitting here and there, its great tumultuous joy, at length disturbed and shook the fleshly tabernacle. A sudden shock wakened the clod to life and sensibility, and then hot, scalding tears poured in a torrent down the unconscious book.

The Rubicon was passed, the mask had fallen. The hours for study had gone by for ever. I would make the vain attempt no more. *I could not live without the sight of her.*

It was with no rash or passionate step I walked once more towards her dwelling. With deliberate choice I sought her now. I knew the danger and the error. I felt a punishment would come, and I could meet it cheerfully. Thus intoxicated by the fascination, falsely and wildly at ease, I made the plunge. No threat, no entreaty, no fear, no human power, could have held me back.

For the following month I was a daily visitor at Temple's cottage. The mornings were passed in her



society. Whist was the usual occupation of the evening. I took no interest, had no pleasure, in the game; and the society of the men was heavy and oppressive. But my daily privilege was worth a greater sacrifice. The sums I lost—for I left the table always a loser—were, judged by my means, considerable; but I noticed the diminution of my funds with apathy, if not contentedly. My own little home had no attraction for me. I was wretched and restless if I sat in the quiet parlour for an instant. Every object, in one way or another, would attack my conscience. It was generally very late at night when I reached the farm-house, and then I went instantly to bed. No dark thoughts on these occasions rose to trouble or to check me. All was dazzling light. A sorcery bewitched me ever with a vision of the coming morrow. I anticipated the enjoyment again of her bright presence, and, in prefiguring that, I realized a present joy—a gush of pleasure—the more delicious and abiding because its fulness was yet incomplete. I rocked myself to sleep—not to forgetfulness—with blissful reminiscences of the winged day that had flown by. Her bashful smile crossed me in the darkness, as it had at noon. Her voice thrilled clearer in my ears. Her glossy ringlets danced more vividly before the shut-up lid. Once more we walked together in the garden-plot, whence, with her delicate white hand, she plucked the coloured flower that I hugged beneath my pillow. When I fell asleep at length, sleep only



painted the reality—raising the true unto the beautiful ideal.

The excitement in which I lived caused me to be unobservant of a fact, which, had I considered it at the time, must have called forth my wonder. Temple never spoke to me again on the subject of my reading, so anxious as he had been about it when he recommended me to rent the cottage. Our friendship warmed, our mutual confidence grew unlimited, our bearing ripened to affection; but we never recurred to the past, nor spoke of the future. More remarkable than this was his apparent ignorance of my state of mind. By no word or act did he once make it evident to me that he suspected the love which I bore for his fair relative. He did not remark the glaring neglect which I exhibited of every thing but her and her proceedings. He stood by unconcerned and silent, whilst to a stranger's eye there must have risen testimony and proof irrefragable of the raging fire that was consuming me.

Temple's favourite amusement, when the weather or any other thing kept him at home, was drawing, in which art he was certainly well skilled. He would often employ his pencil whilst Emma worked, and I read aloud. Her favourite, Cowper, was the book. Is it necessary for me to say that no other author pleased me half so well? I marked the poems she loved best, got them by heart, and rehearsed them at every opportunity. Often in my walks too and from

her cottage, repeating the verses aloud and passionately, I excited the stare and broad grin of senseless clodpoles, who argued from my behaviour that I was mad, and did not hesitate to tell me so. There was one short poem which had become my constant walking companion, but I had not yet read it to Emma. I selected an opportunity for this purpose. It was when Temple was busy with his pencil, and consequently not in a situation to remark the expressive looks by which I hoped to convey to her how closely the narrative corresponded with my own unhappy state. It was "*The Doves*." My great practice, and the profound attention I could always command, had flattered me into the belief that I was no common reader. I began with great solemnity, intending to increase the power as I went on.

THE DOVES.

"Reasoning at every step he treads,  
Man yet mistakes his way,  
While meaner things, whom instinct leads,  
Are rarely known to stray.  
One silent eve I wander'd forth,  
And heard the voice of love ;  
The turtle thus address'd her mate,  
And soothed the list'ning dove."

"Talking of doves," said Temple, interrupting me, and rubbing out a false stroke of the pencil; "do you mean to be at the pigeon-match to-morrow, Caleb?"

We had agreed, some time before, to call each other by the Christian name. With feelings very much

softened by the new friendship that I had formed, I replied, "I have no pleasure, James, in witnessing the agonies and death-struggles of innocent and unoffending birds."

"Just so," said he, "nor have I; and on that account we don't give the innocents time to struggle. But what will you do? Emma has a little business to transact in Chesterton, and nobody will be at home."

I had it upon the very tip of my tongue to say that I had a little business to transact in Chesterton too, but I could not summon courage to speak the lie. I looked at Emma instead, and permitted her to interpret, if she could, the purpose I immediately designed. A soft suffusion of her cheek spoke dictionaries. Temple continued,

"If you go, you stand a good chance of winning a little money. It will make up for past losses."

"You know, James, I never bet."

"What! not upon the trump card?"

"I mean except at whist."

"Well, follow your own inclination. It is my duty not to advise you. I should be truly miserable, Caleb, if I thought you lost your money in consequence of following my advice. It is a great comfort to feel, in whatever happens to our friends, that our own conscience stands clear and unaccused."

"Why, what can happen to me, James?"

"Oh! nothing at all in this instance; I speak generally. Had you not better finish the poem?"

I did so, sounding, as I proceeded, a touching love-lorn note, and fastening upon every syllable that alluded ever so distantly to my own condition, an emphasis that shook the words to pieces. My looks accompanied the accents; and with the aid of both, I thought it very hard if Emma could not be brought to understand that I was the dove, and she the turtle, so tenderly described in the melodious song. I became strikingly pathetic, as I concluded with an effort to bury the last words in her very soul.

“ But, oh ! if fickle and unchaste,  
    (*Forgive a transient thought,*)  
Thou could’st become unkind at last,  
    And scorn thy present lot—  
No need of lightning from on high,  
    Or kites with cruel beak,  
Denied the endearments of thine eye,  
    This widow’d heart would break.”

During this recitation, Temple had been desperately attentive to his drawing, and his head almost touched the paper, so strongly was it curved towards it. I had scarcely finished before he threw his pencil with some energy on the table, and burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.—I was surprised.

“ Excuse me, my dear Caleb. Upon my soul, I beg your pardon. It is horribly rude, and in shocking bad taste. But I couldn’t help it. It was such a queer idea. It just occurred to me what a devilish good Methodist parson you would make.”

The sight is not so easily offended as the hearing, or

else the eye is bolder than the tongue; for it will be allowed by all, that before modesty herself we may look at what we dare not prate about. There are objects, the slightest oral allusion to which would justify a sentence of relegation, upon which we may openly gaze uncensured and undisturbed. Further than this: the eye may *talk* when the mouth must hush, and surely it is a merciful consideration that has supplied the former with the faculty of speech, when the latter is closed by prudence or by fear. I had now known Emma Fitzjones three months. At the earliest moment of our interview, I had fallen beneath the aggression of her beauty. My love grew in proportion to the quickness with which it was at first called forth. It increased by what it fed on. I had long ceased to be master of my actions—of myself. Absorbed in her existence, I had no happiness excluded from her presence, no *real* joy but in feasting on her charms. More than any thing else, I desired to tell her so, to acquaint her with the strength and depth of my passion, and to implore her to requite my true affection—to exchange her maiden love for mine. Many opportunities I had to make this interesting communication; but I might have been dumb for any help my tongue afforded me. It would not budge. Every attempt I made to disburden my poor overloaded heart, threatened me with suffocation—the words stuck in my throat, so sure as I called them there for utterance. In this extremity, for the same

reason that the blind man applies to his sense of touch, I invoked the assistance of my eyes, and eloquent I am sure they were, if they delivered half that my flurried soul conveyed to them. I hoped, believed, felt that I was understood. Still one syllable would have made assurance doubly sure, and, till it was spoken, I was virtually as much separated from my prize as on the evening when I caught the first half glimpse of it, ignorant and careless of the value of the treasure that had lighted on my path. Determined to make a confession, satisfied that I should be able to do no such thing—alternately courageous as a lion, and shy and fearful as a lamb—on the morning subsequent to the above scene, I planted myself in a narrow lane, through which I knew she must walk on her way to Chesterton.

It was a brisk, autumnal morning—bright, and love-inspiring. The neighbourhood of Cambridge, it must be confessed, has very little interest in the picturesque. Those mighty smallnesses, the Gog-magog excrescences, in spite of the pardonable and fond pride of the ambitious native, who would fain believe them mountains, look painfully ridiculous on the sensible horizon, as they rise there an inch or two higher than the broad and barren level. Green lanes are few, the sweet sequestered spots are none. The far-renowned Cam herself, save where she winds with unobtrusive and scholastic grace, ripply and clear, beside some grassy college plain—what is she but a slice of muddied



Thames, cut on a windy day, and at its ugliest turn, and fixed between her own two aguish banks of dripping rushes? The sun, this fair autumnal morning, shone upon nature in her lowliest attire, and still my throbbing heart, tuned to sympathy by love, looked from within, and saw all things beautiful. With what a show of loveliness can the source of light, and the source of all human joy, deck and enliven the meanest spot of earth! It was a buoyant day—one that, as it passes, we would gladly cling to, or keep back—a cheerful and a cheering day. Ah! I have known many such, in seasons, too, of trial and of anguish, and they have stanchèd the tear, and eased the brain, and drawn with silken force the soul from evil thoughts to thoughts of kindliness and love. Ah! thrice blessed giver of light and warmth! Surely it was upon a ray of sunny light that the illuminated thought of immortality first streamed into the savage mind!

At an early hour I took up my position. I was sure that I should see her. She had not told me so; but a conviction, more satisfying than mere words, supported my belief—a conviction born of indistinct, impalpable declarations; a thousand evident nothings, from which I flattered myself not only into a certainty of our present meeting, but into a gratifying belief that I had already won her virgin young affections. I must have presented a strange spectacle to an attentive observer, had such a one been present. I was ashamed to be found by her *watching* for her appearance. I

desired rather to suggest the idea that chance had brought us at the same time to the spot. With this deliberate view, I marched to the extreme end of the lane, turned the angle of it, and took my body out of sight. With my head peeping round the corner, I marked the entrance into the street of every female figure. Did any one assume the most remote likeness to the lady I expected, in an instant I was out, advancing towards her with my quickest, busiest step. Many blue bonnets, and many grey pelisses, doomed me to disappointment, and sent me, drooping, back again. For two good hours had I been “a wakeful sentry, and on duty now,” when a form, difficult indeed to be mistaken, tripped into the lane. Flushed and confused, I hurried from the point of observation, and staggered towards it—I was at Emma’s side.

We stopped, we blushed, and spoke. I made a puerile remark, to which she gave some answer, and then moved gently on. I turned to go in such good company. Oh ! she would not think of that—she could not take me back again. I was growing a sad inventor. With brazen audacity, albeit with a weak and faltering voice, I said that I was walking forward when the sight of her had stopped me in my progress. Did she suppose, I marvel, that I had eyes behind as well as eyes before ?

How shall I narrate the whole of a conversation which was forgotten an hour after it took place, or which, more properly to speak, never was remembered ?

We walked on. For the first time I had possession of her arm. I held it at a modest distance, and scarcely felt its fairy weight. Proud as a monarch was I of my prize! As we proceeded, the sensible burden became distinct and undeniable, and my heart grew bolder. A tender pressure, hardly intended, conceived and executed like a flash, suspended me in keen and dreadful doubt. It did NOT offend. I gloried in triumphant love. Still we proceeded, and the arm I gathered in a closer fold, and constrained with gentlest might. We reached the water side. Upon the bank we strolled, silent and overpowered. Her arm had fallen, and our hands were clasped. Oh, for a word to speak, to utter, and relieve my full and parching throat! I raised the hand—that fair and milkwhite hand—I kissed and seared it with my burning tears.

“Emma, Emma!” I cried, the awakened water-drops still pouring down my boyish cheeks, “do you love me? Say you do! Let me hear you say it!”

Her head fell upon my shoulder, and the beautiful black hair, released from its imprisonment, flowed loosely to her shoulders. I kissed her coral lips. “Tell me, Emma, that you love me. Say that you would give up every thing for me. I could die for you. I cannot live without you. Tell me, dearest Emma, could you be happy all your days with a poor clergyman for your partner? Oh, I could be steeped in poverty with you, and still be rich! Speak, speak,

to me, dearest Emma !” She pressed my hand. I was answered, and was happy.

How, upon our road homeward, we chatted about flowers and birds, and every beauteous thing of life ! How suddenly unreserved did we become ! How very much she was pleased with objects that afforded me delight, and how interesting to me was every little matter that had a share in her esteem ! How strange, how thrilling, how delicious, was this young excitement ! How curious in its effects, especially in driving from my mind all thought of “honoured parents,” and from the recollection of my Emma the little business that she had to do in Chesterton !

I had eaten nothing throughout the day. Before seeing Emma, I could as easily have committed murder as swallowed food. The thought of it was more than sufficient. The idea, however, lost much of its grossness when, in the evening, my appetite, no longer encumbered with the doubts and anxieties, the fears and hopes, of an undeclared passion, asserted its natural and long-established claims. I eat heartily, and fortified the patient stomach with draughts of wine, that well repaid it for its previous fast. Stimulated to a high degree—my animal spirits within a hair of spoiling my better judgment—mercurial and bold, I sprang, at the close of dinner, from my own fireside, and flew to Temple’s favourite cottage. I was engaged to take a hand at the eternal whist-table. The three visitors and Temple were assembled. They

looked, all of them, awfully savage. Temple's gun, or eye, or hand, had failed him in the morning, and he and his backers had lost considerably. They were very spiteful, and recriminations and sour bandyings passed amongst them with a very faint reserve. My elation was all the stronger for the contrast. Mr Roberts, one of the gentlemen, the most ill-natured of the lot, affected to believe that I was laughing because he was grave; and more than once, in addressing me, he bordered on the offensive and the personal. I was in no humour for quarreling, and I laughed the more. When the men ceased to upbraid one another, and had talked their spleen clean out, they sat down to their usual game, but not with their usual grace. After two rubbers, I cut in. I was the opponent of Mr Roberts, and on this occasion I had a wicked desire to beat him; not for the sake of his money—I had already parted freely with too much of my own to have any keen coveting for that—it was his obstinate peevishness that I thought to irritate, his discontented temper that I wished to gall. I was not prepared for the advantage of attack which he shortly offered. I played with more than ordinary attention, or, more properly to speak, I played *with* attention. I had never done so until this evening, nor should I now, if my existing relation with Emma had not put me entirely at ease. I marked the playing well. It was the lead of Roberts's partner. I studied my own hand closely; but in the very act my

eye was directed, I knew not by what incitement, to my adversary's movements. Judge my surprise when I beheld Roberts secretly displaying the front of his cards to his partner; and making signs with his fingers respecting them. He was as cool and collected as though he could not conceive the possibility of detection. He observed me, reversed the position of his cards, and said nothing. Fired by the wine, roused by the fraud, I placed my cards upon the table, and impeached him without hesitation.

"Roberts," I exclaimed, "you are a cheat! You have robbed me of every farthing that you have pretended to win."

Roberts turned pale; but asked me very quietly what I meant. Temple was astonished, and likewise called upon me for an explanation. I gave it, and he received the accusation with incredulity. He would not, he could not believe it. I must be mistaken. I was excited. I had drunk too much wine; it had got the better of me. He had known Roberts for years; he was *honour* itself, and, more than that, was one of his—Temple's—dearest friends. I had made a great mistake, and must certainly apologize. I was sure that I had made no mistake, and I reiterated the charge more warmly, and with greater vehemence. The cards were thrown up, and we all rose from the table.

"Caleb," said Temple, "you are very much to blame. However, I shall not permit either of you to



leave this room until the matter is cleared up. You have brought a serious charge against my friend. You are too hasty, and don't understand the usages of society. This is a shocking breach of good manners, and you must learn to behave better, or you'll get into trouble. I don't know what strange delusion you are labouring under; but I will take my oath that Roberts is as innocent of any desire to cheat you as I am. He must have been mad if he had been so barefaced."

"Mad, or rogue, Temple," I answered, nettled by the partiality which he exhibited for Roberts, "he did it, and I tell him so to his teeth."

"You are a liar!" replied the unreserved Roberts.

"I say this will not do," said Temple, interposing. "You shall not brawl here. Stukely, I request you at once to make an apology."

"*Honour itself*" sidled up to me, manifestly expecting my compliance.

"Temple, I can't, I won't. The apology, if apology could meet the case, should come from him. I will swear to the truth of what I assert, and I will not be bullied."

"Come, come, Stukely," said Temple seriously, "I shall not allow this language; we have been good friends, and I hope we shall remain so. Therefore, hold a rein upon your tongue. I never permit strong expressions, even in jest. It is difficult to draw a line

when the bounds of propriety are broken down. You understand me?"

"Why do you persist, Temple, in believing his statement rather than mine?"

"Why do you persist in believing your own heated imagination in preference to your cool reason? Does it stand to *reason*, that before your very eyes he would commit himself? Now, Berry," he said, turning to Roberts's partner, "you are a gentleman." (Berry blushed.) "You would not submit to the disgrace of telling a lie. I appeal to you. You must have seen Roberts if he did this. I call upon you, in the name of our long friendship, to speak the truth. Is there any foundation for this charge? Answer me upon your honour as a gentleman."

Berry blushed again, but not so deeply as before. At last, without blushing at all, he replied—"Upon my honour as a gentleman, Mr Stukely is quite in the wrong."

"There!" said Roberts, opening his eyes and elevating his eyebrows after the fashion of innocent and injured individuals.

"There!" echoed Temple, "what would you have more?"

Believing that I could not have less in the way of satisfaction, I took my hat, and, without another word, made my way to the door. Temple followed me.

“Stukely,” said he, “you are not in a condition to be reasoned with to-night.”

“Temple,” I replied, “you are mistaken. I never was cooler in my life—never more sober. You will find me no easier to be dealt with, in regard to this business, to-morrow, or the next day, or this day twelvemonth. I could not be deceived. I saw Roberts communicating with Berry, with or without Berry’s consent, for I hadn’t time to fix *him*. I have always lost with Roberts; indeed, I have never won at your table—the reason why is now clear. Mind, I accuse no one but him. I have no right to do so; but he is a sneaking blackguard, and I will tell him so again. Do I talk as if I were drunk?”

“You certainly do not talk as though you were sober. You have spoken a word or two, Stukely, that I must call to your memory to-morrow. I am certain that you will be too glad to make every reparation for the insult you have offered, not only to Roberts, but, by implication, even to me. I will not take advantage of you now. I will speak to you after a night’s sleep, and if you are then prepared to tell the same story, and to take the consequences, rest assured that no difficulty shall be put in your way. Good-night.”

It was a frosty evening. There are some thoughts that protect the inner man from all external chills. Mine were not of that character. Even the prominent image of Emma receded before the contemplation of a duel, or a set of duels, into which I beheld myself on

the point of being trapped. It was no agreeable vista; but I saw no honourable way of escape, if the alternative were forced upon me. One thing was certain—I would be fooled no longer, whatever might be the consequence. If it were necessary to establish my position at the muzzle of a pistol, better to run the risk, better be shot at once, than have no peace of mind—than be made the butt and sport of every knave and trickster. Emma would love me surely not the less that I had asserted my manhood, and maintained its rights. Was it not due to her that there should be nothing contemptible and cowardly in the man whom she had honoured by her choice?

How quick is thought! Restless and mysterious operation! How it leaps from pole to pole, and touches in an instant all the various chords with which the human heart is strung—eliciting now celestial harmony, and now discordant jangling notes of earth! In a moment—oh, how well do I remember it!—I had reached my cottage gate—in a moment every high and lofty fancy was disturbed! My mother's words, as she sat at my bedside on the last evening, rang in my ears, and started up a train of bitterest reflection. One true friend, to have whispered one true word, would have drawn me from the mesh that had entangled me. None was near, and I was left to the protection of a seduced conscience. Maddened by the conviction of my disloyalty, by the view of my true situation, which blazed for a brief interval before my reason, as if light from

heaven had placed it there, the finest thread would have forced me back to peace and happiness—no saving hand might help me. I lived to learn that when we *will* betray ourselves we shall, and though the door of refuge stands gaping in our front, we rather turn aside, and, with deliberation, pass into perdition.

As I took my breakfast on the following morning, revolving in my mind the liabilities of the day, I was disturbed by the arrival of a visitor. A young lady entered my apartment at the same instant that a maid-servant announced her. It was Emma—in great trouble and distress. Her eyes, red from weeping, were still suffused with tears.

As soon as we were left together, I ran to her side.

“What is the matter?” I asked in great alarm.

“O, Mr Stukely!” replied the lady, indulging in a fresh burst of tears, “what is it you have done? You have rendered me the most miserable of women. Why, oh why, did you call forth an interest in this aching heart, to surround and agitate it so soon with terror and alarm?”

“Dearest Miss Fitzjones, I implore you to compose yourself. I really don’t know what you mean.” Emma would not compose herself, and I was rendered very uncomfortable.

“Mr Stukely,” she continued, “do not disguise the matter. I have heard it all. You have quarrelled with Mr Roberts, that desperate man, and he has challenged you, or is about to challenge you, to fight.”

“ Well, what can I do, Emma ? ” I replied. “ If he challenges me, I suppose I must meet him. I don’t know much about these affairs, but I believe that is the usual course.”

“ Do not talk so, Mr Stukely. You wish to break my heart.”

I seized her hand, and imprinted on it an ardent kiss, in order to assure her that I wished no such thing.

“ Believe me, dearest, dearest Emma, I would lay down my life to serve you. Advise me in this business. What ought I to do ? What shall I do to dry those tears, and make you happy ? ”

“ Why did you quarrel with him ? ”

“ Because the rascal cheated me.”

“ Are you sure of it ? Is it impossible for you to have erred ? ”

“ Ah ! I see, Emma. Your cousin has told you that I am in the wrong. He did not behave well to me last night.”

“ Mr Stukely,” said Emma, colouring slightly—  
“ do not, I beseech you, call Mr Temple my cousin any longer.”

“ Has he ceased to deserve the title ? ” I enquired.

“ Ah ! Mr Stukely, mine is a history that would move a heart of stone to pity. One day you may hear it. You may deem me then less worthy of your love—not less an object of your sympathy and compassion.”



“Miss Fitzjones,” I replied, moved by her melancholy tone, “I have read of such cases. I can partly guess your cause of sorrow. You have been left to the charge of your relative, and you have not experienced the brotherly affection which your dying parents looked for with confidence at his hands. Possibly he has dissipated your fortune, your little substance. Ah! Emma, you do not know me. You cannot know the intensity of my passion, if you deem that I shall love you the less because I take you penniless. The time may not be distant when a husband’s love shall make amends for all.”

“Let us change the subject,” said Emma, drying her tears. “I wish to spare you from these men. Are you morally certain that there was ground last night for your suspicion?”

“I will swear it.”

“And will you not retract your words?”

“No, Emma—not until you bid me.”

“Then, dear Mr Stukely, I do bid and entreat you. You must not run into this dreadful danger. You might have been—I do not say you were—mistaken. Is it right to sacrifice a life upon such a doubt? And a life will be sacrificed—for Roberts and all those men are deadly shots. If he were to kill you—if blood”——

The lady could not proceed. Her apprehension dissolved in tears—and her tears choked her utterance. She sobbed in my arms.

“Dearest maiden,” I exclaimed, whilst I pressed

her to my bosom, "let me be worthy of this noble heart!"

And then the door slammed open—and James Temple rushed in—his face pale, his lips frothy with rage.

He cried out, running up to me at the same time, with his fists clenched. "Accursed betrayer! Double, double villain!"

I held the furious man at arm's length, and Emma Fitzjones screamed out and fainted.

"What do you mean, Temple?" I asked in great affright.

"What!" answered he. "What! do you ask me what? Look at the partner of your guilt. Is this your boasted friendship? This your honour? This your simple-mindedness? Oh! what an adder have I nourished in my bosom!"

"Temple, be not mistaken. It will be well with you if your conscience stands as free as mine is now in all that touches that young lady. Look into your heart. Ask it how it has performed the duties that your relationship, your tie of blood imposed upon you? Whence do those tears flow but from your neglect—her cousin's cruelty?"

The lady recovered—raised herself from the chair—tottered across the room, and vanished.

"Why is she here, you smooth-faced hypocrite?"

"I am not bound to answer that. I am no hypocrite. In due time, I should have told you all. My purpose was honourable—I have no reason to blush

for the feelings which I this moment entertain for your fair cousin."

"My fair *COUSIN*? Stukely, you play your part naturally, and yet not well enough. You cannot impose upon me by this deep game. My fair cousin! Cousin! oh, most plausible villain!"

"Yes, cousin; is she not?"

"No man, Stukely, unless he were lost to all principle and manly feeling, would stoop to this behaviour. I ask you one question. Would you have me think you an ass, an idiot, a dolt, a fool? Are you a child in leading-strings? What are you? My *cousin*! Oh! you are very simple, or very keen."

"Is she not your cousin?"

"No!" roared Temple, in a voice of thunder.

"Why have you led me to believe, then, that she was? Why have you called her cousin?"

"No, Stukely, this will not do. It is very convenient to be thought a greenhorn at times; but you may presume upon your credit, and then the trick smells. A boy of twelve years would have no excuse for shutting his eyes against conviction. The fact stared you in the face. You have known—it is useless for you to deny it—you have had a hundred opportunities of remarking the delicate connexion that existed between that lady and myself. You have taken advantage of our intimacy to seduce her affections. You have poisoned her mind. You have violated the rights of hospitality. I received you as a friend and

a brother—you have repaid me like a midnight assassin.”

I was about to reply, but he stopped me.

“I want no explanation—no words. There are offences so black, so heinous, that no satisfaction can meet them. I ask no satisfaction. You are below my consideration. Had the lady been my wife I would have winged you. In that case I would have honoured you with a bullet. I will not now enable you to be called a gentleman by placing myself in the condition of your adversary. I repudiate and scorn you. Take the lady, and may she find in you a warm and faithful friend.” He paused for a second, and then continued—

“One word more before I leave your hateful presence. I came on Roberts’s business. After what has happened, I promise you that he will treat your paltry accusation with all the seriousness it merits. Both it and you he thoroughly despises. There is but one step more in baseness and depravity. Take it, and crown your villany. Desert and throw upon the world the poor and credulous object of your designs. You have ripened the seeds of corruption in her heart—laugh at her—turn her adrift—and let her reap the fruit in misery and prostitution.”

Mr Temple said no more. He departed: and I stood horrified and aghast. A cold perspiration hung about me, and the earth seemed rapidly to sink. I paced the room to save myself from falling.

I repeated his words—oh, what dreadful words to

use to me ! Surely, surely, I did not deserve them ! I endeavoured to gather together all the past. I vowed, if I could discover any thing to justify this terrible abuse, he should have the benefit of that discovery ; and I would on my knees demand permission to explain away his false suspicions. If not, I felt I could not bear to live without some satisfaction for this tremendous insult.

“ What opportunities have I had,” I asked myself, “ to notice this accursed connexion ? None—no, not one.” But I remembered, all at once, the smiles and half expressions which had escaped him when he mentioned Emma’s name, or referred in an especial manner to his *cousin*. These hints, which I had invariably taken as flattering intimations of her regard for me, were evidently intended to warn me of her character. Other little matters—trifling, scarcely worth noticing—corroborated this idea as soon as the idea was started—and I was carried to the verge of madness. I could not reproach Temple. I pitied him—and cursed myself. I had indeed been a child, a fool, an idiot, it was too true ; but no villain—no betrayer. Blinded I had been by passion—ignorant beyond excuse ; but I was free, thank God, from criminal attaint ! In the broad day I could assert and prove my innocence. What should prevent me ? Spurred by the consciousness of unstained integrity, I rushed from my dwelling to Temple’s cottage. I reached it quickly—the dese-

erated temple—alas, how different did it look ! Robbed of its beauty by some fell enchantment ! My heart failed me as my trembling foot ascended the accustomed stair. Should she be there ? I could not look upon her with an unkind eye—I could not meet her with an unblushing cheek ! Stung and emboldened by Temple's hideous charge—I crushed my fears, and every thought of tenderness—and walked boldly on. I entered the apartment ; and there alone, weeping bitterly, sat Emma. I glanced around for Temple, then hesitated—stopped. What should I do ? She did not raise her eyes—she knew that I was present—her sobs grew louder. My heart pleaded wildly for the helpless woman, and I could not reason with that treacherous heart. It softened and subdued me. Oh, I loved her still—passionately, dearly loved her—loved as I could never love again !

“ Emma,” I said, “ tell me, where is Temple ? ”

“ Gone ! ” she replied, without moving. “ Gone for ever ! ”

“ What, left the university ? ”

“ Yes,” she answered—her eyes still fixed upon the earth.

“ Emma,”—I exclaimed, with an instinct of alarm—“ May God bless you, and forgive me. Farewell ! ”

I had summoned resolution to be virtuous. I departed. As I descended, I heard a loud and fearful



woman's scream, and at the same time a heavy fall—I ran back with the greatest speed. The poor girl had fainted. I raised her from the ground—she breathed hard—and bled profusely from a wound she had received in falling. She was once more in my quivering arms !

## PART IV.

## FIRST LOVE.

Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,  
 August her deed, and sacred be her fame;  
 Before true passion all those views remove;  
 Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to love?

• • • • •

Oh, happy state! when souls each other draw,  
 When love is liberty, and nature, law.

*Pope.*

ONCE upon the inclined road of error, and there is no swiftness so tremendous as that with which we dash adown the plane, no insensibility so obstinate as that which fastens on us through the quick descent. The start once made, and there is neither stopping nor waking until the last and lowest depth is sounded. Our natural fears and promptings become hushed with the first impetus, and we are lost to every thing but the delusive tones of sin, which only cheat the senses and make our misery harmonious. Farewell all opportunities of escape—the strivings of conscience—the faithful whisperings of shame, which served us even as we stood trembling at the fatal point! Fare-

well the holy power of virtue, which made foul things look hideous, and good things lovely, and kept a guard about our hearts to welcome beauty and frighten off deformity ! Farewell integrity—joy—rest—and happiness !

I commence this period of my history with the avowal that Emma Fitzjones became my acknowledged mistress—I, Caleb Stukely, that lady's acknowledged protector. I was conquered by her direct appeals and my own oblique notions of justice. Could I desert the unfortunate being who had become a castaway through my blindness and passionate importunity ; who had gladly sacrificed home and subsistence when she responded to the ardent affection which I had poured into her womanish and sensitive heart ? These questions, differently expressed perhaps, she asked wildly and imploringly, when, more than once, I tore myself in sad confusion and perplexity from her fascinating presence. Then the prophecy of Temple, that I should throw the erring Emma upon a cruel world, tingled in my ears, not the less dreadfully in consequence of a threat of self-destruction which she calmly uttered, and whose fulfilment she bade me instantly expect, if I deserted her. She clung to me, hung upon my arm, and, looking up, pierced me with her full black eye. I could not conceal from her that it was difficult to disobey the natural wishes of a young and beating heart. But then the guilt ! Alas, alas ! the sense of guilt was fee'd and bribed away almost before

it rose against me. Emma accompanied me to the farm-house.

He who is delighted with "*small profit and quick returns*," will assuredly find his account in the pursuit of unlawful pleasure. We had lived together in our snug but guilty habitation for about twenty-four hours, when the immediate consequences of my rash step were brought boldly before us. It was evening ; a cold and cheerless one. The snow was falling heavily without, and our chairs were drawn close to the comfortable fire. Bewildered as I was by the strangeness of my new character, I was yet proud of my possession. Her beautiful black eyes still dwelt upon me with a fond expression, and she smiled bewitchingly as she patted my hand, now held confidently in her own. The susceptible mind ever contrasts the external inclemency with its own merciful enjoyments. The snow dropped in large flakes against the window, and I spoke with lively gratitude.

"How thankful we ought to be, dear Emma, for being housed on such a night as this ! Many a poor deserving creature is without a roof to-night, to shelter him from the pelting snow ! This cheerful fire, too ! What a blessed thing it is, is it not ?"

"It is indeed," said she, drawing her chair still nearer to mine, and snuggling very close.

"I never can look upon wintry weather, Emma, without a dread of losing all my friends. It is very strange, but it has always been so, and I cannot help

it. I do not know how other persons feel ; but on a dreary snowy day like this, I fairly tremble with the fear of being left at last desolate and friendless in the world. We seem to want more sympathy from one another when the elements become our enemies."

" But is it not the same in summer ? "

" No, dear. Love abounds in summer. A thousand voices speak to us beneath a summer sky. All things cheer and animate us. In the midst of so much life, I could live alone, at least I think so now, blithe, social, and contented, without one human friend."

" What ! without one ? " asked Emma, archly looking up, touching my cheek in playfulness. .

" Did I say without one ? I meant *with* one—one only, Emma."

But the tenderest dalliance, even on a winter's evening, and by a sea-coal fire, will not supply the place of tea. I rang the bell, and then we chatted on.

" And how do you like the cottage, Emma ? You will make the old rooms look very pretty, will you not ? How these neat flower-pots charmed me when I first saw them ! Ah me ! "

" Did you really like them ? "

" Oh, exceedingly ! You will teach me to make them, and I shall be an apt scholar." And then I pulled the bell again.

" You will find the people here, my dear Emma, most attentive and kind. Mrs Bates is such a simple-

mind, motherly person ! It is quite an amusement to listen to her quaint manner. She will make you very happy, I am sure. We shall both be very happy—always—shall we not ?”

“ If you cease to love me, Caleb, shall I be happy then ?”

“ Oh, bless you, that can never be !” and I kissed her hand to convince her of the impossibility. “ Do you believe, Emma, that lovers are born for one another, or that they come together by chance ?”

“ I believe that it is not possible to determine.”

“ It would be a great satisfaction, though, if we knew we couldn’t help ourselves. Nobody could blame us then”——

Emma sighed, and trifled with the corners of her handkerchief. I stopped short, and pulled the bell again with great rapidity.

“ Dear me ! Why don’t they answer ?”

I was very soon answered. After a short interval I pulled the rope more violently than ever, and, whilst the bell was still sounding, Mrs Bates herself walked in.

“ Why, Mrs Bates,” said I, with a familiar smile, offered as a set-off to the clamorous ringing, “ I thought you were all dead.”

The expression of Mrs Bates’s countenance was any thing but simple or maternal. She had evidently walked in wound up for mischief. I gathered as much at a glance. She stood at the door, and holding the



handle for protection or support, there waited my commands with a frowning silence. I tried the soothing system.

“ Won’t you walk in, Mr Bates ? ”

“ Mr Stukely,” replied the landlady without any further hesitation, “ you will please to leave my house to-morrow morning. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you ought, you wicked man ; for you *are* a man, and no gentleman, I can tell you.”

I began to perspire again. Here was the old story. Every body felt that he had a right to insult me. I was contemptible in the eyes of the lowest. Scarcely could I recover from one assault before another knocked me down again. There was no repose. What must Emma think ? and what could I say in reply to this attack but——

“ Mrs Bates, you forget yourself.”

“ I wonder you don’t blush, Mr Stukely,” continued the woman, “ for treating a widow in this way. I have children of my own, sir.”

“ Yes, Mrs Bates, I am aware of it, two very amiable little girls.”

“ And a pretty example you are setting them, too, by bringing that creature into the house ! The owdacious, impudent hussy ! Oh, you woman ! ”

“ Mrs Bates,” I said, feeling very dry in the mouth, and getting flurried, “ what do you mean by *woman* ? ”

“ A pretty pair you are,” proceeded the artless Mrs

Bates, "to ring a virtuous woman's bell in this fashion. Nobody answers it here, I can assure you. For twenty years I have let lodgings, and all that time I have trusted in the Lord, and never did such a thing as this happen to me. As true as I am here, if it didn't snow as it does, you should both of you pack this blessed night. It was well for you, ma'am, I wasn't at home yesterday when you arrived, for I would have slapped the door in your face, as sure as my name's Bates. You nasty sluts are the cause of half the misery in the world. I'd give something to know how many men you have brought to the dogs before you took up with this poor young man."

Emma raised herself from the chair, and her eyes flashed fire. She attempted to speak, but she sat down again, and fell a-weeping.

"Mrs Bates," said I, ready to cry myself, "I'll thank you for my little bill."

"Ah, you may cry," she continued, still addressing Emma, "you are, all of you, ready enough to do that. It is I who ought to cry, to think that my house should be turned into a French caravansary! If I knew where your mother lived, as sure as your name's Stukely, she should hear what kind of company you have taken to. This is the second and last night that either of you sleep under this roof, and if you don't think proper to budge, we'll see what they can do at your college to make you. Yes, you deceitful crying cretur, you sha'n't go on with none of your wicked-

ness here. Why don't you go to service like an honest woman, and work for your bread as you ought?"

Emma shook her head, as it seemed to me, in agony.

"You needn't nod your dickey at me, ma'am. It would be much more becoming if you cut them flaunting curls off. But that wouldn't do for your victims, I reckon. It's all very fine for you to dress up and strut about in silks and satins, but you'll find nobody here to dance after your tail. My daughters are members of a congregation, and I should like to catch e'er a one of 'em demeaning themselves with a strumpet. Whatever you want to-night, you'll just get for yourselves, mind that, and the minute you have had your breakfast to-morrow, *march* is the word. Cry! Yes, cry yourself honest and virtuous, and you'll do yourself some good."

And so saying, Mrs Bates walked off, slamming the door, and mumbling as she went about the uselessness of communicating with her any longer by means of the bell. I could say nothing to any good purpose, and therefore held my tongue. Emma rose, and drying her tears, said, in a convulsive whisper,

"Let us leave this house at once."

"No, no," I answered, "we can't to-night, dear Emma — it's out of the question. Wait patiently until to-morrow, and I'll easily get lodgings elsewhere. What could we do in such a night as this? Hark at the wind!"

“Do you hate me, Stukely?”

“Oh! Emma, don’t madden me by asking the question. What a horrible person that Mrs Bates is! How I have mistaken her character! Don’t be unhappy, there’s a dear creature. Think of something else. This is certainly very unfortunate. Dear me! But you must have your tea; that will refresh you.” [I was about to ring the bell again.] “Oh, that’s of no use! Stay. I’ll go down-stairs myself;” and so I did. I proceeded to the kitchen, where sat Mistress Bates, the servant, and the two daughters, members of a congregation. I entered it unassumingly enough, but the moment I appeared, Mrs Bates, who was reading aloud to the rest, closed her book, turned her face to the fire, and her back upon me. The others followed her example. I walked like an outcast to the grate, took my kettle, and carried it into the parlour. I returned, got possession of a teaboard, filled it with the implements of tea, and departed as modestly as before. As I ascended the stairs my ear was arrested by the voice of Mrs Bates. She had opened the book again. I caught her first words—“*And behold there met him a woman in the attire of an harlot, and subtle of heart.*” I waited for no more.

Cheerless and sad was the remainder of this evening. We referred little to Mrs Bates, and not at all to the native eloquence which she had displayed; but the latter had left upon us both a miserable weight, difficult indeed to throw away. In battles of the tongue,

what an advantage does virtue give the combatant, or the known want of it in his opponent. Weak in all other things, let him be strong in *this*, and wealth, honours, knowledge, worldly condition, all yield to him in the conflict. They bend, succumb, and bow in spite, and by the very power of the sign he carries in his front. How had this vulgar woman crushed and humbled us ! How had she hurled us from our social seat into the depths beneath her, and how she spurned us as she trode us down ! And what resistance could we make ? What could we do, conscious of the loss of our best security ? No longer erect, but crouching and trembling with the perception of our moral nakedness, what could we do but be ashamed, submit, and bear with blushes and in silence ? True to my pitiful idiosyncrasy, in this instance, as in all others of the like nature, I was moved to sorrow and self-reproach, not so much on account of my delinquency as for the exposure and insult to which I had been so mercilessly subjected. This was the gnawing worm, compared with which the sin itself slept in my bosom harmless. Wretched as I felt, I tried hard to rouse Emma, and to draw her thoughts from the disagreeable event over which they still brooded—but with little success ; and no wonder. The soul must be at rest itself before it can communicate true peace to others. The night grew more and more boisterous. The gusty wind came rushing and moaning, carrying in its teeth hail, rain, and sleet, which it flung against the casement,

and then went howling onward. There was a grumbling in the chimney, and we sat silently listening to it, whilst our candles burned unsnuffed and dismally. The fire itself, that had blazed and scolded with a true English energy at the beginning of the evening, sickened at length, and would not be revived by any means. The foodful coals turned into poison—and destroyed it. And so closed upon us the first day of love's young dream !

Emma had indeed received a shock, but I pitied and loved her the more for the insults she had borne. She retired to rest, and it was long before she ceased to sob, and was able to forget in sleep the smarting wound that rankled in her heart. With what heroic madness, what insane enthusiasm did I look upon her face, and vow to cherish and uphold her, to render her full compensation for the contempt and insolence she had so meekly suffered ! Lovelier she appeared than ever—her marble bosom swelling and falling with a tremulous measure, her moistened eyelid opened by a labouring tear. Here was a shrine, indeed, to meet the poet's and the sculptor's fancy. Who, as the spirit slumbered, could aver that sacrilege had torn away the idol, and left its mortal case worthless and profaned ? My own uneasy mind was too much agitated with the business of the coming morrow, to admit the entreaties of tired nature, or to wish for the deceitful and temporary repose that sleep could at the best afford. “ Now that Emma rests,” I



thought, "is the time to scheme, to look resolutely at the approaching enemy, and to prepare against him. When we are turned out to-morrow, whither shall we go?" I had flattered Emma with the idea of obtaining lodgings in the morning without trouble or delay. In my cooler moments I felt how valueless was such a hope. The people in the town must receive us, if at all, in secret, and at their peril. Their ruin would be the consequence of a discovery. Why should they stake so much for me? It was absurd to ask it. Then, no doubt, they were all, like Mrs Bates, strictly correct and pious, and would be scandalized at conduct which circumstances had not only vindicated in my judgment, but had rendered absolutely magnanimous and worthy of commendation. My plan must be to fix myself, for a time at least, away from Cambridge, in some small town safe from university control, where possibly I might find a standard of morality less unpliant and severe than that which dogmatized at home. What should prevent this very needful step? Ah, here came down the thick and troublous clouds, shutting out the fair and purple distance! What could prevent it but one hard impediment, combining, swallowing up in one, all other hindrances—an awful want of *WHEREWITHAL*, that world's monster whom we struggle to possess, and, when possessed, so many struggle to cast off again—that sweet companion, whose melting look no mortal being can withstand, whose bright presence opens all avenues to pleasant

places, and whose glitter reflects a lustre upon the dullest—that touchstone that tests the worth of women and of angels—that quintessence and elixir whose drops of virtue transform the beggar to a prince, the ignorant to the supremely wise, the vagabond and the despised to the welcomed and the well-beloved! This gigantic power I needed now, needed before I could progress an inch. I had parted so freely and carelessly with my cash in Temple's rooms, that notwithstanding my father's liberal supply, I was left, with my increased expenditure and the new claims upon my purse, almost penniless. If turned into the street—and could I flatter myself that we should not be?—I might, with care and pinching, provide for seven days' meat and drink—further than this I could not go. The oftener I revolved this serious predicament, which every passing hour rendered more alarming, the more nervous and thirsty did I become, the more stupid and puzzled as to the mode of extrication. Apply to my parents again I could not. I had already received a sum considerably in advance of my stipulated allowance. Had this not been the case, since my association with Emma all desire of communicating with my home had entirely vanished. At the beginning of our intimacy, my thoughts would wander thither in spite of every effort to control and keep them back; but very soon, with their own free-will, they ceased to feed upon a pasture so noxious and unkindly. What but bitterness could the contemplation of that once-cherished home now

yield? I turned away from it, grateful perhaps that I could do so without a scruple or a pang. But what was to be done for money? At the end of one short week I must explain to Emma my poverty, my state of bankruptcy. I would perish rather than make the mortifying revelation. What, indeed, would she then think of the selfish upstart who had reduced her so rapidly from affluence to want! I planned and thought, and pondered and designed, and turned in bed and sighed, and drank great draughts of water to appease my fevered throat; but at the second hour of the morning, a rude and undigested heap of schemes floated along my brain only to annoy and plague me with their crude improbabilities. At last and suddenly a cold sweat and a giddiness came over me, such as I imagine the culprit may experience upon the eve of execution, when in the dark and lonely night he works himself to frenzy in the attempt to realize his horrible condition. What principality or power of darkness at this fearful moment brought to my view a face and form seen but twice before, and yet, once seen, never to be forgotten, I cannot tell. The occult relations of the invisible spirits of air with our poor senses, leave to us only facts to certify of their existence, no clue to trace them out. When every hope was gone, and every door seemed closed against me, when I sank sickened with the weight of thickening apprehensions—then, at this moment, did the acceptable and dirty face of Mr Solomon Levy dance before my eyes, and bid me raise

my head and flee to him for succour. Oh ! never had a clean face looked so touching and compassionate ! Never had beauty borne so tender and so kind a brow ! The mouth, it promised help as plain as mouth could speak. The eye, it winked in pity, as no eye but his could wink, and every wrinkle of that olive cheek twitched with spasmodic sympathy. I caught at the nocturnal vision with the wild clutching of a drowning man. I could not question the wisdom of the good Providence that had vouchsafed it for my consolation and support, and I vowed to profit by the visitation. Resolving to visit my ancient friend at the first convenient hour of day, and to put to trial the sincerity of his early protestations, by imploring his assistance, without an inkling of disappointment or suspicion of refusal—I dropped at once asleep ; so quickly and so easily are the turbulent waves and boisterous winds, whose fury threatened never to be chained and silenced, lulled and overcome.

I was an early riser in the morning, but Emma was up before me. I found her dressed for departure, and packing up her clothes. She was agitated in her work ; every action showed her great anxiety, her desire to flit. Her quick and nervous movements told of the scourge that threatened at her back, and urged her forward. I prepared the breakfast apparatus as on the night before. I poured out the tea, and then bade Emma share our well-earned meal.

“ No,” she replied, trembling with ill-suppressed

passion, "nothing here; not if my life depended on the crust! Let us begone."

"It is useless, my dearest Emma, until we have a place to go to. If we leave this now, we may wander about for the rest of the day."

"Better to wander through the world for ever than be housed with this unfeeling woman. I cannot stay."

"Nor shall you, but do taste a little food. If you will, I'll go directly and procure good comfortable rooms for you. Mrs Bates will allow you to remain until I return, and you can then remove quietly at your leisure."

"Go then, I pray, at once. Stukely, I cannot eat," she added, as I put the loaf of bread before her. "Don't ask me, I implore you. Oh, if you love me, remove me from this house!"

She paced the room in great excitement, and I thought it expedient to depart without further reasoning. In truth I had much to do, and little time was there to spare. The morning was raw and cold. I drank off a glass of very strong brandy, (a healthy habit recommended and introduced by Temple,) and without delay proceeded on my errand. At the foot of the stairs I found Mrs Bates sitting in expectation.

"Well," enquired that lady, "are you off?"

"Mrs Bates," said I, actuated by a sudden thought, "you are, I think, a Christian?"

“ I should say I am,” answered the meek dame ;  
“ what then ? ”

“ Is it the act of a Christian to cast her fellow-creatures into the street ? ”

“ Come, none of that, sir ; that’s nothing to do with Christianity. Are you and your miss ready to go ? ”

“ We are not.”

“ Very well, that’s enough. Sarah,” she bawled out,  
“ bring here my bonnet and shawl.”

“ Stay, Mrs Bates. I am this very moment going to procure apartments. I may meet with some at once, or I may have to seek them for an hour or two. All I ask of you is to give me this day clear, and I promise you before nightfall we will leave your house. I will not believe that you can deny me this one favour. The accommodation to me will be very great, and I cannot say how grateful I shall be for your kind permission.”

(There was nobody present to witness my descent, and I could not possibly fall lower in the estimation of Mrs Bates.)

“ Never mind the bonnet and shawl, Sarah,” cried the softened landlady, countermanding the previous order. “ I’ll show you,” she continued, turning to me, “ that I *am* a Christian. I’ll give my consent to your stopping until dusk, but not a minute after—so now make as much haste as you can.”

Without returning to inform Emma of the reprieve, I made the best of my way across the marshes into the



damp and foggy town. Desirous above all other things to obtain a temporary loan from Mr Levy, I hastened first to that good gentleman's abode, reserving other business until success with him should decide my future conduct.

Before I parted with Mr Levy in the stage-coach which carried us in company to Cambridge, that worthy personage had favoured me with a pressing invitation to his house, giving me at the same time to understand that many grand advantages were likely to accrue to me from his acquaintance. Well do I remember his emphatic words: "Vy do I live, Mr Shtukely, in this vorld of trouble?—only to oblige my friends." Many valuable commodities, he assured me, that had fallen into his possession by some mysterious agency, were offered to his chosen circle at prices just low enough to make them gifts, without causing the pain that is associated with a gift's acceptance. Wine, liqueurs, brandy, and tobacco, with an enlarged benevolence, he kept to cheer the jaded spirits of the overworked and studious; and money, that source of so much evil, was valuable to him only when it might help the needy, or carry the inconsiderate but generous prodigal over some big and pressing difficulty. Hard to conceive, as my past experience had made so pure a character, still, in visiting Mr Levy now, I was prepared to meet a man above the common herd. From Temple I had gathered something of his munificence and open-heartedness. Once or twice when Temple

had imagined that my funds were low, and when I had lost an amount of some importance at his gaming-table, he would enlarge upon the liberality of his friend, and recommend me to apply to him for help, informing me that he had ever stood *his* friend in need, and that I might reckon on his good faith and secrecy. When I compared this nobleness of soul with his poor habitation, and especially with his own mean and foul exterior, I could not but be confounded with the contrast; yet proud of human nature, too, here offering for our imitation a spirit of good, a self-denying saint, renouncing for the benefit of mankind the commonest enjoyments of the world. Luckily I had never needed this good man's help; therefore, perhaps, I had never called upon him, but often had I passed his dwelling, once in the company of others, and on that occasion he was lolling at his door, negligently attired. Noticing my approach, he started back and disappeared, but soon returned again accompanied by a lady, somewhat ill-looking, and severely marked with small-pox. He smiled and nodded, and pointed to me with his little finger. "That's the dear boy," I heard him say—and as I passed at length his hospitable door, he threw upon me a fond expression of that lively eye, a probing look of love unutterable! Such was the man—such rather did I deem the man—whose heart I meant to touch, of whose good help I stood in direful need.

I stood before his house, a low, ill-shapen den, a cynic's cell, the cavern of misanthropy—any place but

the abode of generous Timon. It was neither private house nor shop, yet both. A doorway and a single window of moderate dimensions were all that met the eye. In the latter nothing was exposed to view, or, if it were, you might not see it. Like the great proprietor, it boasted of its dirt. Mud, dust, and filth were heaped upon it. A curtain made of green stuff, and hung with rings upon a bar, meant to secure the dwellers from the gaze of passers-by, impended uselessly, for the well-protected panes forestalled its office. The entrance was a dark and narrow passage, which (the street door standing open) scared you off, or, as the case might be, invited you within. In the present instance I went forward without more observation. At the extremity of the dim avenue, I groped my way a little to the right, until a door prevented further progress. At this I knocked involuntarily, for my foot struck against the boards before I knew that I had reached it. The door was opened instantly.

Many strange sights have I been privileged to see. Reader, behold the strangest.

In one corner of a crowded room stood Mr Levy in dishabille. Faintly indeed have I described him in his best attire. How shall I paint him now ! Levy, thou art gone, and numbered with thy fathers. Posterity can never do thee justice. Thy *manes* never may be appeased. Pardon me, thou noble piece of earth, that my pen limps and falters in thy delineation.

Oh, for a quill of photographic power, to fix thee in thy evanescent passage, to rescue from the greedy throat of Time that form and face, that hair, that eye, that goodly but unclean array ! Levy in dishabille ! More I cannot say. In the lowest depth it was the deeper still—the dirty Levy dirtier yet—the spicy spiced ! Before him was a Hebrew book ; upon his forehead, exactly between his eyes, a small square piece of leather-covered wood (so it appeared to me,) kept in its position by a leathern thong, which running through a loop was carried round the head and tied behind. His left arm was exposed. Around it some dozen times was strapped another thong, similar to that about his head. His coat was off; his vest unbuttoned ; over the once white shirt he wore a curious-coloured garment, formed of two square pieces of blue cloth, one hanging down before his breast, the other to his back, and both attached by means of two long slips of tape connecting them. At the extremity of the four corners were long fringes of white worsted, fastened in small knots. The fringes in the front were in Mr Levy's grasp when I walked in, and started with amazement at the novel spectacle. Let me stand stricken with surprise whilst the reader looks around him. There, by the hearth, over that pan of hissing oil, fork in hand, stands the ill-favoured lady that you wot of—she of the pitted face, no meaner person than the mistress of the house, Levy's wedded partner. Her cheek is scorched before the crackling

fire, but her gown, tucked up and pinned, is safe from conflagration. See how she darts upon the thrice-divided sole, and with artistic stroke turns now the head, now the tail, and now the middle piece, dogging the boiling oil, and escaping with a bob so cleverly the scalding sputter. And there for twenty years hath stood, as regularly as Friday came, this indefatigable cook frying her fish, not to be devoured savoury and warm, as fish upon the sixth day falls into the pious stomach of the Romanist, but to be laid out with ceremonial care, in pride of parsley, and safely locked away till Sabbath morn—when, cold and crisp and unctuous, it comes forth to grease and mollify the Levite's heart, and haply entertain him with a fit of biliousness. Miss Esther Levy at the table sits, herself unwashed, washing her brother with a disinterestedness that the young urchin, cuffing and kicking, scarce appreciates. Rebecca, second born, is busy with a book, no doubt a pleasant one. You cannot see her face; but her head, a mass of spiral papers, rolls with impatience at the little Levy's struggling cries. There in a bed lie two, the youngest of the group, emerging out of childhood—prattling innocents! Their time for cleansing has not yet arrived. How prettily do they beguile the time with that small pack of cards, playing at *all-fours* and *mariage*, three games for a halfpenny, lisping at intervals a wee incipient execration as fortune changes, or as juggling fails. But, last of all, behold the

father's pride, Levy's son and heir, his better self—his youthful Prince of Wales—on whom the parent's mantle must descend—in whom the father's brightest hopes are fixed. His body is twelve years old, his head a hundred. There is more knowledge of the human creature—of the impure gross part, that lies hidden in the soul's corrupted sink—written and engraved in that precocious cunning cheek, than twenty ordinary men can boast. His father's *pride*? oh, rather say his *fear*; for never did nature mould in human flesh a countenance so portentous! Mark him, as he sits apart from all his brethren, counting the clay marbles which he himself has made—brushing the metal buttons that he has raked up every where, and every one of which he means to sell anon amongst the little boys in school, to which he is daily sent, with great advantage to himself, and greater credit to his master. My sudden entrance caused a slight intermission in the various doings of this interesting family; but the beneficent head addressed me without delay, and the waters flowed again in their accustomed channels.

“Vell, Hannah, who'd a thought it, eh? This *is* a honour. But I always said he'd come at last. Sit down, my dear—I shall be done directly. Here's a shurprise!” And taking the book into his hand, he mumbled out some Hebrew words, then rubbed the fringes round his face, and finished by kissing them with fervour. I was embarrassed at the unaccount-



able behaviour. "Perhaps I am disturbing you," I said; "I'll call some other time, sir."

"Not at all," was his reply, "you don't disturb me in the least. I knows it all by heart. I'm only saying my prayers."

"Indeed, sir!"

"Yes, dat's all. How's Mr Temples? Have you seen him lately?"

Before I answered, he was deep in the Hebrew book again. Now he counted quickly the straps upon his arm, and repeated a dozen cabalistic words or so with a loud and rapid voice. The little gamblers, in the mean time, quarrelled at their game, and sadly interfered with the sacred occupation: a *Christian's* patience couldn't have held out for ever.

"Vill you two be quiet there," the father cried at last, "or shall I come and make you? Hannah, vy the devil don't you take them cards away?"

"Vot's the good?" answered Mrs Levy from the fire; "you know as vell as I do, Sol, you'll give 'em back the minute after."

"Vill I?" said the husband, leaving his manual without further ceremony. "Then you'll see, my dear." Forthwith he rushed to the bedside, and snatched the cards from both the trembling children; then he bestowed a blow upon the head of each—which, as might be expected, set them roaring. Unaffected by their cries, the pious man returned to his devotions, and proceeded as before. His com-

pliance with the law was evidently irksome. In a few minutes he stopped again.

“How long is it, Mr Shtukely, since ve travelled in the stage-coach together?”

“About eighteen months, sir.”

“Ah!” sighed the old gentleman, “how fast the vurld goes!”—which serious observation no doubt recalled him to his duty—for he seized the book again, and lost himself for a few minutes longer. But the morning was inauspicious. He was doomed to interruption. Miss Esther, be it known, was worn out at length by the unpolished sample of Mosaic that she was brightening up. Like the living block from which he was cut off, he was the slave of hydrophobia—he would *not* be washed.

“Father,” said Esther, in a tone of real despair, “I wish you’d speak to Aby. I can’t do nothink with him. He has fit me till I’m sick.”

“You, sir,” bawled out the harassed parent, “do you vant a licking the first thing this morning?”

“No,” answered the boy, in as irreverent a voice as ever filial throat cast up.

“Then don’t wex me, my boy, or you’ll catch it at once.”

And he did “*catch it at once.*” I was still looking intently upon Mr Levy’s curious trappings, when a loud blow, followed by a louder scream, compelled my attention elsewhere.

“Vot’s the matter now?” shouted Mr Levy, almost beside himself.

“That sarves you right!” exclaimed his good lady, addressing the juvenile above referred to, now lying at her feet kicking furiously. “I caught you, did I? My back isn’t turned a minute before the villain has picked off every bit of brown in the dish. You won’t maul the fish, my dear, again in a hurry.”

All the family seemed horror-struck at the unholy pilfering, but Mr Levy himself was choked with just rage. “If you don’t take away the rascal’s share to-morrow morning, Hannah, you and I shall quarrel. Dat boy, Mr Shtukely,” continued he, still neglecting his orisons, “dat boy, sir, vill come to the gallows, if his mother and I don’t live to see it. He has got a naternal idea of shtealing that breaks my heart to think of. He’s booked for Newgate, though I say it:”—and Mr Levy, with a heavy sigh, pursued his prayers, and did not speak again on worldly topics till he brought them to a close. Once more in ecstasy he wiped his visage with the fringes, and kissed them passionately; and, last of all, he turned his face towards the wall, bowed to it with reverence repeatedly, and beat his breast with force and sound that would have pleased a stethoscopist’s ear.

“You have nothing to say pertikler, I suppose?” asked Mr Levy, taking from his head and arm the leathern straps.

“A few words, if you please,” I answered nervously.

“Oh, sartinly, my dear! Ikey, undo the shutters.”

Ikey, the eldest boy, reserved and silent hitherto,

furbishing his buttons, looked hard at me, and left the room without a word.

"Ve'll follow, if you please," said Levy shortly afterwards; "it's up the vone pair stairs."

"Vot do you think of Ikey?" asked the fond father, as we searched our way in darkness up the staircase.

"He's a very quiet boy, sir."

"Ah, a deep un! Just vot I should have been at his age with a eddication! I meant to have named him after me, if it hadn't been 'gainst the religions. Vill you believe, I wouldn't mind dropping Ikey this blessed minute in the streets of Turkey? He'd make his fortune anyvheres."

We reached the *sanctum*, a small and really elegantly furnished room. From the centre was suspended a pretty silvered chandelier—a Sabbath lamp, as Mr Levy termed it. Young Ikey had ensconced himself at the table, and showed no symptoms of departure.

"And now," said Mr Levy, placing on his nose a pair of iron spectacles, "vot is it you vant, my dear? You don't happen to be out of vine? I've got some port—oh!" (and he smacked his lips and swung his head, to express a praise too huge for utterance.) "Dat isn't good port at all, Ikey, is it? Vot did it cost?"

"Fifty-nine and six," answered the boy-man immediately.

"And vot do I sell it for?"

"Sixty," said he, just as readily.

“I came, sir,” said I, rather confounded as the time for explanation approached, “to solicit your aid in a different way. The truth is, I have overdrawn my allowance from home, and I require a little help to carry me over the quarter. If you will be good enough to advance me a loan—say for three months—I shall feel deeply indebted to you, and but too glad to show, to the extent of my power, my gratitude for such obligation.” This was only a portion of the speech that I had prepared upon the road. The rest of it, the ornamental and best part, I could not get out. The small Levy turned up his knowing eye as soon as he heard the word *loan*, and planted it steadily upon me, to my very great shame and annoyance. The father was silent a while.

“How much might you vant, Mr Shtukely?” asked the old man, after his musing.

“What’s the use of your asking?” shrieked the young monster. “You know, father, you haven’t a shilling in the house, and there are those three bills that were returned the other day.”

No medicine could have caused the awful abdominal pain that was brought on by this sudden announcement. Oh, what would become of poor Emma, sitting expectant at home, ready to be turned out of doors? What would become of me and my projects? I felt the blood leaving my cheek. Levy perceived it, and he was instantly touched by the sight.

“Vell, for all that, Ikey,” he added, “ve must see

vot ve can do. If I ain't got money myself, I dare say I've got a friend vill help us at a pinch. But, my dear," continued he, "vot have you been doing to get into this mess? It's always the vay. Nobody comes to Levy till he's kicked to him. You know vot I said in the coach. You should come to me before—and I vould have been a friend and a father."

"I wish I had, sir!"

"Vell, that's gone by, and it's no good fretting about that. How much do you vant?"

"How much can you spare, sir?"

"Shpare!" exclaimed Mr Levy, returning the question. "Ikey, give me my bill-book." Isaac took from his pocket a bunch of keys—selected one—opened the table drawer—examined a book—closed the drawer—locked it up—put the keys in his pocket, and resumed his former position, in about the tenth of the time that I have taken to tell of it. He was the quickest and yet most methodical little imp in existence. "There," resumed the older head, pointing with his small finger to a mass of names and figures, whose connexion I neither could nor cared to comprehend, "There you see. *At three months ninety-four pounds accepted by Lord Velvetcap, due September 6th, noted, returned.* Look here, too," wetting his finger, and leaving a large smut on a leaf as he turned it over, "same day *sixty-eight pounds ten, accepted by Smallwood, payable at Tinpenny's, no orders, returned ;*



and *Thomas*, the day after, *fifty pound two*. Vot do you think a man has to shpare when he's upset in this way? Ikey tould you the truth. I have nothing at all; but tell me pretty near vot you vant; then I'll see the friend that I mean, and let you know in the course of an hour."

"Do you think you might manage a hundred pounds for me, sir?"

Levy jumped. "Vy, vot the deuce have you been about to vant sich a sum all at vonce? I von't deceive you, my dear; I don't think I can manage nothink of the kind."

I showed signs of uneasiness, and walked about in a state of commotion.

"My dear boy," he continued, "it's no use being nervous. Dat von't get you the money."

I was in great distress—wrought to intolerable mental torture, as I reflected on my situation. "Oh, this is terrible!" I exclaimed, (to myself, as I thought.)

"Yes, my dear," said Mr Levy, in a tone of passive acquiescence; "ve know it's always terrible ven ve vant cash and can't get it; and you seem to vant it rayther bad too just now."

"Indeed, indeed, I do, sir. If you can help me in any way, I implore you to do so. I must borrow the money of somebody."

"You must, must you?" said the old man looking at Ikey, who was looking at him. "Very vell, you had

better take a walk in the cool for a little, vile I run to my friend. I'll be back between this and ten."

"Oh, sir, I can never sufficiently thank you!"

"Vell, never mind now. You've nothink to thank me for yet; and vot's more, I can't promise you much. Go and walk for an hour, and then come and see me again."

I departed from the singular abode in an overwhelming state of anxiety and dread. What could I do during this hour of fearful suspense? I couldn't return to Emma until I was furnished with money, or at least had procured lodgings for our temporary sojourn. Oh! I was very wretched as I walked one street after another, looking at my watch at intervals of five minutes, astounded and hurt at the sluggish pace with which its hands crawled on. A nasty irritating rain, too, came drizzling down, taking a mean advantage of my misery, beating in my face, and spitting in my eyes, whichever way I turned. How cordially, when they please, can the elements adapt themselves to our internal circumstances! Twenty minutes, like minutes sauntering on a holiday—twenty lazy minutes had elapsed, when "*Lodgings to let,*" hanging on a polished knocker, stopped me in a quiet narrow thoroughfare. What better could I do than try my fortune here? I gave a modest gentlemanly knock, and smiled most courteously upon the ancient lady, who came "when I did call for her." Nothing could be more assuring than the curtsy she

yielded in return—deceitful promise, realizing nothing! A dozen houses did I visit afterwards, a dozen times was expectation balked. The truth could not be hidden, and it was wise to look at it complacently. Money must be got, and for the present we must leave the town. I watched the latest second of the hour expire, and then rushed back to Levy's. Father and son were sitting in the same well-furnished room. My judge and jury both were there. I came for sentence; trembling and like a criminal did I await it.

"Ah, Mr Shtukely!" commenced the elder, with an ill-omened shrug, "this is a most unpleasant business."

Death was the verdict, and I drooped immediately.

"Tell me, couldn't you wait a month—three weeks, for the money?"

"Indeed I cannot, sir."

"It's impossible, eh?"

"Quite, oh quite."

"You are positive of that? You are sure you won't alter your mind directly, and say you can put it off for a bit?"

I shook my head. I was arriving fast at desperation.

"Vell, you see this is a thousand pities, 'cause, in a month's time, I could lend you the money myself without fee or reward, and it would be a treat to oblige you; but if you won't wait, I can't help it."

"Have you seen your friend, sir?"

“ Yes, my dear ; but you know vot friends are ven you put your nose into their pockets. He has got the stuff ; but he doesn’t like to part vith it. Now, listen to me. You know your own business, of course ; but take my advice, don’t borrow the money at all. If you are determined, in shpite, I’ll just tell you vot my friend vishes, and then you can do as you please. In the first place, you must know he has intrusted the money to me, and here it is if you come to his terms.”

Oh, refreshing spectacle ! Oh, luminous corruscations ! Fifty sovereigns, at least, did Mr Levy draw with one grasp from his pocket, and scatter on the table. Water to a thirsty soul upon the plains of Araby—what is it to golden guineas glittering before the straining eyes of gaunt necessity ? A mountain tumbled from my breast as I surveyed the precious coin. With a smirking grace I waited Mr Levy’s further explanation.

“ His terms is this—but mind, I varn you, do vithout him if you can :—He’ll lend you *now, this minute*, the money you desire ; dat is, a hundred pounds. Seventy in these bright goolden guineas, and thirty in the finest port that ever vas. He’ll charge you five per cent, ’cause that’s the law, and then a something for commission. You’ll give your bill at three months for the sum, and make over to him, for security, your furniture, and books, and vatch. Now, there you’ve got it—dat’s the most he’ll do. As for myself, you are velcome to my services. I shall make no charge

for them. If you like to give Ikey a trifle for hisself, I shall make no objections."

Ignorant of the forms of business, I requested Mr Levy to repeat this complicated history. I understood it by degrees, and saw at length, in full, the grievous sacrifice I was called upon to make. I stood still and hesitated.

"The vine, you know," said Levy, "is as good as money, for you must have *that*. Shtill take my advice, and let him keep his guineas to hisself."

"It is a horrible alternative," thought I, still undecided.

"And now, my dear," continued Mr Levy, "I have just a vurd to say upon my own account. You must settle this business von vay or the other. I have thirty mile to travel this pleasant morning, and I sha'n't be back again for a day or two."

"You don't mean it, sir?" I said, wofully alarmed to see him walking from the room.

"Vot I say, my dear, I always means; that's the beauty of my character. Ikey, fetch my hat. I am very sorry to leave you, but go I must. Good-by. God bless you. Think over his proposition; don't be in any hurry, and give me your answer ven I return. If you ask *me*, I say, don't take the money—that's the best."

"Do you think your friend, sir, couldn't be persuaded"——

"Not to-day, my dear. P'r'aps ven I comes back."

Mr Levy was already on the stairs. In another minute he would disappear, and then should I be without hope of succour. My unfortunate and critical position — my wants — poor Emma—no lodgings—no home—all this, and much more uncircumscribed misery, crowded upon my mind, and incited me to yield to the demand: at the same time I was frightened and shocked by the ruinous transaction, and I held back and fluctuated. At length I heard a footstep in the passage. I leaped to the window, and saw Levy depart from the house, and walk slowly on. Shaking with agitation, conquered, hardly conscious of my acts, I knocked with violence and quickly upon the glass, and beckoned the old man back. He returned, and with tears in my eyes, and scarlet shame written upon my conscience, I consented to the terms, and expressed my willingness to perform immediately my part of them.

“Vell, then,” said Levy, “let’s lose no time. I have wasted half a day already. I shall be nicely out of pocket by the business. Ikey, vot’s the stamp? Three months, a hundred?”

“Four and six,” replied the devilkin with his hideous sprightliness, “and twopence for the paper.”

“Give him five shillings, and tell him to keep the ha’pence,” whispered the father confidentially, touching me familiarly with his elbow.

I complied with this suggestion. The stamp was brought, the note drawn out, and I taught by old



Levy to accept it. A memorandum was then written by the ready Ikey, and signed by me, certifying that all goods and chattels then in Cambridge and in my possession were, until payment of the bill, not my property, but that of the blank gentleman who had advanced the loan. In consideration of my not removing them from college, he graciously permitted me the usufruct. Mr Levy undertook to see the wine safely deposited at my present lodging; and the charge likewise of my gold hunting-watch—my poor dear mother's gift—how could I yield it so remorselessly? and having given this to the boy to lock away, he handed to me what he called “a statement of the job,” and with it sixty pounds, “the balance (!) of the bill.”

If, instead of securing sixty guineas in this disgraceful manner, I had *earned* six hundred honestly, I could not have skipped away from Levy's door with greater speed and glee. Strange compound is the human animal, acting so variously from the selfsame motives! Had I been sane, not steeped in folly to the very ears, this miserable gold, wretchedly acquired, pressing like lead upon my spirits, would have crushed them with its guilty burden. Now, it elated me, and puffed me up with flatulent unmeaning joy. “Symptoms,” says the millesimal homœopathist, “in the disordered body are *removed* by causes *producing* them in the healthy one.” Is it not so in fact with the diseased infatuated *mind*? I neither reflected on the

past, nor flung one glance upon the future. With the means of present enjoyment I flew to Emma, and released her from her sad imprisonment.

At eleven o'clock at night, Emma and I, our luggage and our wine, drove through the streets of *Huntingdon*. Upon the following morning I left the inn at which we had passed the night, and endeavoured to search out a home. Aided by a lie, I succeeded without difficulty. Emma was introduced as Mrs Stukely to the lady who received us. The latter was very young, recently a widow, and the mother of a lovely girl, perhaps three years of age. Her husband had been an officer in the Company's service; he had fallen in battle, fighting for his company and his bread, gloriously in India.

The tranquillity of a day or two brought back the healthy tint to Emma's cheek, and restored her wonted gayety. She forgot her previous affliction, and I remembered nothing but her adored and beauteous presence. In our apartment was a pianoforte. She taught me soon the assuaging, humanizing power of music—poetry in sounds! Her taste was exquisite, and the feeling with which she executed the most plaintive airs, awakened in my soul vehement emotions, undreamt-of capabilities of delight. Her clear voice accompanied the penetrating tones, and to their undefined wild intimations would associate and conjoin soft images that through the understanding reached the heart, and melted it with pity. Consummate bliss!

riveted to her side, and every nerve vibrating with the touching sounds, what could the world afford to enhance felicity—what could it snatch away to ruffle it?

“Caleb,” said Emma to me, having just concluded a short affecting song, and still sitting at the piano, (it was the fourth evening after our arrival,) “Caleb, there is a little air, a favourite of my poor mother’s; you must hear that, if I have heart to sing it. She instructed me in the words before I could understand their meaning—when I could scarcely utter them.”

“Is your mother living now, dearest?”

“Oh no,” said Emma, in a melancholy voice; “she has been dead some years, poor sufferer!”

“Was she a kind, affectionate mother?” I enquired, rather startled as I found myself entering upon such tender ground. “Did you love her dearly?”

Emma burst into a flood of tears.

“Don’t be unhappy, dearest Emma. I cannot bear to see you weep; you quite unman me. Forget the past. My love shall make amends for hers.”

“You are very good and tender to me, Caleb. A mother’s love is unapproachable. I thought I loved her much whilst she was with me; but I never knew my need of her till they closed her in the grave.” She spoke with passion, and again she wept.

There was a *living* mother also. Was one thought of her suggested by this weeping girl? And did the

cruel wrong inflicted on that mother's absent heart touch me with contrition and alarm? We shall see.

Emma ceased crying. Throwing her smooth and shining tresses from her forehead, she swept her fingers quickly along the keys, and with thrilling strains gradually subdued her soul.

"Now, Caleb, listen to my dear mother's song." She sang as follows:—

THE MOTHER'S GRAVE.

"The days are past, the early days  
Of innocence and joy,  
When tears would fill a mother's eye  
With gazing on her boy;  
Tears that from the soul would rise,  
Yet not for present sorrow;  
For when she wept, her loving eye  
Was trembling for the morrow.

My mother sleeps; her grave is green,  
The aged grass is high,  
And every blade when I approach  
Is quivering with a sigh.  
Then piously I do believe  
That, where that grass grows wild,  
My blessed mother's sainted soul  
Is gazing on her child."

"Hark!" exclaimed Emma, as she concluded, "some one knocks." I opened the door and admitted the little girl belonging to the landlady.

"If you please," lisped the fair child, "mamma sends up her compliments, and will you go down-stairs to tea?"

“ Do you mean me, dear Ann ? ” said I.

“ No. Both of you. Mrs Stukely too.”

“ Are you sure of this ? ”

“ Oh, yes ! do come,” she continued, pulling me by the coat, “ or else mamma will cry. Come, Mrs Stukely ; tea is quite ready.”

A more formal invitation was addressed to us a few minutes afterwards by Mrs Springdale herself, who followed her daughter into the room. We readily accepted it, and were soon seated in her warm and hospitable parlour. Every thing was very snug. A bright copper kettle panted and fumed away upon the fire, speaking its honest welcome as plain as steam could pour it forth ; toast and tea-cakes were heating on a footman ; a plate of bread and butter thinly cut for company was on the table ; candles burned brightly in shining candlesticks ; tea-pot and cups looked conversable and clean ; and the whole economy and tendency of the room most persuasive and alluring ! A quiet, cheerful, comfortable home ! Ah, me ! how much of life’s true substance thou comprisest !

“ This arm-chair is for you, Mr Stukely,” said the gentle Mrs Springdale ; I have put it near the fire on purpose. Mrs Stukely and I will chat together at the table.”

(“ Here’s a difference,” thought I, “ to that abominable Mrs Bates.”)

“ Then, Anny,” said I aloud, turning to the child,

“you must sit upon my knee. Come and tell me all the news.”

And in this affectionate style did we progress until the tea was over, and the things were carried off. Then we all drew our chairs around the love-dispensing fire, and for a season interchanged sweet and familiar talk. Mrs Springdale, with a sober sadness, communicated her short marriage history. “Mr Springdale was so heroic, and had so high a spirit. He had been educated for a surgeon, but his ardent nature was cabined and confined in this employment. An opportunity offered to go abroad. He accepted it, and left his wife and child. He had scarcely landed before he was called to action. His daring and impetuous temper led him to the thickest of the fight. He fell, covered with wounds. It was a dreadful death. Away from every friend—without a moment to offer up one prayer to Heaven! Oh, it was very shocking! But he died in a noble cause—he fell for his country, that was a great consolation to his widowed wife, as it would be to his fatherless child when she grew up.” And all this Mrs Springdale uttered in a very serious tone, but without extorting one tear from her eye.

Emma’s notice had been attracted many times during the evening by a small picture which, in an old wooden frame, was suspended in the centre of one side of the apartment. I followed her eye as often as she glanced



towards it, but I could perceive nothing in the painting to merit such repeated observation. She at length addressed our hostess on the subject. "Is that the representation of a church, Mrs Springdale?" she enquired carelessly, as she imagined.

"Yes," replied that lady with a kind of half sigh. "You are surprised that I keep so unprepossessing a picture hanging there by itself? I don't wonder at it; yet I wouldn't part with it, dirty and old as it is, for the finest painting in the world. There are eight years of my life during which I cannot recollect that there sprung up one painful hour. It was all happiness. Eight years not embittered by one heart-rending or gloomy reflection are something to boast of. That painting is a memorial of them. Within a hundred yards of that church, the eight delicious years were passed."

"Where was it, may I ask?" said Emma with increased interest.

"Were you ever in Kent?" enquired Mrs Springdale.

"Yes," answered Emma, the colour gradually leaving her cheek.

"Well, that's the parish church of —, in the county of Kent."

Emma turned deathly pale.

Mrs Springdale did not remark it, and continued—

"Until I was eight years old, I lived in the little house

that you see painted there in the background." Both ladies rose to view the picture more closely, and I followed them. "Up this long walk, and through the stile, did I regularly, Sunday after Sunday, for five years, trip to the church, sometimes with my mother, and sometimes with the maid, but oftenest with the good old clerk, whose company I loved better than that of either. Do you observe this tree, the old oak?"

"Yes," cried Emma, interrupting her, and trembling with suppressed emotion, "Marian's oak, as they called it."

"Why, bless my soul, you know it, you have been there!" exclaimed Mrs Springdale, starting round, and in the action upsetting the candle which I held in my hand. "How very strange!"

"I spent some months in the neighbourhood," replied Emma, struggling to collect herself, "and often visited this lovely spot."

"But did you ever visit the church?"

"Often, very often."

"Well, how strange!" repeated the astonished lady. "I wonder I didn't see you! I have been to the place, once or twice, since I first left it. The last time I was there was the very year that the new clergyman came, that tall, glum-looking parson, who frightened every body out of his wits. Oh, wasn't he a stern man! I never could bear him. I wonder what has become of

him, and of that meek-looking inoffensive woman his wife ? ”

I watched Emma throughout this singular scene, and now I saw her eyelid quiver as though a knife were on it. She was still mistress of herself.

“ Marian’s oak ! ” she repeated in a mournful tone. “ How well I recollect the stately tree ! ”

“ Yes, and so do I the hard seat round the hollow trunk.”

“ And old Adam, too,” added Emma with spirit and fervour, drowning the melancholy thoughts, whatever they might be, which this picture had conjured up, in a brighter and a happier recollection, “ the good old clerk you speak of, Mrs Springdale ; dear old Adam, attaching himself to the helpless and the young, making the little inhabitants his peculiar charge, and keeping them together like a flock, when they would otherwise have gone astray. He was a brave old man. How he would gather them about that tree, and tell them stories of his own distant boyhood, and teach them games long forgotten and out of date. His *was* a second childhood, a sound and healthy one, and spent in cheerfulness and love with children, as it should be.”

“ Well,” I exclaimed, joining in, “ I do call this the most delightful occurrence possible. How very remarkable that you and Mrs Springdale should have been at this place together ! If one were to read of this, we shouldn’t believe it.”

"You must come to me very often, Mrs Stukely," said our hostess, "and we will talk over old times and scenes that are so interesting to us both."

"Yes," rejoined I, "and you must find your way up-stairs, and take tea with us too."

"Most happy," replied Mrs Springdale. "We must become now very good friends."

"Emma," said I, when we were again alone, "that Mrs Springdale is a most charming person. How lucky we are to have encountered her. You will become very intimate, and our time will pass as pleasantly as possible."

"For your sake, dear Caleb," answered Emma, "I am truly glad of our good fortune. With this kind woman I shall find a home, whilst you pursue your studies still in Cambridge."

"What, dear?"

"Yes, Caleb, in Cambridge. Has it not occurred to you that this is your natural, most immediate duty? I am proud of your true affection, grateful for your protection. Shunned and despised by all the world, expelled, disgraced, I cannot forget how much I owe you. I should forget it if I sacrificed your interest and happiness for ever." She paused. "Stukely," she proceeded, "you saw that picture, that church. It is no common accident that brought it this night before my eyes. I looked at it, and almost forgot how vile a thing I am. I was once innocent, beloved, esteemed. The natural direction of this heart was

virtuous. Why its course was turned aside, Heaven knows, not I; Heaven, who has accumulated in one poor soul the sin and punishment of generations. I will not be so selfish as to keep you here. You must return to college, and reside there during term. With Mrs Springdale I shall be happy, as happy as I can be when you are away; and writing often to each other will diminish the pain of separation."

"You are a noble girl, dear Emma," I replied, "and—we will talk over this to-morrow. It is a great comfort to have so desirable a companion, and I pray that you may now enjoy a little repose and peace."

"I trust we may!"

Yes, but repose and peace, like other articles in great demand, are not so easy of attainment. They who have earned them (if any earn them) by lawful means, and intrepid perseverance, are seldom gratified with more than the consciousness of having merited a recompense reserved for angels. What the easily satisfied world regards as the repose of *Error* and the peace of *Guilt*, are but the false coin of hell, with which the fiend bribes us for an hour to forgetfulness and self-neglect.

About a week after this very satisfactory tea-party—and our intimacy had advanced in geometrical progression ever since—I was met at the street door by an individual whose face was as familiar to me as my

own, but when, how, and where I had made its acquaintance, I could not at the moment determine. Not so the Face. It was a bluff and impudent one, and recognized me intuitively. It grinned and nodded, "Morning, Master Stukely. How's the young 'ooman?" Horror! It was Mrs Bates's brother! And he bounced without ceremony into Mrs Springdale's parlour! What could he, a market gardener, want there? What new threatening was this? Emma mustn't hear of it for all the world!" I exclaimed, gasping with the dread of an impending storm. Our landlady was engaged "to tea" with us this very evening. "I am glad of that," said I with a weak attempt at consolation, for if the lightning is to fall, better to come at once than be flaming overhead." Emma had made extensive preparations for her visitor. The finest gunpowder had been bought for the occasion. The tea-cakes had been browned and buttered to a charm. She was about to begin the toast, when a message arrived from Mrs Springdale, "Who was very sorry that she couldn't come to tea; she was very poorly, and had gone to bed."

"Poor dear!" ejaculated the unconscious Emma. "How very unfortunate. Give my love," she said, turning to the messenger, "and tell Mrs Springdale that I'll see her in the morning."

"Will you?" thought I, nearly dropping from the chair.

Emma rose an hour earlier than usual to pay the



promised visit; but she did not see the patient, "who was not yet awake, and must not be disturbed."

"It was very thoughtless of me to go down so early," said Emma, "she will be better after a sound sleep. A slight cold, no doubt?"

"I should say so."

"It is very sudden, though. She did not complain during the day; she couldn't have felt the attack coming on."

I wish from my very soul that Emma could have had some hint of *her* attack, which was evidently coming on with most tremendous strides. I had not courage to tell her of the danger. I trembled at the prospect of another concussion—a fresh dilaceration of her scarce-healed heart. After breakfast she proceeded again to Mrs Springdale's apartment, and again she was refused admittance. "Mrs Springdale could not possibly receive visitors. She was not equal to the fatigue." Emma resumed her seat in our own room, with a chidden and dejected countenance. The servant-maid shortly afterwards entered with a note addressed to me. It ran thus:—

"Sir,—I have to request that you will provide yourself with other apartments at your very earliest convenience. Your week will be due to-morrow, and if you will then quit my house, I shall feel obliged. The servant will render you any service in the removal of your luggage, and in hastening your departure. I must decline any visits from the lady; and I cannot,

in conclusion, forbear expressing my extreme surprise, that a gentleman should so far forget himself, as to attempt the imposition of which you have been guilty. I am, sir, your humble servant,

“MARY SPRINGDALE.

“P.S.—You will excuse me for adding, that, if you have any regard for your happiness, you will do well to leave the wicked and designing person, who, from all I hear, seems bent upon your ruin.”

Emma had taken the letter from the girl. As soon as the latter quitted the room, she read it to me aloud. She faltered and lost colour; but of violent passion, which I expected, and looked for with the most torturing anxiety, there was not the least appearance. She closed and bit her lips, and from their downpressed corners she extracted the convulsed expression of a galled and wounded pride.

Habit hardens. Annoyed as I was by the complete disruption of the small social circle in which I had forespoken so much real enjoyment, I walked through the streets of Huntingdon in search of another place of refuge, without any intense or visible emotion. I was, perhaps, partly borne up by the unlooked for absence of all passionate expression on the part of Emma, attributing such absence to a growing apathy, and a disregard for the world's opinion, which, in existing circumstances, were much to be desired. In an obscure corner of the town, I detected a shy-looking

chemist's shop, a dismal house of drugs, that stood, ashamed of its condition, away from the roadside, rather avoiding than courting public observation. There are houses, as well as individuals, whose poor and downward-tending looks bespeak at once their loss of character, and an utter hopelessness in respect of its recovery. Such a house was this. From the side door I received the information that the private part of it was to be let furnished, and that further particulars might be gathered "from the pharmacopolist in the chemical laboratory." "Here, at least," thought I, "we may live without insult or disturbance: few enquiries will be made respecting us, and the proprietor will scarcely stand on trifles." I walked into the shop.

Behind the counter, beneath a miserable account of empty boxes, I saw a man of middle height, very corpulent, very red, and, if the silent talk of most expressive features might be trusted, very overbearing. He had a full and fish-like eye, a low receding forehead, a thick abnormal nose, and a mouth on which conceit had sat for so many years, that it was a human mouth no longer, but a triumphal arch of flesh, magnificent and broad. His hair concluded in a bobtail—his hands were clasped behind him, covered by his skirts. There stood before this mighty man a dozen miserable women, trembling beggars, diseased in body, heart-crushed, and starved. A few were clothed, the majority were—not naked—it is the most

that can be said with truth ! The tatters of gowns which, when thoroughly worn out, they had first received and prized as treasures, hung loosely about their bodies, and scarcely saved them from exposure. Over the eyes of one, whom low and bad living had deprived of sight, there was a deep covering of brown paper ; another, breathing hard, and owning a face in which the claims of death were already written, sought a temporary support from the plastered wall. There was a vacant chair which she gazed on with a longing eye, looking alternately and most imploringly at it, and at the ruler of the place, without whose gracious leave she deemed it more than her life was worth—Heaven knows, it was very little!—to seat herself and take her rest. A third was lame ; all were touched with some distemper that might be traced to the same melancholy cause—to rife and pinching want. The apothecary, of whom the whole number stood in manifest dread, surveyed his company with a haughty ostentatious stare, that marked him at once for an impostor. He deserted his patients as soon as he caught sight of me, supposing my business of a more urgent character. I requested that the poor sufferers might have his first attention.

“ Oh, they can keep, sir ! ” said the vainglorious man, “ they can keep. But as you please. No 1, *Jenkins*, with the *oculus*.”

An emaciated female here stepped forward. She had a livid mark beneath her eye, the black and blue

of a blow or fall. The apothecary frowned, and peered at her mysteriously from many points of view. "Do you know the art and science?" he enquired, turning at length to me.

"I do not, sir."

"This is a treat, then, that you can't enjoy. I could admire it for ever. A lovely colour!—pity it should ever fade. The learned call it *Ikey Moses*. It's a perfect case. How's your husband, Jenkins?"

The patient shook her head.

"Still suffering from alcohol?—eh—speak out."

"He's very bad, sir," said the poor creature, and then entered upon a long, sad history of domestic tyranny and dissipation.

"There's your aqueous liquid," exclaimed the chemist, interrupting her. "Wash the part, *bis vel ter quotidie*, every now and then. Sevenpence. Now, Mrs Wiggins, No. 2. Here's a case, sir, that would have puzzled Hippocrates. The doctor round the corner calls it acute *Phlebitis*. Bah! Stuff and nonsense. *Bugbitus*, just as likely."

Mrs Wiggins took the place of Mrs Jenkins, who had departed with her lotion. The present invalid was suffering from exhaustion—she was famished.

"Now listen to the diagnostics," remarked the man of science, pointing to me with his extended arm.

"Wiggins, what do you feel?"

"Oh, very sinking!" moaned the sufferer.

"No plethora?"

“ No what, sir ? ”

“ Oh, I forgot ! ” said the questioner, blushing like a clever man at his mistake.

“ We must descend. Poor ignorama ! Don’t you feel very full, Wiggins ? Stop ! Before you answer, think a little ; that’s my plan of treatment.”

“ Indeed I don’t, sir,” answered the hungry wretch.

“ Wonderful instance of self-delusion ! A fresh phenomenon. Mark it down. Wiggins, you eat too much.”

“ Heaven bless you, sir ! ” exclaimed the woman with surprise.

“ You do—don’t say you don’t. I must phlebotomize you into abstinence ! What have you eaten to-day ? ”

“ Nothing, sir ! ”

“ And yesterday ? ”

“ Some bread and water, sir ! ”

The chemist paused—then with his thumb and finger slowly stroked his chin.

“ This *is* remarkable. Symptoms cutting both ways. Who shall say it isn’t loss of *appetitus* ? Let us tack about. Now, Wiggins, mark. You don’t sleep at night ? ”

“ Very little sometimes.”

“ That will do—that’s a symptom. Look at me. You feel you-don’t-know-howish ? ”

“ I think I do, sir.”

“ Come, Wiggins, none of that. You are *sure* you do. A sinking in the stomach now and then—eh ? ”



“ Yes, sir, continually.”

“ What—I’ve clenched it, have I? The animal wants tone, sir. We must wind her up. Wiggins, this is serious. We must draught you. Take a *haustus*—that’s Latin for a *mouthful*. *Repetitur quotidie*—repeat it night and morning. One and twopence—get it ready.”

“ I’m not worth a single farthing, sir.”

“ Wiggins, you are an incurable. Physic’s thrown away upon you. Go, inhale the fresh and bracing air. Walker, No. 3.” And Mrs Wiggins crawled away ashamed, and Mrs Walker, No. 3, advanced to the bashaw. In a similar manner he prescribed for all. To such as could scrape together the required pence, his medicines were a panacea; the extreme pauper was pronounced incurable, and was discharged accordingly. In a little time the shop was cleared. The scene, however, had lasted long enough to effect a gradual forgetfulness of my own condition, and to oppress me with a lively sense of others’ woes.

“ Such is business,” said the apothecary, addressing me, his only auditor. “ No time to lose in our profession. Patients must be healed, *currente calomel*, as we doctors say. Wherein, sir, can I serve you? To the last page of the Pharmacopœia you shall command me.”

I told my business, and I thought the garrulous and offensive man would never cease to praise his rooms and furniture. “ His house was suited to

professionals—had been fitted up for his own private residence, with no ulterior view to lodgers. Lodgers, as such, were his abhorrence, But he was man—the social being in the creative scheme—unwed, and he longed to *feel* society about him. As friends he would receive us ; not else. The fee for the apartments was a secondary matter. He did not let to *make* by them. He hoped that his high standing acquitted him of *that*. Thank Heaven, who had made him so essential to his fellow-creatures, he was above suspicion ! But he must have friends ; it was a human weakness, and he submitted.” The rooms were dark and low—the furniture most mean—the rent unreasonably high ; but I agreed to take the place. It was a quiet home for Emma—that was all I needed. Having arranged the terms, I left the shop, my spirits burdened, I knew not why—my mind stirred up and troubled, I asked not wherefore.

The same evening Emma and I took possession. I had requested in the morning that a fire should be lighted, and all things made comfortable, previous to the arrival of the lady ; but as it often happens, where promises are large and statements highly coloured, there was a falling off in the performance. Mr, or, as his pauper-patients styled him, *Doctor* Weezen, rated the servant child, (the sole domestic of the house, innocent of her fourteenth year,) and scolded her for her neglect, in a harangue that would have sounded better had it been delivered to a company of soldiers.

He then apologized to Emma, and told her that an establishment was the most oppressive thing in life, and that domestic cares had wellnigh been too much for Socrates.

First impressions, whether true or false, are dangerous if unfavourable. No after knowledge, no wise experience, can efface entirely the sad complexion that is spread abroad with the first shock of sensibility. Without exertion, and in an instant, in a breath, the quick and heated fancy is impressed. Years of en-deavour will not wear away the form. When we stepped into the cold and joyless rooms, Emma involuntarily recoiled. I shared the impulse which had moved her, and was sensible that we had made a downward step. Dismal conceptions filled my mind, at once disturbed, distressed it, bore upon it with the force of *incubi*. I made an effort to shake them off. They relaxed not. Incoherent apprehensions, not to be disdained, mystical shadows though ye be, ye are the invisible but certain harbingers of real and fast-approaching misery! Gratifying as the unconcernedness of Emma had been upon the receipt of Mrs Springdale's letter, I was very sorry to observe that her exemption from violent emotion seemed not only likely to continue, but to merge, at last into a settled melancholy. For a fortnight we had occupied Doctor Weezen's rooms, and during that time she made no effort to rally, evinced no desire to be roused from the moody and desponding state into which she had gradually fallen. Day after day she would sit, for a time

needle in hand, looking at, rather than pursuing her work; then she would suddenly put it aside and muse, resting her elbow on her knee, her cheek upon her hand, smiling perhaps, and so bitterly, that it chilled me to stand by and witness it. I tried every manœuvre that affection could suggest, to divert and cheer her; but my office was a thankless one. One day, after I had talked for half an hour, with a gayety that almost choked me, from the exertion which was required to force it up, she sat as gloomy and as silent as ever; and the only acknowledgment I got, was a fixed stare, and a pitiful shake of the head.

“Oh, dear me, Emma!” I said at length, with a truly miserable sigh, “this is dreadful work. I shall go out of my mind, that will be the end of it; and if this is to last, I don’t care how soon. Little did I think that all our happiness was to end in this!”

“Are you unhappy, then?” enquired Emma.

“Am I! I never was so wretched in my life. I have given up every thing for you Emma, and”——

“I know it!” she exclaimed, “and you repent it. Why have you not said so before? You believe *that* woman, and you hate me. Let me leave you. Let *the wicked and designing wretch* depart!” And she rose from her chair in great agitation.

“Emma, you are greatly to blame for talking in this way. Whatever people may have said, I am sure I have always treated you with great kindness. The harsh usage of others has made me love you the more.”

“ I would that I were dead ! ” she cried, “ desolate outcast that I am ! Do not mind me, Stukely—do not listen to me. I feel that I am ungrateful to you.”

“ Dearest Emma ! you are not ungrateful. I do not upbraid you. But why should we have these interruptions to our happiness ? If you will but smile, and look cheerful, and live as we used at Mrs Springdale’s, every thing will go on well. I am sure, for this last week, my life has been a burden to me. How can I possibly keep up my spirits, whilst you are sad and mournful, and close your lips against me ? ”

“ Dear Caleb ! ” exclaimed Emma, bursting into tears, which fell before me like a refreshing shower, “ return to Cambridge. *Be* happy. Leave me. Let me go into the world—the cruel, cruel world, and beg my bread from door to door, and be refused. Let me starve and die ; but do not let them say that I have been your ruin and destruction.”

“ You think too much of these things, dear. Let them say what they please. Nothing can afflict me, if you will only be merry and gay. What a pity it is we haven’t a pianoforte here ? A little music would set every thing to rights—delicious music ! We must hire one if we can. Come, smile and look bright, as you know how. There’s a dear Emma ! ”

“ But about Cambridge, Caleb ? ”

“ Well then, dear, I promise you, if you will put a good face upon matters, and become immediately the sweet, good-tempered Emma whom I used to know, I

will not let another day pass without fixing a time for my return."

You have seen the sun, upon a spring day, breaking through the jealous clouds which shut out the vault of heaven, and intercept the adoring heart of man. You have seen, I say, and felt the power of the gush of liquid light that made, for one brief interval, the sober earth to smile, and passed, like joy, into the secret caverns of your soul. How transient is the gleam! How hastily do the murky clouds unite again, with more compactness than before, and quench that joy and smile! Thus evanescient, but with such potency, did the sparkling eyes of her I loved, and madly loved, send forth again its rays, to console and cheer me. Thus quickly did the unwholesome vapours of her mind extinguish them.

Unable to remain in her presence not touched by her condition, and fearful of adding to her melancholy by advice and entreaties which in no way removed her cause of suffering, I left her on the following morning, in a state of mind bordering on despair, and without knowing whither to direct my steps. I walked mechanically into the laboratory of Doctor Weezen. He received me very graciously, explained to me, with much magniloquence, the properties and peculiar virtues of his medicines; and, after a most abstruse and learned disquisition on the healing art in general, he told me that it was time to see his patients, and how proud he'd feel if I would kindly



bear him company. The Doctor, as a man, I heartily disliked—his skill and knowledge I regarded with contempt. I accepted his invitation nevertheless, and did not scruple, upon our way, to beg a remedy for an habitual gloomy state of mind.

“ Or, as we should say, in technic parlance, ‘ a superabundance of black bile.’ I am afraid, sir, it’s a case for Bedlam. It’s not professional to recommend the bastinado ; and yet there is nothing like a cudgel to cure a melancholy. A dose or two I’ve known restore the mental equilibrium. At Bedlam, it’s the standard recipe. Is the patient young ? ”

“ Not very old, sir.”

“ Then you have a chance of cure. When an old head gets dull and flabby, tonics are thrown away upon it.”

With similar profound remarks, Dr Weezen entertained me, as we passed from den to den. His patients were a most destitute and squalid troop, holding life on terms that made it scarcely worth possession. Doctor Weezen evidently thought so. His mode of treatment was in conformity with this idea, and, more than any other thing, was calculated to lighten speedily the burden of existence. Henceforward, I repeated daily my visits, in company with the fussy doctor ; and daily did I witness scenes of exquisite, unmitigated suffering, whose naked, horrid aspect would have shocked and driven me back, had it not elicited, in mercy, a spark of human fellow-feeling, by whose light I was directed

into usefulness. Many of the unfortunate needed bread more than physic; and I supplied them, as far as I was able, with the means of getting it. More than one poor wretch looked at me with a vacant eye, doubtful of the act of charity, and took the offering without a word of thanks. The warm heart of benevolence had never taught them the language of gratitude, and they might be pardoned if they were ignorant of its expression.

Privileged in being the instrument of good, and busy now from day to day, I felt less acutely than before the continued mournfulness of Emma. But time wore on. Returning from my walks, I met no glistening and love-telling eye of welcome—no tongue to ask a hundred unimportant questions—unimportant in themselves, but most significant of the ardent, true affection. All was silence and despondency. The cause I knew not, could not learn. Often I asked, and a repulsive sigh was then the only answer. Could it be sullenness and a dislike of me? I saw no reason for suspicion; but my pride took fire, and a thought of anger started in my mind—one smarting thought—it was the first, and love corrected and suppressed it. But this moroseness was not the only change that had taken place in Emma. Her health was yielding before the influences of this cherished care, this ever-gnawing trouble. Within a month, her once lovely countenance had undergone a transformation that confounded and alarmed me. The delicate complexion, that fair,

transparent hue, had vanished. A coarseness had grown over and encrusted it. What sickness could have effected the silent, hideous alteration? Her clear and lustrous eye, that bewitching eye, in whose fairy cell had lurked the philtre that had first enchanted me, had lost its brilliant sheen, had parted with its dignity and power. "What illness of the mind," I asked again, "can rob the organ of its purer part, leaving to us this heavy, dull, and watery orb?" Her face was turgid—her slender and most graceful form encumbered with a fast increasing, unbecoming fulness. Daily, almost hourly, I saw the gradual change, and stood amazed and horror-stricken. The longer I gazed upon the fading beauty, the more offensive and unpardonable did I deem her melancholy and unsocial manner—the more lively did I feel the injury she inflicted—the greater seemed the sacrifice that I had made for unrequited love. A second thought of anger started in my brain; but love was less awake to treason than before, and made no effort to destroy it.

I sat alone one evening. Emma had retired to rest. I still reflected on her odd behaviour, her unaccountable neglect. "For it is neglect," I said, "and, worse than that, ingratitude. She is strangely altered in her person! Who could believe that this is Emma whom I knew three months ago? How fast does beauty fade! But this is nothing—at least, it is very little compared with her offence. She cannot be accountable for *that*. I never loved her for her

face alone. I am sure of it. I loved her rather for—  
for—but it does not matter now, her treatment of me is  
intolerable—and it has made me most unhappy. What  
have I not given up for her? Ah, what indeed!”  
And I rose from my chair, and paced the room in  
perturbation. “I must not think of it.” A sudden  
rush upon my conscience of desperate thoughts that  
had long been chained in sleep by Passion, (now  
imprisoned and enslaved herself,) and whose violence  
was all the stronger for the previous slumber, almost  
overthrew my reason. I stood still with terror.  
“Good Heaven!” I exclaimed, “whither have I  
been wandering? What will they think at HOME? O  
God! my father! my poor mother! She will break  
her heart. What WILL they think of me? I must  
go back to Cambridge. In a few days my furniture  
will be taken from me if that fearful bill is not duly  
paid. Where can I get a hundred pounds? What  
shall I do? O Emma, Emma! have I deserved that  
you should heap these coals of fire upon my head?  
I’ll not permit another day to close upon me without  
some step. What is best to do? I’ll write—no—  
I’ll return to London. How unfortunate I have  
been! Why have I been singled out for all this trial  
and affliction? Oh, that delectable scholarship! From  
the moment that I swore to have it, I was doomed.  
I must do something. Let me think quietly. Shall  
I set out immediately for Cambridge, or go home? I  
haven’t a single friend to advise me. I never had a

youthful friend like other boys. Every thing has been against me. Well, I think I had better go to Cambridge first—see Levy, and then hasten to my father, and supplicate his pardon. I am sure he will pity and forgive me, and I *must* do better for the future. I'll pack up my things at once. In the morning, I'll take leave of Emma. Ah, Emma! What is to be done with her? Poor creature, she must not be cast away! She shall suggest a plan. She has insisted upon my leaving her. What a comfort that it is her own request! It would be madness to refuse compliance with it." With such vague talk I endeavoured to discharge the horrible conceptions of my mind, and I at last succeeded. Before I went to bed I collected all my moveables, and made every preparation for a departure on the morrow. "I am sure that I have concluded wisely," I whispered to myself. "I feel so peaceful and so satisfied—my heart seems so much lighter." I proposed to announce my resolution as soon as we arose. The morning came, and then—I thought it better to postpone the momentous communication until the evening. The excitement of the previous night had left me very nervous, and my courage threatened to desert me. One day can't make the difference," said I, "and I shall be more comfortable by and by: when the shutters are closed, and one is sitting by the fire, things are managed so much better. I can bring out the subject by degrees, without the fear of startling

her, and the risk of ruining my scheme. Nothing shall prevent my quitting Huntingdon to-morrow—that is certain.”

With the double object of paying a *pour prendre congé* visit to my diseased acquaintances, and of extracting vigour from the fresh and limpid air, I left my lodging at a very early hour. The prospect of a speedy termination of my present mode of life acted favourably upon my spirits; I talked with sprightliness, and briskly moved about, and was half persuaded that I had become a very virtuous character, and deserving of much sympathy and praise. The invalids received a double portion of their small allowance. I gave them in addition some excellent counsel, (which might have been of service to myself;) then, wishing them a quick recovery, a richer and a better friend, I shook them all severally and warmly by the hand, and left them to their dismal meditations. It was late when I returned. I walked before the door some dozen times, to gather round my heart the necessary stimulus. Having goaded myself sufficiently with thoughts of duty—unkind treatment—altered nature, (taking particular care the while to shut out all incitements on the score of altered *beauty*,) I stopped at length, and walked softly up the staircase.

At the very moment of my entering the apartment, Emma, with a hasty and disordered action, rose, as it appeared, immediately from the floor, and sat herself with violence and precipitation at the table. She was



greatly agitated—her cheek was flustered—her eye glaring with a wild besotted look. I was transfixed with terror. What ailed her? I would have asked the question; but as I moved towards her for the purpose, she set her teeth together and repelled me with a horrible unearthly laugh. I glanced beneath the table to discover, if possible, the reason of her first strange movement. For an instant, I burned with *jealousy*! She marked me, and anticipating my design, darted thither, and crouched like one possessed. Quick as was her motion, she failed to conceal what, as it appeared in sight, sickened and dismayed me. Half hidden by her sweeping garments, there revealed itself—a bottle of the accursed wine received from Levy! What a history did it tell! Frightful, harrowing exhibition! Miserable woman!—Debased beyond the power of recovery. INTOXICATED——Lost!

“Emma,” I said, trembling like a leaf, “what is the meaning of all this—this drink?”——

“Drink!” she replied in a hysteric voice, “ay, sir, I learnt it of my father. We have died of it for centuries. It has killed a whole churchyard of us. When did you ever hear of a sober Harrington? Never since the flood.” And she screamed a madman’s laugh. Mad in truth she was. I sought to pacify her; but she furiously repulsed me, vowed she did not know me, and commanded me to be gone, to leave her presence, and not disturb the banquet.

When she found me still remaining, she surveyed me with contempt, and then proudly paced the room, muttering, as she went, about her station, and the disrespect that mortals paid her. There was a vicious drift about her eye, which, as I met it, quailed and frightened me. It spoke a malicious and determined will, and exposed the exclusive deadly privilege of *wine*. Illustrious beverage ! The meaner liquors only unfit us for exertion. It is your higher boast to ripen us for crime !—Now it was that previous symptoms, mysterious and inexplicable when they arose, were interpreted and made clear. Now the shaking of the hand, the loss of appetite, the sinking of the spirits, the general torpor and depression of the frame, were traced to their disgraceful origin. Now I beheld the insidious and tremendous power that had stripped and triumphed over human loveliness. Seductive poison, most malignant juice, thy victory was unequivocal ! I acknowledged it, and trembled.

The violence of Emma increased with every passing minute. She talked and raved until she lashed herself to fury. My presence exasperated and made hotter the brain that was on fire already. I could accomplish nothing by remaining in the room. In a state of distraction I quitted it, with the forlorn hope of effecting something by my absence. I hastened to the "*chemical laboratory*," and threw myself into the arms of Doctor Weezen with as much warmth and affection as if he had been my dearest friend in life.

Intense misery makes any one look amiable, especially if any one can be of service to us. "Oh, my dear Doctor!" I exclaimed, "help me, I am a wretched being."—"Sorry for you," said the chemist, eschewing the embrace as politely as he could, "but I am as poor as Job just now. How very odd! I was just agoing to ask you for the rent. Patients falling off uncommon fast. This is very staggering, Mr Stukely."

"It isn't money that I want. My poor girl! what can be done for her? She is in a dreadful state."

"Oh, bless my heart!" replied the gentleman in a different tone. "You don't mean *that*. I had no idea it was so near. But, my dear sir, don't alarm yourself, 'tis a very common case with ladies. Your *first*, I guess? Well, that accounts for your anxiety. You'll be quieter when you have had a dozen." As the doctor spoke, Emma's foot was heard loudly and quickly stamping overhead. There was a murmur of her voice—a rapid walking up and down, and a violent slamming of the door. Then all was silent. "Awful hysteria, isn't it?" enquired the doctor, looking serious and surprised. "But it is symptomatic. Nothing frightens me when I know it is symptomatic. Don't you be frightened, my good young friend."

"I waited half an hour with Dr Weezen, determined, if the noise was heard again, to communicate the sad discovery, and to avail myself of his advice in the emergency. But the clamour was not repeated.

At the close of the half-hour all was silent still. I promised the doctor to call him up should his services be required; the doctor promised me that he wouldn't take off his boots, much less go to bed, and then I stole timorously to my room again. The door was closed, not locked. I gently opened it, and entered. The apartment was in darkness. I called to Doctor Weezen in a whisper for a light, which he brought, and then I found that Emma had departed. I dare not say that an over-hasty conclusion which I formed—viz., that she had run away for ever—afforded me a gleam of inexpressible relief! Our bedroom was on the second floor; thither I proceeded. As I drew near *sounds* reached my ear again, and fell like cold and heavy marble on my heart. She had fastened the door, was gabbling loud and incoherently, slapping her hands, and beating the ground with her foot. In a word, she was madder than ever.

I sat upon the stairs before the bedroom door, bitterly regretting that I had not been born an Israelite in the days of Pharaoh, King of Egypt, under whose mild and benevolent policy the little Hebrew children were destroyed as soon as they saw the light. “It is quite certain,” said I, “that I am the most unfortunate wretch in the creation. I am crossed in every thing. What a terrible upset is this! Just hark at her! Oh dear, dear, dear! it's a pretty business altogether. Any one but myself,” I continued, soliloquizing, “would leave her this very night, and really

she half deserves it. But that, I suppose, would be considered wrong. I owe a duty to my parents certainly. Bless me, I wonder how they are ! What can they think of my long silence ? Emma cannot have a claim upon me after what has happened. I have a good mind to go." And I got up ; but at that moment, Emma, seized with a sudden paroxysm, burst into tears, and the voice recalled so many dear associations, was so very like the voice of Emma in our early days of love, that the gradually hardening heart gave way, and straight was malleable for any thing. I resumed my seat. During the succeeding hour or two, I knocked many times against the door ; first softly, then harder, and at last with violence, but an inhuman laugh or yell was the sole acknowledgment of my application. The strength of the poor creature was, however, failing fast. The intervals of repose were longer, her footsteps much less heavy, her exclamations not half so forcible. I resolved to wait until exhaustion restored her reason, and I could make her sensible of her mournful situation. It was about three o'clock that I made this final resolution, when I had become very chilly and depressed with cold. It occurred to me that I could keep watch better if I were more warmly clad. Accordingly, I procured my great-coat from the sitting-room, covered myself with it and a yard or two of thick stair matting, took my position once more upon the stairs, and then immediately fell fast asleep.

I awoke about eight o'clock from a dream so dreadfully horrid, that the satisfaction I derived from its being unreal, actually reconciled me for a time to my only less horrible and true condition. I did not hear a movement in the house. Silence was in the bedroom. I tried the handle of the door, and it yielded to the gentle touch. I entered, and on tiptoe glided to the bed. Emma was sitting up awake. She cast upon me one brief gaze of mingled grief and shame, and then the pale, debauched, and haggard countenance dropped in dejection on her bosom. She did not speak; I did not reprove her. For many hours she continued in a state of mental numbness, and I was constant to her side. At length, towards evening, she fixed upon me steadily her sluggish and cavernous eye, clasped tremblingly my wrist, and in the low half-whispering voice of vanquished modesty, implored me to obtain for her a draught of wine.

"You know not what you ask for, Emma," I replied. "Bid me get for you some deadly poison or a dagger. You might use both with equal prudence. I might supply you with them with equal justice and humanity. Ask rather for wholesome food. You have eaten nothing throughout the day."

"Wine, wine!" she repeated in a tone of the deepest supplication, and moistening with her tongue her parched and fevered lips; "wine, Stukely, or I shall die before your eyes!" and she squeezed my hand convulsively.



“Emma!” I exclaimed, “of all my misfortunes, this stroke falls heaviest upon me. How you are changed! what infatuation has led you into this gulf of misery? Emma, I think I see you, but I mistrust my senses. My heart breaks as I sit beside you.” I could say no more, for my throat burned and was choked with emotion.

“Wine, Caleb! there’s a dear, Caleb. Wine, wine!” It was the burden of her song:—say what I would, wine was my answer. All her ideas had left her but this one.

“Whatever may be the consequence, Emma,” I said, with seriousness, “I will not comply with your request. I will not deliberately become your murderer. I am punished sufficiently already. Compose yourself if you can, and forget the past.” She threw my hand away with an offended air, and spake no more that evening.

Daily I vowed to leave her, and daily her condition gave desertion a cruel and unnatural aspect. Hour after hour I waited for the smallest proof of amendment, which should also be my signal for departure; but the change was still from bad to worse. From morning till night she reiterated her intense entreaties, which I invariably rejected. Then, from revenge or inability, she refused all nourishment, and very soon she grew emaciated, wan, and deathlike. Another week passed by. Her hand began to shake, and never ceased; her muscles quivered, and a constant tremor

of the body moved the very bed with quick vibrations : now her eyes were rolling with alarm, and now were occupied in an incessant vacant watchfulness ; now they were fixed sternly upon me, and now they chased about the room some phantom of the brain, and followed till they lost it. What wonder if the reason took alarm, and forsook its frail and tottering tenement ? She no longer knew me.

“ Monster ! ” she cried out, shrinking from my touch as I approached her, “ would you kill the helpless creature ? would you sell her to the dogs ? It’s a brave carcass. Ah, ah, ah, pòor lad !—Are you frightened ? It won’t hurt you, but you musn’t kill, kill, kill ! ” She stopped, and then proceeded in another strain : “ Come, dear mother, the bells are ringing. The folks are all ready for church. Look there, too—there’s dear old Adam hobbling as fast as his spindle shanks can carry him—faster, faster, Adam, or they’ll begin without you. What a gay Sunday it is ! For all the world, like a merry-making ! But the sun shines,” she continued mournfully, “ and that is so deceitful. The night is sure to come now. Oh ! it would be a clever trick to steal the sunshine !—Don’t talk unkindly to me, James—I meant no harm. You forget, Temple, that I gave up every thing for you. What, again ! ” she shrieked out louder than ever, catching sight of me in the inconstant progress of her eye ; “ will this man never be gone ? Ha ! have I caught you ?—Hide that knife ; murder, murder—the fiend,

the fiend!" And then she checked herself immediately, fixed upon the ceiling an impotent and empty stare, whilst heavy perspiration hung in pearly drops about her.

I had no power to move. I was fastened to the spot, and I looked upon the poor maniac with a heart torn by conflicting passions. I was startled by a voice. It fell upon my ears like a faint memory—like the haunting spirit of a sound deceased—the spirit that loves to awaken slumbering fancy. It touched me, and it glided on;—what was its business now? The voice was heard again, and with more distinctness than before. It was the substance, and no shadow—the reality, and not the symbol. It was louder yet! It called my name. It is accompanied by a footstep. That voice, that step, and *here!* Earth, open your devouring jaws for pity's sake, and hide me from my *Father!*

## PART V.

## HOME REVISITED.

“I’ll tell you what it is, Simeon-Clayton, they may be light-hearted again before long—they are young, and it is but natural; but they will never be as they have been: their eyes are opened this day, and they have learned what this world is made of—sorrow and trial for the young; and, for the old, aches and pains, as we know full well, Simeon. God help us!”—*Paget’s Tales of the Village.* THE MOURNER.

It is a dull and dreary winter’s day. The earth sleeps soundly, and on her rigid face appears no smile, to tell that dreams of spring are moving her with joy. The thick and heavy air hangs like a shroud upon her, and a frozen silence reigneth every where. The blood of life is numbed, and in the vegetable, as well as in the animal, performs its functions lazily. It is a day when sunny light becomes a paradox—cerulean sky, a pure impossibility; when crimson flowers, and laughing trees, and purling brooks, seem intimations from a poetic childhood, recollections of a splendid and far distant country, when summer thoughts bring with them shadowy recollections of a fairy land, pictures of time, and place, and circumstance, that had their

birth and origin in the immortal mind, and whose existence was first revealed to us in sweet and cherished books. Winter is an envious churl, and it is difficult to realize the pleasant summer time if he stand by. Snow, a month old, lies about in clumps and patches, embrowned with age, hardened and coalesced by frost. Trees, whose spreading foliage has sheltered many times, and shall again protect, from heat and storm, the solitary wayfarer, stand defenceless now themselves—dismantled skeletons. And yet how preferable their natural hybernal death to the unwholesome life of yew-trees, that at intervals diversify and make more hideous the melancholy road; ever and anon starting upon my path like wandering spirits doomed to carry on a changeless and eternal life in a vast world of mutability.

Nearly two years have elapsed since the *Cambridge Intelligence* discharged me at Trinity Gate. The *Huntingdon* coach carries me slowly, but too quickly, back to London. My university education is completed. My father is at my side. His cheek is very pale, and his brow wears a settled sadness. He has sighed many times, (has he not wept too?—Have I not watched it fall—the life-blood tear of manhood?) but he has not spoken. He is wasted, and corroding care has fed upon his spirit. Ah! he is very ill, and I dare not ask how it is with him, and why he languishes—the tongue of the criminal is tied. We are not alone. The coach contains another traveller, a

man advanced in years, small in stature, blessed with a countenance that is radiant with benevolence—his grey eyes twinkle with delight, and he is restless in his seat. Frequently the excited little man hurries to the coach window, looks into the road with an averted face, and then returns to his place with a moistened eye, or with a beamy smile illuminating the breadth and depth of his venerable and social visage. Sometimes he attacks his nose, and coughs most vehemently, to make us understand how cruelly he suffers from a catarrh, and how little from the inundation of a mirth that will not be restrained; sometimes he hums a tune, and accompanies the measure with his feet, to carry off, it may be, through many and various channels, the impetuous stream of gladness ever running from his heart. His tongue is at length obliged to help in the dismissal of the current.

“Bless him, bless him!” the gratified traveller ejaculated, and once more referring us to his nose for an explanation of his words—“Bless the dear boy’s heart!”

My poor, cast-down father had not previously noticed our companion. He looked dejectedly at him now as he spoke.

“Don’t mind me, dont mind me,” he continued; “I am the happiest man in the creation, but I am not crazy. Is that your son? Pardon my excessive rudeness.”

“He is, sir,” said my father.



"Then you understand all about it, and I needn't apologize. Listen to me, my dear sir, for five minntes, and tell me if I am not the luckiest man in the world—with the exception of yourself, perhaps—I am sadly wanting in politeness. I married him this morning, sir. She is a lovely creature."

"Is she?" enquired my father mechanically, his thoughts being far, very far from the speaker.

"Yes—no," replied the gentleman, "I don't mean that. His wife is an angel—a love-match—his old master's daughter. One of the right school, sir. Are you a grandfather, may I ask? I hope it is not an improper question."

"I am not, sir."

"Nor am I, but I hope to be one; and then my house won't hold me. If it's a boy, they intend to call him Jeremiah—that's after me, of course. What is the meaning of Jeremiah?"

My father confessed his ignorance, and the happy man proceeded. "The dear boy is five-and-twenty this very day; and, as true as I sit here, he has never knowingly caused me one moment's pain. I may never see him again. It was hard to part with him. Don't you think so?"

"*'A good son maketh a glad father,'* saith the proverb," replied my father in a mournful voice.

"Yes," added the stranger quickly, "*'and a foolish son is a grief to his father, and bitterness to her that bare him,'* that's a proverb too, although it is not so

much in my way as the other. I'll swear *your* proverb's true,"—and he rubbed his hands with glee, whilst my father drooped.

"It is exactly ten years since I bound him apprentice to John Claypole, the brewer. You know him?"

Mr Stukely shook his head negatively.

"What, not know John Claypole? Oh yes! you do. You have seen that fine house on the Godmanchester road. That's his. My boy will live there soon. He deserves it. I have no notion of calling a man lucky who works his own way up to fortune. My dear Jack! who would have thought that he'd marry that sweet child of Claypole's! They are, though I say it, the prettiest-mated birds that ever coupled. There's something to look at, too, in Arabella—that's a curious name isn't it?—foreign, I suppose—eh? Oh, dear me!" Now part of the little gentleman's joy oozed in perspiration down his forehead, and he cleared it off, and then continued, "I was saying something—oh yes! I bound him to his father-in-law—not his father-in-law then, you know—that has only been since nine o'clock this morning. 'Jack,' said I, when I shook hands with him on the bridge ten minutes after his indentures were signed. 'Jack,' said I, 'we are very poor, but you have gentle blood flowing in your veins—don't disgrace us.' 'Father,' said he, 'I wont, depend upon it,' and he gave me a grasp of the hand in return for my own, which I have felt ever since, whenever I talk or think about the lad. It is

tingling now—it is really, sir—I don't romance ;” and now his joy checked his utterance, and his handkerchief was busy with his eyes. My father listened to the old man with earnestness, and his pale lip trembled. “ When the child's time was out, that's just three years ago, his mother was taken ill, and, poor creature, died too soon. If you had seen the boy at her bedside for one whole month”——

“ How many miles is this from Huntingdon ? ” enquired my father, interrupting him.

“ The last stone was twenty-three. Where did I leave off, sir ? Dear me—How very warm it is ! ”

“ And yet it freezes hard,” rejoined my father.

“ Do you really say so ? Ah, cold cannot freeze a father's heart—can it, sir ? Well, his mother died, and then, John Claypole sent for me ; ‘ Jeremiah,’ he said, (his father was second cousin to my wife's uncle, so, being relations, he always called me by my Christian name,)—Jeremiah, your boy has two good qualities ; he speaks the truth and has an honourable respect for ha'pence. I shall take care of him ? ’ And hasn't he taken care of him ? Hasn't he given him a share in the brewery, and a share of his house, and his own daughter all to himself ? And hasn't the dear boy taken care of his father, and made him comfortable for life ? And hasn't his father seen him married this very day, and hadn't he better make the best of his way home and die at once, because he can never be so happy again if he lives to the age of Methuselah ?

I am so glad that you are a father, because you won't think me a fool for"—the concluding words were drowned in the handkerchief.

"You have much to be grateful for, sir;" said my father, ready to weep from a very different cause. "You are a happy man."

"No, sir; I am three happy men. I think you will find that to be correct, if you take the average. I trust I am sufficiently humble; my privileges are manifold."

That my feelings during this interesting scene were not of the most agreeable kind may easily be supposed. During my long service with my present worthy employer, I have had many opportunities of noticing the behaviour of culprits on particular occasions, especially in the dock of the Old Bailey, at those intensely pleasant moments when a communicative witness enters upon an affecting portion of the said culprit's secret and domestic history. When, on these occasions, I have seen the brazen face throw off its metal, modestly avoid the public gaze, and languish gradually upon the breast: then have I, likewise, seen the *tableau vivant* of poor Caleb Stukely, pierced with remorse and shame, uneasy with the weight of his own head, and eager to evaporate, in the coach that carried him from Huntingdon.

The stranger grew more pleasant and loquacious; my father a more attentive listener. To me the latter did not address the shortest syllable. Although sitting at his side, I was in effect as much withdrawn from him

as though an ocean rolled between us. He treated me with cold neglect. If his new acquaintance referred to me—and he often did so to gratify the parent's natural vanity, and to afford himself an excuse for a fresh recapitulation of the merits of his own darling offspring—my father returned a short, quick answer, and avoided discussion on the subject. I was indeed abandoned, and I quailed before the just anger of a father, which divided us now as surely as we had been united by his previous confiding and unbounded love. Once only had I ventured to speak since we entered the coach; and my father neither replied to me nor turned his face towards me. For the first, but not for the last time, did the thought of self-destruction possess my mind without alarming it.

We stopped for refreshment. My father did not enter the inn, but walked slowly through the lonely street, the only one of the village in which our coach halted. I followed him, and when I overtook him, seized his hand.

“Father, father!” I exclaimed at the same moment.

“Well, Caleb;” he replied, disengaging his hand, and in a passionless voice.

“Speak to me, dear father!” I cried out. “Be angry with me. Upbraid me. I can never repair the cruel wrong that I have inflicted upon you. I deserve punishment. Do not spare it. I will bear it patiently, gladly. But speak to me, for God's sake! Speak harshly, reproachfully; but do speak!”

“Caleb,” answered my father, moved by my importunity, and in a tone of sorrow, “there are upbraidings and reproaches waiting you at home that will fall upon you with pitiless violence. Bear them if you can. *I* have no punishment to inflict. The hot iron is prepared. I can promise you no mitigation of suffering. You have sown—you must reap; there is a retributive justice *here*. Good or evil deeds done in the flesh, are requited in the flesh. Gather yourself, then, and summon courage for the penalty. You will pay it shortly.”

It was late at night when we reached home. The shops and houses were closed. The streets of busy London were as tranquil as a field of slumbering roses. The flickering lamps made darkness visible; and a heavy coach or two, at intervals, rendered silence audible. We rang at the door of our habitation, and a strange man, with a lantern in his hand, opened it.

“Who’s that, Bolster?” enquired a loud uncouth voice, emanating apparently from the shop.

“All right, master;” replied the attendant, locking and bolting the door, whilst my father proceeded to the parlour, and I went after him.

“Who are these?” I asked, surprised and alarmed at the presence of these unexpected visitors; “what are these men?”

“Our masters, Caleb; be grateful to them, and show them all civility: we are here on sufferance.”



“ Dear father, what can you mean ? Is not this our house ? ”

“ Our house is a large one—as wide as the world itself—it is roofed only by heaven. This is the first reproach. I told you they would come quickly. *Our* house, Caleb ? We are beggars, houseless, penniless, save what they allow in charity. They are very kind. We must not seem proud, or these men will get us turned out in revenge. I wouldn’t care for myself, but what would you do ? Stay here a minute ; I will speak with them.” Saying these words, he opened the parlour door which communicated with the shop, and joined the individuals who were sitting there. There were two ; a small window permitted me to get sight of them. One was Mr Bolster—the gentleman who admitted us : the other, I concluded to be the person whom he had honoured with the title of superior. Both of them were dressed with the same elegance and taste : and both were endowed with that intelligent cast of features which generally denotes a first-rate education, and an intimate acquaintance with things in general. Their eyes had evidently been to school from earliest infancy, and had learned all the languages. The other members of the facial family had been brought up with equal care, were beaming with the brightest polish, and had kept up steadily with the rapid march of civilization and scientific knowledge. They were gentlemen—certainly not in danger of falling victims to their simplicity or worldly innocence. Mr Bolster decorated

the lower part of a very stout and ill defined person with corduroy shorts, worsted stockings, and thick half-boots. His head was divided from the rest of his body by a Belcher handkerchief which supplied the place of a neck—a superfluous portion of “the form divine,” with which Mr Bolster had never been troubled. He wore a costermonger’s coat, and a yellow waistcoat. He had a short and bristly head of hair; and in the centre of a low, flat, retreating, but by no means ugly forehead, he carried a stupendous wen—an enlargement possibly of the organ of benevolence or conscientiousness, if either of these sentiments lie hereabouts in the human skull. The “Master” was tall and scraggy, lacking flesh, but framed with bones of antediluvian form and structure. His dress was of the same character as Bolster’s, a thought fresher, perhaps, in respect of colour—yet this might be a fancy suggested by the knowledge of their different conditions—but the expression of his countenance was very dissimilar. Master and man had seen much of life, and you marked them with a look for men of rare experience; but the wisdom and the learning that had made Bolster merry, had rendered the principal sad and thoughtful. The face of the former was stamped with a grin: that of the latter veiled with grief. At the feet of the tall man crouched an unsightly dog, remarkable for the mange, for leanness, and for his extraordinary resemblance to the gentleman who owned him. The two worthies were sitting at a deal table before a roar-

ing fire. A pewter pot containing porter was in the grasp of the unhappy principal, and a clay pipe was at his side. The table itself was ornamented with a quarter loaf, a lump of cheese, a pack of cards, one candle, and a cribbage-board. The men rose as my father entered the shop, and Bolster greeted him with a cordial laugh, whilst the master eyed him with sorrow and compassion. I could not overhear their conversation. In a few minutes my father returned to me.

“The men will let us share their bread and cheese,” said my father; “it is too late to purchase any thing to-night, and there is nothing in the house besides. You must be hungry, Caleb?”

“But what are these men to us, father? What wonderful change has taken place in our home. Where is my mother?”

My father changed colour, and a spasm caught the muscles of his face. “It is not my fault that you have not known of these matters before. I have written to you many letters. I have sought you many times. I have done my duty by you.”

“Indeed you have, my dearest father; and I have been ungrateful and unfilial. Believe me, I will be wiser for the future. Restore your confidence, and trust me.”

“The future! the future!” repeated my father musingly, “that will hardly repair the past. We will have some talk to-morrow, Caleb. It is a short history to recite, but a weighty one. We must not refuse

these good men's hospitality; or they will take offence; and I tell you they may get us cast into the street. It does not matter if I am thrown upon a dunghill. What would become of you? I must think of that;—oh yes! I ought to think of that.”

“For the love of Heaven, I beseech you, my dear father, to explain yourself more fully—what power have these visitors over you? What right have they here?—what has happened?”

“Nothing, Caleb,” replied my father, who seemed alarmed at my tone and agitation; “nothing. It happens every day; do not be frightened; many better, wealthier men than I have suffered it, and have held up their heads again, and have got rich and prospered;—there is no disgrace in bankruptcy.”

“Bankruptcy!” I exclaimed, my blood curdling at the dreadful thought.

“Yes, bankruptcy!” reiterated my poor father, bursting into tears, which would not be suppressed; “it is too true, bankruptcy—shame—dishonour—ignominy! Every thing is gone; our name is blasted—our home is snatched from us—the fair reputation, too, that has had no spot or stain for centuries, is soiled and smirched. They might have spared me this. Caleb, we are beggars, but this is least of all; if there were nothing else, they might take all, and welcome.”

“Father, this is very sudden; I left you thriving, and in the midst of plenty.”

“ Yes, Caleb, and I left you innocent, and full of truth and promise. You are right ; it has been sudden. We do not, indeed, meet as we parted.” This was spoken with some bitterness, and I was immediately silenced.

“ Come,” resumed my father in a milder voice, “ you shall take some supper, and then go to bed ; all the news cannot be told at once. Remember, Caleb, we have not corresponded for months, and much may come to pass in a single hour—in a moment. You shall know all to-morrow. Do not let us keep the good men waiting ; they must be our friends—come now.”

He walked again into the shop, and I followed him. Ill prepared as I was for eating, I dared not disobey him ; a preying sense of past undutifulness robbed me of free-will. Had it been left me, could I have exercised it in opposition to his wishes, when so much depended upon a cheerful compliance ? The shop looked wretched indeed ; the walls were stripped, and bales of merchandise were heaped upon the floor without order or care : they were marked and lotted. The large iron cupboard, which my father, for so many years, had nightly secured with double lock, and whose creaking hinges had so often sung a lullaby to his cashbooks and ledgers, stood open and deserted. The black shelves were empty ; an open drawer displayed a few old banker’s cheques, long since honoured, now crossed and valueless. Every other thing had

been carried off. The shop itself, that was ever so neat and clean, and such a pattern of a place of business, was disfigured with the accumulated dust and dirt of weeks, and with the offscourings of shelves, whose tops had not been visited or disturbed for years before. You might have searched through London, and not found a place so well equipped and qualified for—the broken heart. Mr Bolster and his companion rose again upon our entrance; a slight addition had been made to the repast—there was a second pewter pot; in other respects the table was as before described. I sat down with my meal already in my mouth—for my full heart was in it—and dared not look upon my unhappy parent for very grief and shame. I had scarcely seated myself when Mr Bolster began to grin, and to exhibit various sprightly contortions of his face, much more pleasing to himself than to me, who appeared to be the subject of them. He planted his laughing eyes upon me, and when I met them withdrew them suddenly; not, however, before he was overtaken by a violent impulse to indulge himself and laugh outright. The struggle between this natural force, and his acquired notions of good behaviour, caused his cheeks to swell, and his features to assume the lines and forms of a vast kaleidoscope. Somewhat offended, I turned to his superior, whose head I encountered, oscillating mournfully, pendulum fashion. Every movement carried with it a vote of censure—a volume of reproof. I sat uneasy and



silent between the tutelary geniuses of tragedy and comedy, who presided over my unfortunate parent's once prosperous dwelling-place.

"You have come from college, haven't you?" enquired Bolster with a chuckle. "You finished your eddication just in time. I hope you have taken your degrees? The governor takes his on Monday week, if the assignees is satisfied with his examination; I should say he'll pass. He isn't half so flat as he looks—are you, old gentleman?" And he handed my father a plate of bread and cheese, and gently pushed the pot of porter towards him.

"Do you think there will be any difficulty?" asked my father anxiously, and addressing himself to the chief officer.

The latter shook his head despondingly.

"Now, Mr Growler, that's just the way with you," rejoined the lively Bolster. "For pouring cold water down a fellow's back, I never found your equal. You hadn't—oughtn't to have followed this here line of business. Bankruptcy is too sewere for you; every gazette as comes out I sees an alteration in you. You'll fall a wictim to your own profession—mark my words."

The principal looked at Bolster with an expression too deep for utterance, and then concealed his face and feelings for some minutes in the pewter pot.

"They surely will not distress me further," said my

father; "what can they gain by it? I have given up every thing."

Bolster winked, and answered, "In course you have. I never knew a bankrupt yet as hadn't. And when you goes up for your degrees on Monday week, and they asks you to surrender, you'll turn your pockets inside out, and show 'em the dirty lining, and the farden you got in change for the last half-pint, and take your oath you haven't another farden in the world to make that a ha'penny, and kiss the book to show there's no doubt about it, but that it's all quite true and regular—and no mistake."

"I wouldn't hunt them in misfortune," said my father, "as some of these men are following me. They'll persecute me to the grave; it is a dreadful thing to have a merciless creditor."

"Now," continued Bolster, "I have seen a good deal of this here sort of life, and I don't mind them merciless ones at all. I likes a savage to begin with; you tames him by degrees. It's your quiet and innocent boys as I dreads; them as was never in court afore, and cuddles the Bible when they swears to their debts, and kisses it so wery hard. Them chaps always looks as if they had walked into a place of worship, where him as is most religious and kisses hardest gets best pay. Nothing less than one-and-twenty shillings in the pound comes up to their belief; and ain't they wilder than heathens when they diskiver it's only

three-ha'pence? Give me a fellow as is used to it, and knows the worst, and who blows at the book a mile off from his lips, 'cause he's internally satisfied, that if he presses it ever so close he couldn't press the dividend up to twopence. You may do wonders with a chap as is resigned, but I'm blessed if there is any moving one as is disappointed. That's my experience; and now, young gentleman, if you'll be so kind as to take the nightcap off that porter, I shall be happy to wish the old gentleman safe over his troubles."

My father carried on a conversation respecting his affairs in an under tone with Mr Growler, Bolster, at the same time, initiating me into the Eleusinian mysteries of the Court of Bankruptcy. Both gentlemen were, as it is technically called, *in possession* of our house and its contents. Their sympathies were clearly engaged on my father's behalf, and many observations that escaped them, tended to produce the conviction, that any office of kindness which they could perform for us consistently with their duty, or, more accurately to speak, consistently with their safety and with their security from detection, should on no account be withheld. A species of paraphrase which Mr Growler employed when he took leave of us at the close of supper, placed this matter beyond all doubt. "A man, Mr Stukely," said he, "isn't accountable for what happens when he's fast asleep—that's morally certain. Bolster and I are not early risers; we like to indulge—on a Sunday morning especially. You may have

noticed that the mornings are dark, I may say very dark. It is surprising how much may be done before breakfast—are you aware that the inventory isn't finished? It is a remarkable fact, that the stock in the parlour isn't in the catalogue at all. I am not obliged to know every thing; I mean to say, there's no law to make me. I hope I do my public duty faithfully; but in this free country every man has a right to enjoy his private opinion—I have mine. Yours is a very hard case—I pity you—*you*, Mr Stukely." The last *you* he uttered with a powerful emphasis, and then he stared at me with the same ill-natured sorrow as before, shrugged his shoulders, sighed, and left us.

The look of things up-stairs was even more desperate and comfortless than below. The furniture had been torn from every room. The largest apartment contained a temporary bed made upon the floor, a small deal table, and a solitary chair—nothing in the world besides. The room was icy-cold; and when my father entered it, holding before me his small piece of dimly-burning candle, it seemed as if he were lighting me to a dungeon. I slept with him that night. In the morning I reminded him of his promise, and prayed him to give me some account of my absent mother. He desired me to accompany him to the room which, in their days of prosperity, had been their sleeping apartment; I did so. There was not a moveable in the place. He locked the door, and opened a very small cupboard which was in a corner of the

room. He produced a hat covered with crape to the very crown, and a man's suit of black clothes. I screamed out, and dropped into his arms. When I recovered, my father was bending over me with a countenance pale as death, but dispossessed of all violent emotion.

"I would not put them on, Caleb," he said, in a voice of unnatural calmness, "until you had been informed of the fact. She is gone. I am here to tell it you. You are alive to hear it."

"Father," I enquired, "when was it—how—what was the cause? Sudden it must have been. Oh, let me know all! Merciful Heaven, what a blow is this!"

"Grief, grief, grief!" replied my father, repeating the words with a painful emphasis; "grief, such as only she could feel—blighting, withering anxiety and distress. For whom? For one who never cared to estimate the priceless worth of her absorbing and unselfish love."

I shook, and my brain writhed with an aching sense of guilt.

"Caleb, you are not unprepared for this—you cannot be. I warned you of the retribution that would follow upon ingratitude, and a mad neglect of one who lived only in the incessant pouring forth upon you of the stream of a maternal love, boundless and overflowing. I cautioned you of the danger of checking that gushing and too generous fount. I dreaded the revulsion. I knew that death would follow—but not

so quickly. I did not calculate upon such astounding, such destroying speed."

"Father, do not say so. You cannot mean it. It is not true. Did I" ——

"Break her heart?" he added quickly. "You did —may God forgive you for it!"

I fell upon my knees, and seized his hand, and wrung it in the extremity of mental suffering. "Father," I cried out "*do you* forgive me! I have been a guilty wretch indeed. I have committed a most dreadful crime. I am her murderer!" I stopped, sobbing bitterly.

"No, Caleb, I did not say that exactly," faltered my poor father.

"Oh yes! I am; and if I live for years—for ever—I cannot wash away the infamy. I can never make my repentance known to her. She can never behold the remorse and sorrow of my aching heart. She can never forgive me. But do not you discard me. Father, I will never leave you; I will slave for your happiness and comfort. Don't cast me away! Don't think me unworthy of your love—below your consideration! If we have lost her—God, what a dreadful thought! —if she is taken from us, how much more do you need the sympathy and help of your own flesh and blood! You cannot understand all that I have suffered from your cold and crushing silence. You would pity me if you did. I cannot live and bear it. Dear father, I repent—I remember the past with bitterness



—with shame, with hatred of myself. Let me obliterate it by serving you obediently and lovingly for the time to come—dearest father, let me !”

“ Say no more, boy,” answered my father, returning my own trembling pressure of the hand ; “ say no more. She forgave and blessed you. I must not be cruel. May I confide in you, Caleb ? ” he asked, after a pause.

“ I cannot wonder that you hesitate to do so,” I replied. “ In truth, father, I have given you no cause to trust me.”

“ But I will trust you, Caleb. You noticed the rude tone and manner of the man to whom we owed our meal last night. I was not angry with him. It is the mode they practise towards the broken down and ruined. He meant no harm. Integrity and insolvency are, to these men’s view, as far asunder as vice and virtue. The bankrupt is a criminal—he is *without* the social circle—an object to be stared at, despised, and shunned ; bantered with for a moment, if you please, but avoided ever after. He has ceased to be of the community—the life-blood has left him. You will hear them, Caleb, talking of the *bankrupt*, as the living talk of a *corpse*. That man may be excused ; but the creditors, Caleb—men who in their hearts know me better—accuse me of the vilest practices ; they taunt me with the commission of acts impossible for me to conceive. Their losses have made them demons ; they are infuriated at the consequences of a

blow which, as it fell, only grazed them, but lacerated and mangled me. They are bent upon the destruction of my good name, and would make that bankrupt too. Caleb, it must never be. We must work night and day to clear away the heap of opprobrium beneath which they would bury the precious jewel of my life. We will prove to them and to the world that I am spotless."

"We will, dear father!" I exclaimed, burning with enthusiasm.

"You must do more, Caleb. Let me be proved innocent, as our sense of justice would demand, as our hearts could wish: remember, to an extent, I must die with a dishonoured name; with debts unpaid, obligations undischarged—leaving no means of satisfying them. This is a stigma no energy can remove. If you wish me to lay down my head in peace on my deathbed—soon I shall be called to do it, be it in peace or trouble—if you wish my spirit to be happy when my body is at rest, make me one promise now. Promise me to strive, to labour in every honourable way to realize a sum sufficient for the payment of these debts. If you are in earnest, God will prosper your exertions, and the memory which I leave covered with disgrace shall assuredly be made honourable again by you. Can you promise this to me?"

"Father, I beseech you to dictate the solemn promise in the terms you deem most fit, and I will make it cheerfully."

“It is enough,” he said, “and I rely upon you.”

The very same day, my father and I commenced an investigation of his accounts preparatory to a statement of his affairs, which was to be produced at his forthcoming examination before the officers of the law. He set about the task with the vigour of youth, and with the spirit and life which he had ever infused into his business transactions. In the prosecution of the exciting employment, its disastrous nature was forgotten, and he daily rose from his long-continued labours, as satisfied and rejoiced, as if profit, reward, and honour, were to be the result of all the patient toil. And were they not to be? What gain, what recompense, what dignity could his upright and manly understanding acknowledge superior to those which would follow the acknowledgment and publication of his unblemished character? I knew nothing of accounts; but I was happy beyond expression in the mechanical work which I was enabled to perform, and in the steady application which was so gratifying to my untiring parent. Many times, in the casting up of a long line of figures, a sudden thought of my poor dear mother would check the upward progress of my pen, dissipate the carefully accumulated numbers, and mingle drops of sacred water with the dry and hardened ink; but the inspiriting and incessant occupation saved me from many bitter reflections, and tended to break the fall of a calamity, which otherwise I could ill have borne. My father was fairly roused by the advance-

ment and extent of our labours, and he displayed an exuberant, an almost childish gladness in the pursuit of his object, that permitted not the intrusion of extraneous thoughts. He spoke not of my mother: but my faithful adherence and unflinching constancy drew from him the most fervent expressions of affectionate gratitude. "I was a noble boy—he forgave me every thing—he was sure that I should keep my plighted word. God would prosper my exalted efforts, and we should all three meet again in heaven—reunited." After we had been a few days together, he could not bear me to leave his sight. If circumstances called me away for a few minutes, I heard him, abandoning his work, move immediately from his seat, walk impatiently about the room, and at last hasten to the door, and there listen for my return: if it were postponed for a minute longer, he either called my name repeatedly and anxiously, or himself sought me, wherever he thought me most likely to be found.

Our work was at length completed, and nothing could exceed the transport of my poor father when he contemplated and devoured with his eyes the long-expected and remunerating result. A lucid statement of all his affairs during the seven years preceding his failure was given in a few pages, and references were made from these to his books, in such a manner, that, in an instant, any single transaction during the entire period could be arrived at, and then subjected to the severest enquiry. His balance-sheet, in which his

losses were accounted for, and were shown to proceed, not from improvidence or fraudulency, but from the sudden and unlooked-for fluctuations of a foreign trade—from the insolvency, in fact, of other parties—he gloated over with an admiration and pride that contrasted strangely with the deep feeling of mortification and shame with which he had a few days before dwelt upon his social degradation. He carried these papers about with him as a protection and passport against the rude enquiries of enemies and strangers, as though he deemed himself unsafe without them, passing through a land of calumny with the universal eye of suspicion constantly upon him. Little need be said of the gala-day—for such it was to him—on which he underwent the close scanning of his creditors, and passed with honour through the fiery ordeal. One circumstance connected with it cannot, however, be omitted. It has to do with Mr Levy. Like all other dreaded things that sooner or later arrive at their full growth, my unfortunate bill of a hundred pounds came gradually and safely to maturity. Mr Levy, in his own phrase, “sought me high and low,” and not finding me, at last proceeded to assert his claim upon my goods and chattels. The tutor of the college contested the good man’s right; the latter held up the strong arm of the law, and plea and counter-plea had been briskly fired, when my father’s failure saved further shots, by carrying the settlement into other hands. The creditors opposed the claim



of Mr Levy upon the ground of my minority, and my consequent inability to contract the debt. That worthy gentleman met the general opposition with a poetical invention, beautifully conceived, but somewhat badly executed. When I entered the room with my father upon the day of his examination, three objects caught my notice. The first was Levy, *père*, sitting upon a stool, and biting his nails with much anxiety; the second was young Master Isaac, sitting near him, loaded with account-books to his chin; the third was a dark-visaged gentleman, made in the same mould as Levy senior, looking very shrewd and cunning, but taking some pains to invest his features with a veil of unconscious innocence, not thick enough to answer its design. As I passed the youthful Ikey, my shins were favoured with a violent kick. I turned upon the boy, and the young fiend was feigning sleep upon a ledger. All other questions being disposed of, Mr Levy's claim was last to be considered. His name was called, and my old friend rose.

"Give me dem books, my boy," were the first accents of that well-known voice.

"Stay!" said a perk and new-fledged barrister, employed to grapple with the well-trained Levy—"Stay, we may dispense with books."

"As you please. I vants to prove my lawful debt. You needn't try to bother me; I've got my vittinences."

The plea of minority was then advanced. The



learned gentleman spoke mysteriously and rather episodically for about an hour, and concluded by saying, that the bankrupt's son being an infant, the chattels in question had been *de facto* the chattels of the bankrupt, and were now *de jure* the chattels of the assignees, they themselves being the *locum tenentes* of the creditors at large. Having uttered which words he resumed his seat with a smile of content. Mr Levy begged permission to introduce a very credible witness, who had been present when the bankrupt's son had distinctly averred that he was twenty-five years of age, upon the faith of which statement he, Mr Levy, had at length raised the loan, and now relied upon the satisfaction of his claim. His witness was desired to appear; Master Isaac stood up, and my hair stood on end. Ikey, however, was not in a good humour.

"How old are you, boy?" enquired the lawyer.

"I don't know," said the imp.

"Oh, indeed! Perhaps you'll know something else. What is an oath?"

"Why, nothink at all to si'nify."

"Oh, it isn't, isn't it?" enquired the lawyer with great acuteness. "This is your witness, Mr Levy, eh? Oh, ho! ha, ha! Now, mark and listen, boy. If an oath is nothing to signify, what is it not to signify?" The gentleman adjusted his wig and gown, both of which had been startled out of their propriety by the previous display of his eloquence.

“ Oh, that’s all very fine, mister !” replied the impertinent chip of Mosaic : “ come to the point, and let us swear. You’ll believe me then ; and if I don’t, you won’t.”

“ What’s your name, my sweet youth ?” asked the lawyer, very politely.

“ Isaac Levy,” responded the boy.

“ And do you think, Isaac Levy, that there is such a place as hell ?”

“ Oh, don’t I neither ?” returned Ikey, with quickness. “ Why, where do you think all the lawyers go to ?”

The counsellor stopped, and forthwith enquired whether more was needed to prove the ignorance of the witness in respect of the awful nature of an oath. He was answered in the negative, and young Ikey was dismissed. Mr Levy, by no means discouraged, stepped forward, and explained how he had taken all possible pains to secure his debt ; that he had even sent a gentleman to London, to announce to the bankrupt the sum he intended to advance his son, that the bankrupt had sanctioned the loan, and was aware of the security that had been taken. The respectable gentleman who had waited upon the bankrupt was now present, and prepared to take his oath to these facts ; and when he had done so, Mr Levy fervently hoped that “ nobody wouldn’t wish him to be kept no longer out of his rights.” This witness was summoned to the box. Levy’s double briskly jumped into it,

and my father's grey hairs became ten years whiter with surprise. The witness nodded in an affectionate manner to the bankrupt, whom, I need not say, he had never seen before.

Unfortunately for the persevering Levy, it was proved that my parent was five hundred miles from home at the time of the transaction. Whilst a witness was in the act of showing this beyond all doubt, Levy, finding the atmosphere too close and oppressive, took the opportunity to enjoy a little fresh air. Ikey and the books sneaked after him. The dark gentleman, less nimble, waited just long enough to be detained and given into custody, upon a charge of wilful perjury.

True it is, that my father was dismissed with honour, but not less true, without a penny in the world. His stock, his furniture, his all, were disposed of by public auction. His house passed into strange hands. He stood naked in life, with the juice of forty years' industry and mental energy drawn from him. After all his buffeting with the waves of fortune, to have advanced not one inch towards the haven he aspired to—it was a gloomy thought!—to be hurled back upon the stony shore, hacked and torn, old, powerless, and spent—that was harder still! But he did not murmur. He was subdued and humble. Patience was left him yet; he had preserved it from the general wreck; it identified him with his former self. Beyond it, what was there now remaining of

the once cheerful and successful merchant? My father had now to look about for a place of refuge. He secured a small ill-furnished attic in one of the city's narrowest lanes. I had strongly urged him to rent an apartment away from London—in one of the suburbs—at a distance from old scenes and painful recollections; but he would not be persuaded. "This will never do," he said; "we must strangle in the birth, not nurse and strengthen, these cowardly apprehensions. I love the city's noise and bustle. I should die at once away from it." When my father had placed into the hands of his creditors, amongst other things, the gold watch he had worn for half a century, the latter was immediately returned to him. He converted it without delay to money, reserved a few guineas for our most pressing wants, and handed the residue to me, for the purpose of buying at the sale of his furniture a few matters that had belonged to my mother, the idea of losing which had cost him sharper pangs than the real loss of every other earthly thing. When he left me to take possession of his poor lodging, I hastened to the auction.

Gentle, happy reader—happy in the endearments of your sweet fireside, sustained in gladsome confidence by the bright smiles of your abiding household deities—if you have suffered to creep and twine about your heart the things of home—if with you they have grown old, and with your strength have gained a mightier hold upon your ripe affections—if the mysterious spirit

that links the human soul with dumb and lifeless things, hath made and kept you *one*, beware the cruel hour of *separation*. So sure it comes, so sure you yield a vital portion of yourself no surgery can renew, no time can reinstate. How my blood crawled and my flesh winced, as the irreverent hand of strangers tossed and turned about the articles of furniture which I had known, revered from infancy! how their rude and heartless merriment, provoked by the appearance of some curious and much-cared-for relic of my dear mother's, stung me with a mingled sense of sorrow, shame, and anger! how their inhuman observations fell like iron on my heart and crushed it! A number of school-books were offered in one lot for sale. They had been mine when I was under the care of the good clergyman. How familiar were their well-used backs, scrawled and scribbled over, and what a fair scene for a moment did they evoke, carrying me back to the holidays of life, and permitting one passing gleam of joy and innocence undisturbed to stray across my soul—too soon to vanish! "Pity," exclaimed a vulgar, ever-talking huckster, the merryman of the party; "pity the old man didn't read his books a little better! He should have kept at school a few years longer." And he laughed at his own coarse wit, which many of the company praised highly. I could not execute my commission, but left the place inflamed with indignation.

I joined my parent in his new abode, and discovered

him bending over the fire, busy in the preparation of our dinner. It consisted of a few potatoes; and amusing would it have been, under any other circumstances, to listen to the arguments which he employed to recommend the very homely meal. "He could have procured a richer dish, had he not considered the paramount importance of attending to the health. We were now idle—the simplest diet gave strength to those whose bodies suffered no expenditure—stimulating food induced derangement and disease—we could ill afford to pay the doctor now. Prevention of malady was the point he aimed at; we had never regarded this sufficiently before. It was time to look about. The Arabs lived on rice. In truth, the finest creatures in the world were the most moderate." Such were the observations that he poured, by way of relish, over the scanty and otherwise ill-seasoned fare. I agreed with him most cordially, and I was then "a boy of rare wisdom for my years, and undoubtedly on the high-road to fortune and success." Ah, poor father! why, in the height of all thy panegyrics, rise from the table, and shuffle so quickly to the window? Why hum those ineffectual notes? Why so secretly extract that handkerchief, and carry it to thy cheek? In spite of thy shrewd reasoning, is it so difficult to bring conviction *home*? Thy case is not a novel one.

The desperate state of our affairs had not as yet plucked my courage from me. I saw the necessity of labouring for my livelihood, and prepared myself



immediately for employment. There were but two of us; surely with health and reason I could do something for our support. I could become a clerk—a teacher in a school; there was nothing which I would not gladly undertake to render the last days of my father smooth and peaceful. I communicated my intention to him. Whilst he did not object to my determination, he evinced no pleasure at it. “I do not see the necessity of your leaving me, Caleb,” he said; “I can hardly spare you, and I think we have enough to live upon.”

“We have four guineas in the world, father,” I replied, “which will last us about as many weeks.”

“Is it so?” he asked with a confused and vacant air. “True, true, I had forgotten—they have taken all.” And, having cause for tears, he smiled. Melancholy omen!

I walked into the world with confident steps, sanguine, fortified with youthful freshness. It was a smiling morning of early spring, and buxom and glad as the whole earth appeared, leaping from cold and lethargy, there existed not a more cheerful and ardent nature than mine, when it looked abroad throbbing with hope and satisfaction. I could not doubt that there were many in the world as ready to secure my services, as I was willing to make the offer of them. Sure I was that I had but to present myself as a candidate for employment in the vast market-place of human industry, in order to be greedily accepted. The

days of early spring are not remarkable for length, and yet many hours before the sun had dipped into the west, all my brilliant expectations had, by degrees, declined, and waned, and quite expired. Brighter than the sun at noon were my views at daybreak; darker than the sun at midnight were my hopes at eve. Nobody would hire me. I returned to our poverty-struck habitation more depressed than I had ever been, with a keener sense of our abandoned helpless state than I had ever ventured to conceive. Not the less deeply did I feel our sorrows when my father met my dejected countenance with wild expressions of delight. A child may gamble by its mother's corpse. Innocence forgives the inconsistency, and we are grateful that the gloomy thought of death is all too ponderous for the infant soul; but when the *man* shall laugh at human misery and the wrath of Heaven, be sure his direst woe is that which moved him to his mirth—insanity is *there*.

My father was busy with pen and paper when I returned from my unsuccessful wanderings. At his side was a dish of tea, that had been prepared, apparently, some hours before; near him an uncut loaf of bread; close to the fireplace was his tea-pot; the fire itself was out. A candle, whose wick had not been snuffed since it first was kindled, burned on the table with dull and sullen aspect. Around him, and on the ground, were many papers, written, blotted, and scrawled upon. He greeted me, and extreme enjoy-

ment played in every feature; but he checked himself and me, held up his pen to compel my silence and arrest my progress, lest the motion of my tongue and feet might disturb and baulk the fit expression of some luminous idea with which his mind seemed big. He wrote some passages in haste, and then he stopped. "Well, Caleb," he began, his aged eyes sparkling with unusual animation—"you have failed. I am sure of it. Your looks tell me so. You will not desert your father?"

"I have indeed failed," I answered. "I have been most unfortunate."

"No, Caleb, not when you know all. You are fortunate, very fortunate. You will say so too. Shut the door, lad. I have such a secret to communicate!" I obeyed him, and he beckoned me to the table, and placed his finger slowly and solemnly upon his papers. "A mine of wealth!" he exclaimed, "we shall be richer than ever." I was about to take the papers, when he detained my hand. "Not yet, not yet, Caleb. You must promise not to divulge what is written, until every thing is secure. It is all for you. I shall not live to have the fruition, but you will. I have tortured my brain to make you rich. I am very sorry that you hesitate to promise me. It is wrong of you, Caleb; but you will be the sufferer—not I."

"Your request is a law with me, father," I replied. "I will do as you bid me."

"Of course you will," he added with a cunning

laugh. "We are not so foolish in this world as to fly in the face of our best interests. That is very clever of you, Caleb. There, feast your eyes upon the golden prospect." He placed triumphantly a sheet of paper in my hand, and bade me read from it aloud. The characters were very large, and had been written with an unsteady pen. I read the following announcement: "*The secret discovered, or, transmutation no dream, showing the method of converting the inferior metals into gold.*" "Yes—that's it, that's it!" he ejaculated, rubbing his hands—"that's the title! It came to me this morning. I have got the process in my head, but I cannot make it clear on paper. You are a scholar, Caleb—you shall help me. It's a simple operation and cannot fail. When we have written it out, we'll begin. When I was a boy, Caleb, I dreamed that I should keep my carriage. I thought I had lost it when they tore our bed away—who wouldn't have thought it then? But the dream's out now. Your mother was a rare believer in old dreams. Ask her what she thinks of this."

Many slight inconsistencies in my father's conduct had alarmed me a few days previously to this sad outbreak; but I was not prepared for what I witnessed. Overcome with astonishment and grief, I remained silent, imploring inwardly the avenging hand of Heaven not to spare me, but to hurl me quickly into the general ruin to which our house was doomed.

"You see, Caleb," continued my afflicted parent, "that you are not allowed to leave your father. You

were obstinate, but a miracle has stayed you. Why I have been chosen from the millions of mankind to penetrate this long dormant mystery, I cannot tell now; but even this will be revealed in its own good time. In the meanwhile we will show ourselves mindful of our privileges. Who knows but I am sent to purify the world—to enrich it first, and then to free it from pollution?” He ceased not here, but advanced from one diseased imagining to another, soaring higher and higher in absurdity, as his hot and eager fancy rioted in liberty, until at length, caught and entangled in a maze of images, he stopped, failing to extricate himself, unable to proceed. I dared not leave him again. Had I desired it, he would not have permitted my departure; but, on my own part, I deemed it wrong to abandon him to the perverse guidance of an irresponsible judgment. His days and nights were passed in the working out of his *great idea*, as he denominated it, and nothing might interfere with its steady prosecution. I, who was destined to profit so largely by this discovery, was not permitted to stand idly by. “It would be,” he said, “contrary to every law of nature, and against all notions of justice, to think of passiveness. The harvestman must use his sickle, or he cannot reap.” Accordingly, I remained, day after day and hour after hour, at my poor father’s side, sometimes writing from his dictation, and delighting him by attempts to clothe in language that might be understood ideas which were not intelligible in themselves, and



sometimes copying, in a clear and legible hand, the many pages which he had composed during the long and silent nights, whilst I was sleeping. It is unnecessary to say that his incessant labour yielded not even the blossom of a wholesome fruit. Idle repetitions, the continual evolving of a few thoughts, through whose dark covering of mysteriousness might with difficulty be traced the kernel of a simple and well-known truth, were the produce of all his brain-work ; and yet, for this, rest, air, exercise, and needful food, were but too gladly sacrificed. He continued his employment until the last guinea which we could call our own reminded me of the inevitable destitution towards which we were fast advancing. I communicated our condition to my father, in the hope of eliciting one rational intention, if he still held one, with respect to our proceedings.

“ Is it the last indeed ? ” he asked. “ How wonderful are the ways of Providence ! We have the means of support up to the very moment when we can part with them. Our last guinea will hold out a week longer, and then we shall be ripe for action. This day week, Caleb, shall be an eventful day for you. You will remember it with reason to the last hour of your life.”

My father spoke the truth. It was a day never to be forgotten. It stands by itself, flowing like a turbulent river through the plain of my existence, connecting and dividing the life that has followed since,



with, and from, the life that went before. He had taken no rest for many nights preceding it; and when it dawned, its first grey gleaming light might easily have settled on his feverish brow without awakening there a consciousness of its approach. His mind was swallowed up in his one great purpose, and day and night, with their vicissitudes and fluctuations, disturbed him not. He was above the common doings of the world. Do we pity the poor lunatic, stripped of his wits, dismembered from the social body, exiled and hid in solitary secret corners? Yes, but not half so proudly as the poor lunatic, in his borrowed majesty, looks down and pities and despises *us*. The little method that had lingered in my father's composition had entirely vanished. His intellect was running riot, and he wrote and wrote on, without connexion, meaning, aim. He was bewildered; but he still blotted the paper, and was more persevering than ever. I left him for a short time, in order to purchase our dinner at a neighbouring shop. Upon my return, I discovered him sitting, as when I had left him, at the table, pen in hand; but his eyes were fixed not upon his papers, but upon the ceiling, and he appeared absorbed in thought. A thick sunbeam, with its countless particles, danced from the ceiling to the floor, and darting athwart his countenance, lit every feature up with white and paly fire; but it passed powerless across the madman's eye. *That* did not shrink or move, but,

like a star, shone against the luminous stream. My father heard my footstep, but did not stir.

“Is that you, Caleb?” he enquired, in a gentle voice.

“Yes, father,” I answered, “and I have brought you a dish that you are fond of. You must be ready for it.”

“Bring candles, my dear,” said my father in reply, “it is very dark. Night has taken us by surprise. Lights, Caleb, lights!”

I complied with his request. Throughout his illness I had taken pains to gratify and sooth him, by a ready compliance with his wishes. Why should I not humour the new delusion? Alas, alas! it was impossible to misinterpret the inefficient and endeavouring motions of his hand when I again approached him. Nor candle, nor lamp, nor the blessed light of heaven, could serve him more. Whether the aged eyes of the afflicted man had been bruised or injured in their recent bondage, or whether suddenly the kind hand of Providence, with a wise intent, had put a seal upon them, I could not tell. Blind-stricken he was, and—with his reason gone—more helpless than a child. My poor heart fluttered as I led him to his bed. Clustering woes had fallen upon me—it was hard to stand the brunt. My dear father was patient and submissive in my hands. He knew not the extent of his calamity. “He wondered why the night had come so quickly—

he wished that it would go, and leave him to his work again." Having placed him as comfortably as I might upon the bed which was made nightly upon the floor, I secured without delay the assistance of a doctor. One, to whom I was directed, and who lived not far from our lane, accompanied me home. He examined his patient carefully, and departed, promising to send the necessary medicine. I followed the doctor to the street door, and, with much anxiety, asked if there was any danger.

"From the blindness, do you mean?" he asked. "I could make your mind easy if we had nothing to contend with but that. Unfortunately, however, this blindness is the effect of even a more threatening mischief."

"He is very quiet," I responded quickly.

"Yes, I wish he were less so. I am very much afraid"——

"Oh no, no!" I exclaimed, clasping my hands, and weeping bitterly; "do not say that, sir—there can be no danger. It is so very sudden. You have had similar cases, have you not?"

"I have."

"And they recovered?"

"I must not deceive you. They have not."

"What shall I do, sir? If I lose him I lose all. I haven't another friend in the wide world. This is punishment indeed!"

"I shall send the medicine at once," said the doc-

tor, without noticing my passion, "and I will see him again during the night. You will sit up with him, of course. Don't leave him. Should he become much weaker and appear to sink, let me know."

"Give me some little hope," I cried imploringly.

"You hear what I have said," continued the practitioner; "don't forget. Good-day."

And he left me marvelling at the insensibility of mankind.

I sat at my parent's side for many hours. In spite of the doctor's sad assurances, I could not believe in the presence of immediate danger. I would not believe in it. The streets were full of human voices and the hum of busy life, when I drew my chair towards him, and surveyed his pale and placid countenance. There was talking and bustling, without and within, on the pavement under our window, upon the stairs in the house, every where but in our own dark chamber of misfortune, where silence, chased and affrighted from the world, kept company with sickness. Now the lamps in the street were lighted, and the stream of life was more distinctly head, murmuring along. Artisans were returning from their daily toil, gay and care-free. Bells were rung and knockers hammered with scarce an interval of repose. What wholesome well-earned food awaited the healthful appetite! What welcome from loving eyes of wife and children! Happy labourers! And now the hours of night came on, and the feverish pulse of the great

thoroughfare beat with diminished force. By degrees the street became deserted—the crowds had disappeared—silence had ventured forth again. How, at times, she was offended and disturbed, you might plainly tell, when some belated and excited rambler pierced her modest ear with the licentious scream of wantonness and inebriety; but the repetition was infrequent, and ceased at length. The heavy breathings of the poor blind man were soon the loudest sounds of life. He neither spoke nor slept—his lips were moving ever, and he drew and pressed them close, as though he thirsted. I did not deem it necessary to send for the physician; but I grew impatient, and often hurried to the window to watch for his arrival. It was four o'clock; the moon shone beautifully clear, and graced our narrow lane with its full share of silver light. I looked into the slumbering street, and ruminated on the past. What a retrospect! And what a future! The history of a few short months had been a fearful one. The history of the time to come, who could decide, encompass *that*! Thoughts of my lost mother—lost to me *for ever*—did not fail to come, and in the sweet serenity of night to thrill me with emotion. I looked to the transparent sky—the homestead of the pure—*her* dwelling-place, and, in the pang and conflict of remorse, implored the Saint to pardon me. Since ten o'clock I had heard, at the close of every half hour, the watchman's voice, chronicling the lapse of time. Some dozen times his loud

and chanting tone had returned upon my ear, and then the voice had grown familiar as a voice that had been known from infancy. So long it seemed since I had heard the accents first, that I could scarcely fix their earliest beginning. With the announcement of the decease of four o'clock, a coach and pair rattled up the lane. It stopped before our door, and it discharged the doctor. He was in full dress. A diamond ring glittered on his finger, and his clothes were redolent of strong perfume.

"You haven't sent for me?" he asked, as he brushed by me, and hastened up stairs.

"I have not, sir," I replied.

"No—I should have heard of it. I have been at a ball, and I desired your messenger, if he came, to be sent after me. How is your father now?"

"I cannot perceive a change, sir—But you will see."

We entered the room together. My father was sitting up in bed. A strange alteration had come over him. He was ghastly pale, and his features were pinched up and angular. He drew his breath with difficulty.

"How is this?" enquired the doctor, running to his side and examining his pulse. My father's lips moved quickly and convulsively. I imagined that he endeavoured to pronounce my name. I traced the half formation of the word, but could not catch the sound of it. The doctor released the hand, and walked from



the bedside. My father spoke. It was a last, a struggling effort, and he succeeded. "Caleb, lights—lights!—dark—dark—dark!"—and he grew rigid, and he slipped from my embrace until he lay motionless and dead before me.

Of all the calamities incident to our present state, and their name is legion, there is none more exquisitely painful to the sensitive mind, than that of being left in the world a solitary outcast, without a tie, without a hope. Wo to the poor orphan, deprived of the head that considered, the heart that throbbed for him! wo to him when the goodly tree—his only prop from childhood, against which he has reclined as against a rock that never could be shaken—is struck at the root, falls, and disappears! Let him take the wings of the morning, and search through the land for a spirit loving and watchful as that which is flown, upon whose willing bosom were so lightly borne *his* solitudes and sorrows, and all the weight of anxious care he cast without a thought there. Father and mother! Holy names, with claims which are so seldom understood and recognised until the desire and power to meet them can no longer serve us. Nurse of our infancy—instructor of our boyhood—adviser of our youth—friend of our manhood—staff and support throughout—what is not comprehended in your relationship? How much do your children owe you! Let them answer as they sob at the deathbed, and learn their loss in feeling what they need. As I held the cold

hand of my deceased father, how many cruel deviations from filial duty rushed to my mind, crowding one after another upon my memory, which I would now have given my right hand never to have been guilty of. What tribulation I might have spared him ! Now an unkind word spoken in impatience many years ago, and forgotten as soon as spoken, started to remembrance, stinging me with remorse. Why had I not implored forgiveness for that word before ? What sorrow may the utterance of that one syllable have caused him, falling on his warm heart, and rankling there ! What profited my burning tears of penitence ? —the eye was closed, the ear was shut ; there was no avenue by which to reach him now. “ Oh yes ! ” I passionately exclaimed, dropping on my knees, “ there is, there is ! —if the departed soul, bursting, as I have been told, its earthly house, ascends at once to heaven, surely he is at this moment there, and is accessible by prayer. Father,” I continued, weeping amain, “ I supplicate thy pardon for the past—I repent my numerous crimes committed against thee here. Turn not thy spirit from me. Let it accept in mercy the contrite offerings of a broken heart.” A knock at the door interrupted the extravagant devotion. Two women, who came to perform the first offices for the dead, entered the room with a slow step, and whispering. I shall never forget the chill that crept through my frame when I heard them refer for the first time to “ *the corpse*.” Such isolation was expressed in the

word—the reality of death was so apparent in it—it marked so distinctly the abstraction of all human relations, and separated so emphatically my poor father from every living thing ! The crawling worm was now a nobler animal than the motionless and rigid man. I had beheld the previous day's decline. I had seen the earth go gradually to rest. Another day was in its birth. The early labourer went forth again refreshed and cheerful. He whistled as he passed my window. What thought had he of my bereavement ? What single heart, of the numberless thousands that were about to congregate again, would beat with pity for my loss ? with sorrow for my melancholy lot ? NOT ONE ! There was no sympathy for the beggared orphan.

END OF VOL. I.



TO

ALEXANDER BLAIR, LL.D.,

HIS BEST AND DEAREST FRIEND,

THESE VOLUMES ARE INSCRIBED,

IN GRATIFIED AND REVERENTIAL AFFECTION,

BY

THE AUTHOR.











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